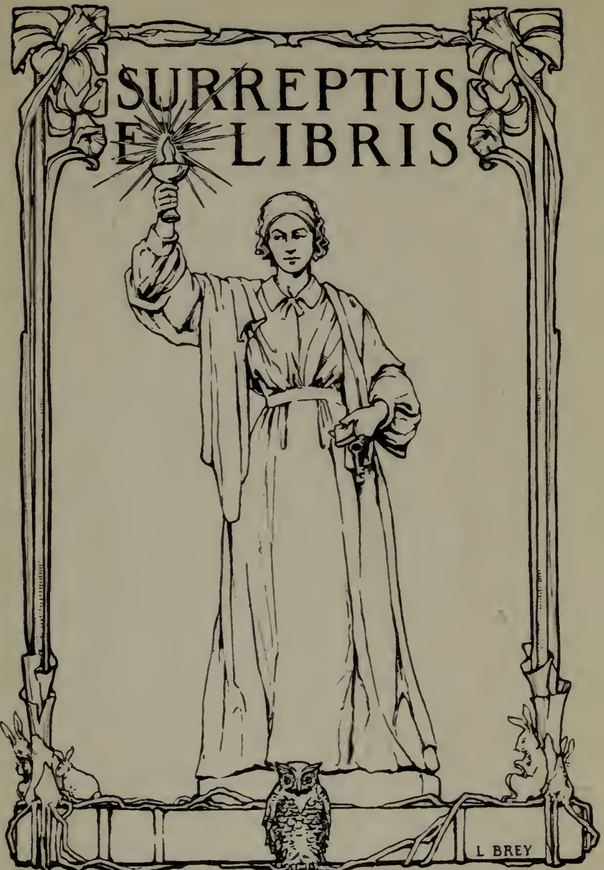
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Edna L. Foley.

Cheapside.

London. Aug. 1, 1914.

Presented to the

Hartford Hospital School of Nursing

in memory of

Martha J. Wilkinson, Class of 1890

Hartford's first visiting nurse

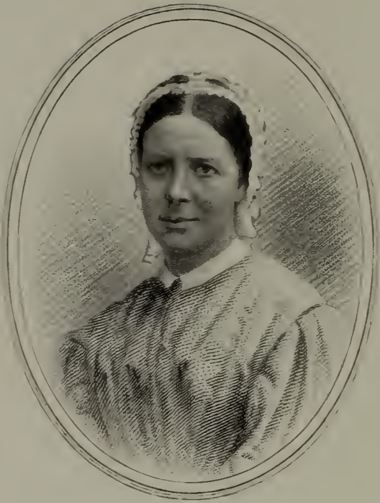
by her friend

Edna L. Foley, Class of 1904

MEMORIALS

OF

AGNES ELIZABETH JONES



Your very affectionate
Agnes E. Jones.

MEMORIALS

OF

AGNES ELIZABETH JONES

BY

HER SISTER

Nov. 10. 1832 — Feb. 19. 18

FOURTEENTH EDITION

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INTRODUCTION.

(*Reprinted from* Good Words *for June*, 1868.)

One woman has died—a woman, attractive and rich, and young and witty; yet a veiled and silent woman, distinguished by no other genius but the divine genius—working hard to train herself in order to train others to walk in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. To follow Him, she spent herself in activity; she overworked because others underwork. Shall we let her have died in vain?

She died, as she had lived, at her post, in one of the largest workhouse infirmaries in this kingdom—the first in which trained nursing has been introduced. She is the pioneer of workhouse nursing. I do not give her name! were she alive, she would beg me not. Of all human beings I have ever known, she was (I was about to say) the most free from desire of the praise of men. But I cannot say—most free; for she was perfectly free. She was absolutely without human vanity; she preferred being unknown to all but God; she did not let her right hand know what her left hand did. I will, therefore, call her Una, if you please; for, when her whole life and image rise before me, so far from thinking the story of Una and her lion a myth, I say here is Una in real flesh and blood—Una and her paupers, far more untameable than lions.

The graceful, tender legends of Catholic saints and martyrs (why call them *Roman* Catholic?) have not a greater miracle than we have here in the flesh. She lived the life, and died the death, of the saints and martyrs; though the greatest sinner would not have been more surprised than she to have heard this said of herself. In less than three years she had reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline, such as the police themselves wondered at. She had led, so as to be of one mind and heart with her, upwards of fifty nurses and probationers; of whom the faithful few whom she took with her of our trained nurses were but a seed. She had converted a vestry to the conviction of the economy as well as humanity of nursing pauper sick by trained nurses,—the first instance of the kind in England; for vestries, of whom she had almost the most enlightened, the most liberal body of men in England to support her, *must* look after the pockets of their ratepayers as well as the benefit of their sick. But, indeed, the superstition seems now to be exploding that to neglect sick paupers is the way to keep down pauperism. She had converted the Poor-Law Board—a body, perhaps, not usually given to much enthusiasm about Unas and paupers—to these views; two of whom bore witness to this effect.

She had disarmed all opposition, all sectarian zealotism; so that Roman Catholic and Unitarian, High Church and Low Church, all literally rose up and called her "blessed." Churchwardens led the way in the vestry-meeting which was held in her honour after her death; and really affecting speeches, made while moving the resolution of condolence (no mere form) to her family, were the tribute to her public service. All, of all shades of religious creed, seemed to have merged their differences in her, seeing in her the one true essential thing, compared with which they acknowledged their differences to be as nothing. And aged paupers made verses in her honour after her death.

In less than three years—the time generally given to the ministry on earth of that Saviour whom she so earnestly strove closely to follow—she did all this. She had the gracefulness, the wit, the unfailing cheerfulness—qualities so remarkable but so much overlooked in our Saviour's life. She had the absence of all asceticism, or "mortification," for mortification's sake, which characterized His work, and any real work in the present day as in His day. And how did she do all this? She was not, when a girl, of any conspicuous ability, except that she had cultivated in herself to the utmost a power of getting through business in a short time, without slurring it over and without fid-fadding at it; real business—her Father's business. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her "Father's business." How can any undervalue business-habits? as if anything could be done without them. She could do, and she did do, more of her Father's business in six hours than ordinary women do in six months, or than most of even the best women do in six days. But, besides this and including this, she had trained herself to the utmost—she was always training herself; for this is no holiday work. Nursing is an art; and, if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared with having to do with the living body—the temple of God's spirit? It is one of the Fine Arts; I had almost said, the finest of the Fine Arts. I have seen somewhere in print that nursing is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle-class."

Shall we say that painting or sculpture is a profession to be followed by the "lower middle-class"? Why limit the class at all? Or shall we say that God is only to be served in His sick by the "lower middle-class"? The poorest child without shoes, the most highly-born, have alike followed all these professions with success, have alike had to undergo the hardest work, if for success. There is no such thing as amateur art; there is no such thing as amateur nursing.*

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* It appears to be the most futile of all distinctions to classify as between "paid" and unpaid art, so between "paid" and unpaid nursing—to make into a test a circumstance as adventitious as whether the hair is black or brown, viz., whether people have private means or not, whether they are obliged or not to work at their art or their nursing for a livelihood. Probably no person ever did that well which he did only for money. Certainly no person ever did that well which he did not work at as hard as if he did it solely for money. If by amateurs in art or in nursing are meant those who take it up for play, it is not art at all, it is not nursing

I return to the training which this servant of God gave herself.

Before she came to us she had been at Kaiserswerth, and already knew more than most hospital matrons know when they undertake matronship. She was some time with the Bible Women in London. Overdone with cares and business, I had lost sight of her, when I was taken by surprise at hearing from our training-school at St. Thomas's Hospital that she had asked for admittance there to have a year's training, a step entirely unprompted by us. She told me afterwards that she felt, when she had entered there, as if she knew nothing. While there she went through all the training of a nurse. Her reports of cases were admirable as to nursing details. She was our best pupil; she went through all the

at all. You never yet made an artist by paying him well. But—an artist ought to be well paid.

work of a soldier; and she thereby fitted herself for being the best general we ever had.

Many a time, in her after life at the workhouse, she wrote, that without her training at St. Thomas's Hospital she could have done nothing. Unless a superintendent herself knows what the nurses she has to superintend ought to do, she is always at a loss. She is never sure of her work. She must be herself the measure of their work. In a workhouse, she said, this must be pre-eminently the case—more even than in a hospital—because on a workhouse-infirmary matron fall many more of the decisions as to petty medical matters than on a London hospital matron, where the medical and surgical staff are much more numerous and constant.

"Without a regular hard *London* hospital training I should have been 'nowhere,'" she used to say.

She was fond of telling her obligations to our admirable matron at St. Thomas's Hospital. I need, however, but to recall one thing. This very year that she was taken from us she had intended to have "two months more training" at St. Thomas's Hospital as soon as she could safely take "a holiday"—(what a holiday!)—after three weeks with her dear mother and sister. She said she should learn "so much" now, having won her experience, if she had "a little more training."

Dear fellow country-women, if any of you are unwilling to leave a loved and happy home, if any of you are unwilling to give up a beloved daughter or sister, know that this servant of God had a home as fair and happy as any, which she loved beyond all created things, and that her mother and sister gave her up to do God's work. Upon the awful character of that sacrifice I cannot speak. They "gave her" (and it) "to God."

I will return to her work at the workhouse. How did she do it all? She did it simply by the manifestation of the life which was in her—the trained, well-ordered life of doing her Father's business—so different from the governing, the ordering about, the driving principle. And everybody recognized it—the paupers, and the vestry, and the nurses, and the Poor-Law Board. As for the nurses (those who understood her), her influence with them was unbounded. They would have died for her. Because they always felt that she cared for them, not merely as instruments of the work, but for each one in herself; not because she wished for popularity or praise among them, but solely for their own well-being. She had *no* care for praise in her at all. But (or rather because of this) she had a greater power of carrying her followers with her than any woman (or man) I ever knew. And she never seemed to know that she was doing anything remarkable.

It seems unnatural that I should be writing her "In Memoriam," I who have been a prisoner to my room from illness for years, and she so full of health and vigour till almost the last. Within sixteen days of her death I received a letter from her, full of all her own energy about workhouse affairs, and mentioning her illness, which had begun, but bidding me "not be anxious." But this is not an "In Memoriam," it is a war-cry—a war-cry such as she would have bid me write; a cry for successors to fill her plaec to fill up the ranks.

Oh, fellow country-women, why do you hang back? Why are there so few of you?, We hear so much of "idle hands and unsatisfied hearts," and nowhere more than in England. All England is ringing with the cry for "Women's Work" and "Women's

Mission." Why are there so few to *do* the "work?" We used to hear of people giving their blood for their country. Since when is it that they only give their ink? We now have in England this most extraordinary state of things—England, who is, or thinks herself, the most religious and the most commercial country in the world. New hospitals, new asylums, new nurses' homes, and societies for nursing the sick poor at home, are rising everywhere. People are always willing to give their money for these. The Poor-Law Board, the Boards of Guardians, are willing, or compelled, to spend money for separate asylums for workhouse sick. An Act was passed last year for the metropolis to this effect. It is proposed to extend it to the whole country. This Act, although miserably inadequate, still inaugurates a new order of things, viz., that the workhouse sick shall not be workhouse inmates, not be cared for as mere workhouse inmates, but that they shall be poor sick, cared for as sick who are to be cured, if possible, and treated as becomes a Christian country, if they cannot be cured. But are buildings all that are necessary to take care of the sick? There wants the heart and the hand—the trained and skilful hand. Every workhouse and other hospital in the kingdom ought to be nursed by such hands and such hearts. Tell me, does not this seem like a truism?

What we mean by challenging England, if she is the most religious and the most commercial country in the world, to do this work, is this: We do not say, as in Roman Catholic countries, the test of fitness to serve God in this way is whether he has given you private means sufficient to do it without pay. We say: the test is, whether you will be trained so as to command the highest pay.

May we not hope that in this country our Lord, were He to come again, would say, instead of "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,"—Ye can by serving God command that mammon necessary for the workers who must also eat—themselves and their families.

Let the religious motive be so strong that it will enable you to train yourself so as to earn the highest pay for the best work. The pay is offered; it is the trained workers we cannot find to be paid.

Thirty years ago, if a girl wished for training, there was none to be had. I can truly say there was no training to be had to fit a woman thoroughly for any life whatever. Now the training is offered, there are but few to take it.

We do not say, as was said to women in my day, Look about you, and see if you can catch painfully a few straws of practical experience or knowledge in the wind. We are not now inviting women to a life, without being able to show—Here is the training all ready, if you choose to have it—here is an independent and well-paid calling wanting to receive you when you leave your training, if only you have fitted yourselves for it. I might say more than this; I might say we are beset with offers of places for trained nurses and trained superintendents, and we cannot fill them. I would I could go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in. How often I have known Pastor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth, (he is now gone to his glorious rest,) say, when thus pressed by calls from pastors, and from directors of institutions, out of all parts of Germany, "You ask me for deaconesses. Has your district furnished us with any probationers? No; not one. Then, am I to give you the finished article, and you not to give me the live material? Am I to raise deaconesses out of the ground by a stamp of the foot?" That is what we, alas! feel often inclined to say when we are pressed from all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, colonies included, in that great empire "upon which the sun never sets."

I have spoken chiefly of workhouse hospitals, and their want of trained nurses and trained superintendents, because I had to describe the work of her who was the first to try to fill the deep yawning chasm, but not, like Curtius, to close it up—and because it seemed the most crying want. But why do I call it so? To answer the calls upon us for trained matrons or superintendents, as well as for trained nurses, for hospitals, and nursing institutions of all kinds, we can scarcely obtain anything like sufficient living materials. By all who have really laboured in these and similar fields the same tale is told. People cry out and deplore the unremunerative employment for women. The true want is the other way. Women really trained, and capable for good work, can command any wages or salaries. We can't get the women. The remunerative employment is there, and in plenty. The want is the women fit to take it.

It is wonderful (to return to our own case of the hospitals) the absence of thought which exists upon this point. As if a woman could undertake hospital management, or the management of a single ward—in which, more than anything else, hundreds, or even thousands, of lives are involved—without having learnt anything about it, any more than a man can undertake to be, for example, professor of mathematics without having learnt mathematics!

It is time to come to the dry bones of the affair after having shown how beautifully these could be clothed in flesh and blood. We admit at St. Thomas's Hospital Training School *—subject to the judgment of the

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* Writers on sick nursing have repudiated training, without saying what training is. I perceive that I have used the word "training" a great many times. And neither have I said what it is.

We require that a woman be sober, honest, truthful, without which there is no foundation on which to build.

We train then in habits of punctuality, quietness, trustworthiness, personal neatness. We teach her how to manage the concerns of a large ward or establishment.

We train her in dressing wounds and other injuries, and in performing all those minor operations which nurses are called upon day and night to undertake.

We teach her how to manage helpless patients in regard to moving, changing, feeding, temperature, and the prevention of bed-sores.

She has to make and apply bandages, line splints for fractures, and the like. She must know how to make beds with as little disturbance as possible to their inmates. She is instructed how to wait at operations, and as to the kind of aid the surgeon requires at her matron, and subject to certain conditions being accepted or fulfilled by the probationer —a limited number of probationers to be

hands. She is taught cooking for sick; the principles on which sick-wards ought to be cleansed, aired, and warmed; the management of convalescents; and how to observe sick and maimed patients, so as to give an intelligent and truthful account to the physician or surgeon in regard to the progress of cases in the intervals between visits—a much more difficult thing than is generally supposed.

We do not seek to make "medical women," but simply nurses acquainted with the *principles* which they are required constantly to apply at the bedside.

For the future superintendent is added a course of instruction in the administration of a hospital, including, of course, the linen arrangements, and what else is necessary for a matron to be conversant with.

There are those who think that all this is intuitive in women, that they are born so, or, at least, that it comes to them without training. To such we say, By all means send us as many such geniuses as you can, for we are sorely in want of them.

The regulations and previous information required trained as nurses for the sick poor. Hitherto we have been compelled to confine ourselves to sending out staffs of nurses to hospitals or workhouses, with a view to their becoming, in their turn, centres of training, because the applications we receive for trained nurses are far more numerous and urgent than we have power to answer. But did a greater number of probationers, suitable for superior situations, offer themselves, we could provide additional means for training, and answer applications for district nurses, and many others. These probationers receive board, lodging, training entirely free, a certain amount of uniform dress, and a small amount of pay during their year of training.

may be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the Nightingale Fund, H. Bonham-Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W.

Before admission, personal application should be made to Mrs. Wardroper, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.E.

For the efficiency, comfort, and success of a nursing staff thus sent out it is, of course, essential that the trained nurses should not go without the trained superintendent, nor the trained superintendent without the trained nurses.

There are two requisites in a superintendent:—1. Character and business capacity. 2. Training and knowledge. Without the second, the first is of little avail. Without the first, the second is only partially useful; for we cannot bring out of a person what is not in her. *We* can only become responsible for the training. The other qualifications can only be known by trial. Now to take superintendents or head nurses, as is done every day, by receiving and comparing of testimonials (not a day's *Times* but shows this process in the vast majority of institutions)—this is hardly more to the purpose than to do as the Romans did, when they determined the course of conduct they should take by seeing whether there were a flight of crows.

The future superintendent would be a great deal the better for two years of training for so difficult and responsible a post. But such are the calls upon us that we can often give her scarcely one.

If the lady, in training for a superintendent, can pay for her own board, it is, of course, right that she should do so (everything else is, in all cases, given free). At the present time we are able to admit a few gentlewomen free of all expense, and with the small salary above mentioned during the year of training. We have applications from institutions in want of trained superintendents (or matrons), and trained head nurses for hospitals in India and in England, and for a large workhouse infirmary.

In December we sent to New South Wales, by desire of the government there, which defrayed and assumed all expenses, to take charge of the Sydney Infirmary and to found a future training-school for the colony, five trained nurses and a trained lady superintendent.*

I give a quarter of a century's European experience when I say that the happiest people, the fondest of their occupation, the most thankful for their lives, are, in my opinion, those engaged in sick nursing. In my opinion, it is a mere abuse of words to represent the life, as is done by some, as a sacrifice and a martyrdom. But there *have* been martyrs in it. The founders and pioneers of almost everything that is best must be martyrs. But these are the last ever to think themselves so. And for all there must be constant self-sacrifice for the good of all. But the distinction is this—the life is not a sacrifice; it is the engaging in an occupation the happiest of any. But the strong, the healthy wills in any life must determine to pursue the common good at any personal cost—at daily sacrifice. And we must not think that any fit of enthusiasm will carry us through such a life as this. Nothing but the feeling that it is God's work more than ours—that we are seeking His success and not our success—and that we have trained and fitted ourselves by every means which He has granted us to carry out His work, will enable us to go on.

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* The engagement was for three years. First-class passages out, all paid.

The pay now usually given in English hospitals for trained nurses is from £20 to £30 a year, with everything "found;" for hospital, *i.e.* ward "sisters," in some London hospitals £50, with like advantages; and for matrons or superintendents in provincial hospitals from £60 to £100, with board and lodging.

The salaries given to the nursing staff sent to Sydney were on a more liberal scale.

A wing is being added to the infirmary of Sydney for the accommodation of the future superintendent, nurses, and probationers, the most complete and costly thing which has ever been erected for a nursing staff, and which puts to shame our London hospital in this respect.

Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men.

And even with this thorough training, we shall have many moments of doubt, of dread, of discouragement. But yet the very pressure of the work, of which the cares are so heavy, prevents us from having time to dwell on them.

The work has great consolations. It has also great disappointments, like every other noble work where you aim high; and if there has been one thing expressed to me more often and more strongly by her we have lost, it is what I have tried to say above.

I must end as I have begun, with my Una.

I cannot say in my weak words, what she used to tell as to her questionings: "Shall I be able ever to meet the dreariness, the disappointments, the isolation?" And the answer, "Not in my own strength, but in His; not for my work's sake, but for His." "My grace is sufficient for thee. My strength is made perfect in thy weakness." That answer of God to St. Paul, she realized in her daily life more than any one I ever knew.

She was peculiarly sensitive to little acts and words of kindness, and also of unkindness; and if a nosegay, a friendly letter came to her in her times of overwork and discouragement, she would take it exactly as if it had been sent her by her Father Himself. "I do not say to Him, Give success," she once said; "if all fails to human eyes, if I do nothing, 'not my way, but His be done; not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'"

More completely and unreservedly than any one I ever knew, she gave herself: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word."

And it was so. What she went through during her workhouse life is scarcely known but to God and to one or two. Yet she said that she had "never been so happy in all her life."

All the last winter she had under her charge above 50 nurses and probationers, above 150 pauper scourers, from 1,290 to 1,350 patients, being from two to three hundred more than the number of beds. All this she had to provide for and arrange for, often receiving an influx of patients without a moment's warning, She had to manage and persuade the patients to sleep three and four in two beds; sometimes six, or even eight children had to be put in one bed; and being asked on one occasion whether they did not "kick one another," they answered, "Oh, no, ma'am, we're so comfor'ble." Poor little things! they scarcely remembered ever to have slept in a bed before. But this is not the usual run of workhouse patients. Among them are the worn-out old prostitutes, the worn-out old thieves, the worn-out old drunkards.

Part of the work in workhouses is to see that the dissolute and desperate old sinners do not corrupt the younger women, fallen, but not hopeless; to persuade the *delirium tremens* case, wandering about in his shirt, to go back quietly into his ward and his bed. Part of the work is to see that the mothers of the sick children do not quarrel, ay, and fight, and steal the food of one another's children.

These are among the every-day incidents of workhouse life. And, if any one would know what are the lowest depths of human vice and misery, would see the festering mass of decay of living human bodies and human souls, and then would try what one loving soul, filled with the spirit of her God, can do to let in the light of God into this hideous well (worse than the well of Cawnpore), to bind up the wounds, to heal the broken-hearted, to bring release to the captives—let her study the ways, and follow in the steps of this one young, frail woman, who has died to show us the way—blessed in her death as in her life.

If anything ought to nerve the official crowd of the Poor-Law Board, and us women on the non-official side, to resolve on fighting this holy crusade, until all the sick poor of these kingdoms are cared for as children of God, it is surely the fact that so precious a life has been sacrificed in discharging a duty which, if the country had recognised it as a duty, ought to have been unnecessary after three centuries of a Poor Law.

The last words spoken to her were, "You will soon be with your Saviour." Her reply was, "I shall be well there." And so she passed away. In her coffin she had that listening, beaming expression, peculiar to her in life, as if always hearkening to the Master's bidding—in death, as if hearing the words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Years of previous action had prepared this young girl for her life of devotion. Her body was taken back to her own people, to be buried in her father's vault.

All the old folks went out to meet her—old men and women of near ninety years of age who could scarcely move on crutches. The young men who had been her own scholars in her big boys' evening class, went a distance to meet the funeral, and carried in the coffin themselves. The school-children and school-mistresses gathered primroses and snowdrops and violets from all the country round, and brought these, and yew and ivy from the garden which she had planted for them herself. The whole district seemed to be there—at the grave of their dear one. But the hush of solemn silence was so great that they could hear the fall of the violets on the coffin. The grave was surrounded, first by rows of school-children—behind them, on one side the young women, on the other the young men of her Bible classes—and behind these again the elder women and men with whom she had read and prayed. She lay, after the service, completely strewn over with primroses and snowdrops showered upon her coffin. After all was over the school-children and mistresses sent a message to her poor sick paupers, that they would be glad to hear that their kind friend had been as gently laid in her grave as an infant laid to rest in its mother's arms.

It is proposed to erect on the spot where she died perhaps the grandest religious statue ever sculptured by mortal hands—Tenerani's Angel of the Resurrection—as a fitting memorial of her work, and a type of the hope to come. Shall we not also build up living statues to her? Let *us* add living flowers to her grave, "lilies with full hands," —not fleeting primroses, not dying flowers. Let *us* bring the work of our hands, and our heads, and our hearts, to finish her work which God has so blessed. Let her not merely "rest in peace," but let hers be the life which stirs up to fight the good fight against vice and sin, and misery and wretchedness, as she did—the call to arms, which she was ever obeying:

> "The Son of God goes forth to war,
> Who follows in His train?"

O daughters of God, are there so few to answer?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

"Now in thy youth beseech of Him
  Who giveth upbraiding not,
That His light in thy heart become not dim
  And His love be unforgot;
And thy God in thy darkest days shall be
Greenness and beauty and strength to thee."

THE use of biography, and especially Christian biography, is often questioned, and to some minds there is little if any interest in tracing the history of a life that has passed away, except as it is recorded in the work accomplished and the mark left upon the age. But there are others for whom this little book is specially intended,—friends who knew and loved the subject of this memoir, who will read with tender affection the story of her early life, and trace the leadings of God's hand in every step of the path she trod; and others who did not know her, but to whom the life of any

Christian woman—loving, tender, brave, and earnest as this woman was—will have no small interest. For these I have traced dimly and most imperfectly, not a cold form of marble beauty, but a portrait of real life in the quiet of the domestic circle, in the unexciting duties of a remote country parish, in the crowded courts and alleys of London, and in the wards of city hospitals, ever seeking to do her Father's business and to please Him in all things.

My sister, Agnes Elizabeth Jones, was born at Cambridge, November the 10th, 1832, our father, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 12th regiment, having been ordered there a few days previously. Our mother's eldest sister, who was present at her birth, and who alone of all her relatives was with her in her last moments, writes of this time :—" When the tiny creature made her unexpected appearance there was but little hope of a vigorous life ; her father was absent with his regiment, which had been suddenly ordered off to some town where disturbances were feared, and on his return his tender heart was much touched by the sight of the fragile little being: he had faint expectation of her surviving, and ardently desired that she should be baptized, which was done privately by the Rev. C. Simeon's curate; she was afterwards received into the Church at Portsmouth, where the regiment next proceeded. She had many infantine illnesses, and continued very delicate until she was nearly two years old, when she was taken on a visit to Ireland, the native country of both her parents, and at her maternal grandfather's spent several months, growing healthy and strong in the pure country air. She was now a very pretty child, with that brightness of eye which was ever one of her most striking features, sunny curling hair, and a light dancing step, full of joyous life. At this time she was occasionally violently passionate, but at no later period can any instance of this be remembered."

On the 12th August, 1837, we sailed with my father's regiment from Cork for Mauritius. The six years spent there were very happy ones to the bright little child, and vivid memories would often arise in after years of the birthday excursions to the Pampelmousse gardens, where many beautiful palm-trees and rare tropical plants grew in native luxuriance, and of the pleasant months spent by the seaside at Mahébourg, where wonderful shells with rosy tints and pearly lining were now and then the prize of the eager searcher. Even at this time the love of nature was one of her characteristics. I remember, on one of those long happy days at the botanical gardens, her rapture at finding a skeleton leaf, whose delicate tracery seemed to her eye, with its quick perception of the beautiful, a most marvellous treasure. Long afterwards she would recall the scenery of the island with a distinctness which proved how deep an impression its southern loveliness had left on her memory. And meanwhile, circumstances were moulding her character for the steadfastness of self-consecration which in after life distinguished her. No recollection of those early days comes back to me so often as her pleasure in accompanying our parents to the Bible readings held at the house of the French pastor, Monsieur Le Brun. Some years afterwards she wrote, "I think my first real concern for my soul was awakened by the closing sentence of young M. Le Brun's sermon, one week-day evening. 'And now, brethren, if you cannot answer me, how will you, at the last day, answer the Great Searcher of hearts?' This sentence haunted me night and day for some time."

Here, too, she became interested in the Madagascar Christians, then suffering cruel persecutions for conscience' sake. Some of them took refuge at Mauritius, and her delight at being taken to visit them was very great. At M. Le Brun's she heard much of those still undergoing oppression and torture, letters being often received from Mr. Johns and his wife. From this time a desire for missionary work took possession of her mind. The extreme reserve of her disposition prevented this being generally known, but from the time she was seven years old the dream of her life was to be one day a missionary. The wish, as she then formed it, for work among the heathen was never granted, but truly her whole life was a missionary work. In a paper of recollections of her early childhood she writes, "I remember always having great love for any one I thought one of God's children. I loved going to church and listening to serious conversation. I was very fond of Mr. Banks and Mr. Fitzgerald because I thought they were true Christians."

In 1843 our father's health obliged him to return to England, and not long after he left the army. The voyage home was a time of great enjoyment to us children, though from many circumstances it was very uncomfortable for our parents. A storm that was encountered a few days before entering the English Channel caused the lives of all on board to be in peril for some hours, but we were unconscious of the danger and enjoyed the unusual scene—the dead lights in,—lamps burning all day in the darkened cabin, and furniture and boxes slipping from side to side as the vessel rolled heavily. At last the storm moderated, and holding our father's hand, we were allowed to venture on deck. At that moment an upturned boat was drifted past on a huge green wave, which curled over as if it would engulf the vessel. For the first time we seemed to realize what danger we had been in, and returned, silent and awed, to our mother's side. A few days later the pilot, who came on board off Land's End, brought English papers, one of which contained a graphic account of a shipwreck that had taken place in that very storm. My father read this to us, and then asked us very solemnly where should we have been had not God in His mercy spared our vessel when others were lost. The question struck home to our hearts, and that evening both, with many tears and earnest prayers, desired to choose God as our portion. The impression then made appeared transient, but the feelings excited never wholly died away. It was the first call, which in loving mercy was repeated again and again until the wandering heart turned to its only true rest in the love of the Redeemer.

The voyage was over, and English sights and sounds excited wonder and delight in us children, to whom everything was new. We went almost immediately to my grandfather's country home in the north of Ireland. I seem to see Agnes now, as she bounded along the lanes, the day of our arrival at Ardmore, filling her little basket with violets and primroses,—new flowers to her then, but which had ever a peculiar charm for her. Our dear mother was greatly exhausted by the climate of Mauritius, and for a long time was in very delicate health. This prevented her continuing the care of our education, which had hitherto been entirely in her hands. About this time a phrenologist, who was passing through the neighbourhood, examined Agnes's head, and, after doing so, said to her, "Take care, my little lady; this strong will of yours may lead you into great faults." On my mother questioning him further, he said, "Don't be uneasy, religion and love to her parents will be the ruling principles of her life." And, indeed, it was so, for, notwithstanding the extraordinary power of will which enabled her in after years to deny herself and control others in such a wonderful way, there was never, after early infancy, the slightest opposition of her will to that of her parents. Yet instances were not wanting in her childhood to show her strength of resolve and her determination in carrying out a purpose once formed. Two examples of this may be given,—at Mauritius, when she was about eight years old, a friend sent her a present of a young kangaroo from Australia; an enclosure was made for it in the garden, and Agnes delighted to feed and visit it daily. One day as she opened the gate it escaped and bounded off into our neighbour's plantation. Agnes followed, fearing it might do mischief, climbed over the low wall which separated the two gardens, and, after a long chase, succeeded in capturing the fugitive; some minutes afterwards my mother came into the garden, and was horror-struck to see her returning from the pursuit, the kangaroo, which she held bravely by its ears, struggling wildly for freedom and tearing at her with its hind feet, while her dress was streaming with blood from the wounds inflicted by its nails. Mamma called to her to let it go, but she would not do so until she got it safely into its house, although it was many a long day before she lost the marks of her battle and victory. Another instance of the same fixed resolve, whatever she might have to suffer in carrying it out, occurred some years later when she was about fourteen. My father was extremely fond of music, and very anxious that we should play well. Agnes had no taste for it, and it cost her much trouble to learn the simplest air. Knowing how much my father wished her to improve, she gave it her undivided attention, and laboured painfully to conquer the difficulty. At last she had mastered a piece sufficiently to play it before company, and one evening when a few friends were with us, she was told to get her music; she did so, and, by a strong effort of will, overcame her nervousness and played the piece through without a mistake. She then left the room without saying anything, and soon afterwards was found upstairs by one of the servants in violent hysterics. Had her teachers understood her character and the strength of her affectionate nature, much of the trial of the few years succeeding our return from Mauritius would have been spared her

Our first governess was good and kind, but her successors were sadly stern and unsympathizing. The change from our mother's gentle rule, which had made learning a delight; the continual repression of everything like gladness by the severe *régime* of the schoolroom; the unvaried round of lessons made as unattractive as possible; and, most of all, the want of love and encouragement,—all told on her sensitive and most reserved disposition. She was by no means a precocious child, and had learned to read with the greatest difficulty; indeed, her character and her faculties developed slowly, and some of her teachers thought her almost deficient in mental power. The greater part of the four years after our return to Ireland was spent at Fahan House, a small but very lovely spot on the banks of Lough Swilly. We all became much attached to this sweet home; but Agnes, especially, ever clung to it with the deepest affection. It lies nestled among trees at the foot of wild heath-covered hills, the waters of the blue lake rippling up to the foot of the lawn, and then stretching out to the grey hills at the other side. Every variety of scenery is combined in the little nook,—bare rocky mountains, which seem to bid defiance to the advance of cultivation, subsiding at their base into sunny cornfields or soft stretches of waving flax; wooded park-like domains, and bleak stony patches, alternating on the banks of that lovely lough, so appropriately called "The Lake of Shadows," while here and there the blue smoke rises from isolated cottages which dot the landscape all along the winding shore.

Perhaps this is the least interesting, as it certainly was the least happy time of dear Agnes's life; outwardly she seemed to grow stupid and callous, taking no interest in her studies, and of the inner life we can find no record, save in a fragment of journal among her later papers.

"*Nov.* 10*th*, 1846.—To-day I am fourteen. When I look back at the past year, I see nothing but sin, depravity, and unhappiness. I only feel that I have improved in music. This morning I made many good resolutions; I fear too much in my own strength, for in the course of the day I broke them all.

"*Nov.* 11*th.*—Awoke and wept at having broken my resolutions."

These and such-like passages of her early journals have deeply impressed me with the thought that the tenderness of a child's conscience is seldom realized by those who endeavour to guide and direct it. May it not be that we sometimes lay a burden too heavy to be borne on young hearts, because we judge them by our own, which have grown hardened by contact with the world and its ways? Some there assuredly are, whose hearts should be rather trained to look up with loving trust than to look into themselves for faults which they mourn over in vain while they struggle to amend in their own strength. And Agnes had a peculiarly sensitive conscience; the smallest fault she magnified into a sin, and grieved for it accordingly. Then from her reserve, and the power she had of concealing her emotion, no one knew of this hidden life, so that she had not the help she might have had. Yet this, doubtless, was not in vain: in those heart-struggles, seen only by the Eye of Love, who watches over all; in the lonely weeping for shortcomings and failures; in the earnest resolutions, renewed as often as broken, we may trace the mouldings of the character to be developed in after days. The early and the latter rain, the sunshine and the shower, were bringing out the latent beauty of the young plant which was hereafter to bear good fruit.

In January, 1848, we were sent to the Miss Ainsworths' school, at Avonbank, Stratford-on-Avon. The change from the extreme severity of our governesses' rule to the pleasant cheerful work of this admirably-managed school, was soon felt, and the beneficial effects were seen in the advance made in study. Agnes, especially, needed affectionate and gentle guiding; her mental powers were as yet almost dormant. Kind and judicious discipline, combined with the stimulus of example and the encouragement of merited approbation, soon showed that her former teachers had been mistaken in their judgment of her capacity. She now became remarkable among her companions for steady application and earnest desire for improvement. She was less popular than many others, because her mind was more set on advance in her studies than on amusement, and she required to give time and close attention to learn what some could master rapidly; but then, what she once learned was her own for ever, and years afterwards she would be ready with the date of an historical event or the definition of some abstract term which I had long ago forgotten. Her ardent affectionate nature was drawn out in warmest love to Miss Harriet Ainsworth, who, perhaps, never realized all the gratitude she had called forth in the enthusiastic young Irish girl, who now, for the first time, felt her powers brought into action, and her efforts to please appreciated.

After two years and three months at school, my father, whose health had suddenly broken down in the autumn, was called away from earth on the 19th March, 1850. We were summoned home, but arrived some hours too late. I had no idea of Agnes's passionate love for her father until I read her papers and journals, in which such constant reference is made to him, to what he was to her in life, and what his memory ever continued to be to her.

She writes in 1856:—"Sunday is a day of many memories of my dear father; it seems to me especially his. Perhaps the seeing most of him on that day made me first love Sunday; but I always much enjoyed going to church. At Mahébourg his service for the soldiers, then our crossing the river and evening worship in a solitary place. I could find these spots now, after all these years; then standing by his side in the corner of the verandah, the moonlight streaming down upon us, learning and repeating or hearing his hymns, and looking up to that dear face where was such holy love, joy, and peace, and the tears often as he repeated, 'See from His head, His hands, His feet,' etc., or joined in the responses and singing in church. Oh, how I worshipped him! Then the frequent hearing of his earnest prayers through the closed door of his dressing-room, impressed me deeply. His last words as he parted with us at Leamington some months before his death, were such a heartfelt 'God bless you!' I remember how their solemnity thrilled me; he felt what we little guessed that our next look on that dear countenance would be when it was stiffened in death. I did not then gaze on it as I would now I had done, for the shock of my first view of death as the follower of a long illness, made me less mindful at the time of the sweet, peaceful, happy, loving look, which showed how death was to him robbed of its sting. But it was the first realization of orphanhood, and I feared to ask permission to return, dreading to hear it was too late."

From this time Agnes's character developed more rapidly, especially in its simple, unselfish, devotion to others. She seemed to feel herself responsible for their comfort and happiness, and her mother, sister, and brother were the objects of a watchful care, which was ever ready to minister to them at any sacrifice of her own ease and pleasure. Childish things were laid aside, and a certain maturity of thought and feeling was perceptible. An outside observer might have deemed that her Christian course was not yet begun, and as we look at the fair flower which later burst into such wondrous blossom, we seem to marvel whence it came and how it grew: no human eye saw the seed sown or watched the stem rise inch by inch, until the bud appeared; but we believe that from very early childhood, her parents' prayers were receiving their answer, and that "First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn," were watched and tended by the heavenly Husbandman, until at last, when fully ripe, it was transplanted from earth to bloom for ever in the fair paradise of God.

That summer of 1850, the dear home at Fahan was left, as it was then believed, for ever, and my mother took us to Dublin, where she intended to reside, that we might have the benefit of masters. We attended the ministry of the Rev. John Gregg, now Bishop of Cork, and immediately joined his confirmation classes. His clear gospel-teaching and earnest personal appeal to the hearts of the young, awoke new desires after God. Her aunt and godmother, who ever watched over her spiritual life with the deepest interest, writes, " Her confirmation seemed to me the time of Agnes's real conversion; she wrote me such a letter, and told me that, on returning to her pew, her sins had all seemed to rise up before her. From that time I truly believe the earnest desire of her heart was to live to God." One of her earliest labours of love, which was scarcely noticed by us at the time, was recalled to our memory fifteen years after, when my aunt met the lady, in whose house we lodged that winter, in Dublin. She asked kindly for us all, but especially for Agnes, and added, " I shall never forget how that young creature, all through the winter they spent in my house, used to come down to the kitchen every Sunday evening to read the Bible to Larry and Eliza" (servants in the house). There is an admirable Sunday-school in connection with Trinity Church, at which the children of the higher classes attend as well as the poor; very soon after our arrival in Dublin we joined it, and were placed by Mr.

Gregg in a class taught by Miss Williams, a deeply experienced Christian, and one who possessed the valuable power of imparting knowledge and of touching the hearts of her pupils. Agnes ever retained a warm affection for her, and from time to time corresponded with her. This lady writes, "I can never think of dear Agnes Jones now, but as casting her crown at His feet, in Whose footsteps she ever walked. Her first letter to me in 1851 is full of touching interest; how truly dear Mr. Gregg interpreted her mind when he introduced her to me with others as 'anxious inquirers' after his confirmation examinations. She was then in the valley of humility, when she did not dare to lift up her eyes to see the hand that was leading her. How circumspectly she walked, looking for every footprint by the light of the lamp before she placed her foot there!

"Though she opened her mind so freely to me in writing, yet she was so overcome by an interview that I was obliged to give up visiting you in Gardiner Street; it seemed so painful to her to speak before others, but in the class her intense appetite for the living bread was so apparent that I often felt myself speaking to her only, her calm gentle eyes fixed on me, as God helped me to speak."

Before leaving the north of Ireland, we had met at Ardmore two ladies, Miss Mason and Miss Bellingham, both much engaged in missionary work among the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Good and clever people were always most attractive to Agnes, and she at once formed a friendship with those devoted women, which was most valuable to her, and a source of much happiness. As they resided in Dublin, she saw them frequently during the winter, and became deeply interested in their work. Her attachment to Miss Mason ripened into a warm and lasting friendship, which had much influence on her after life; to her she often wrote for advice when in perplexity and depression, and through her she was introduced to some of her most valuable friends.

In the spring of 1851, we went abroad for some months, and on our return in the autumn I was sent to school at Brighton, while my mother and Agnes once more took up their abode in Dublin. She felt the separation from me very acutely, though for my mother's sake she tried to conceal her feelings. Her intense affection for those she loved was a source of much suffering to her; the great reserve of her disposition seemed to make it impossible for her to show it fully by words or many outward signs, and it sometimes happened that the objects of her love were unaware of the almost passionate depth of her feelings towards them. This was not the case, however, in her own immediate family, for none could mistake the loving devotion of her every look and word, though her private papers and journals reveal an agony at every separation which was little suspected at the time. Her extreme humility made her fancy herself inferior to others, and unworthy of their regard, and gave a constraint to her manner with strangers which often hid from them her real character. While to others she was ever most lenient in her judgment, to herself she was a stern disciplinarian. From her journal, kept during this winter with tolerable regularity, one would fancy her to have been leading an idle useless life, so frequently do charges of indolence and negligence occur; those who were with her at the time, however, tell a different story. She was studying most carefully 'Bacon's Essays' and 'Butler's Analogy,' for classes on both, which she attended; she had German and drawing lessons three times a week, for which she prepared very diligently, and she was ever ready for any useful work which might offer. She was always busy about something; from early girlhood one never saw her with her hands unemployed, and the amount of work of all kinds she accomplished in this way was wonderful. My father had encouraged us as children to write out during the week our recollection of the Sunday sermons, and this practice Agnes never gave up until time failed her for it in the last few years of overwhelming work, yet to the last she wrote out recollections of any peculiarly striking or profitable sermons. To my mother she was ever the tender loving child and the wise trusted friend; over my brother she watched with a yearning love, which could never express the affection she bore him, and to me she was like a mother, sister, and friend in one. It is not easy to put into words the love of a lifetime, and there are depths of tender memories with which a stranger intermeddleth not, but if any true idea is to be given of the subject of this memoir, the beauty of her home life cannot be passed over in silence. Never did the charm of unselfishness appear more perfect than in her character; she seemed incapable of a selfish act or of a selfish thought; as if of themselves her thoughts ever turned to others, their pleasure, their wishes, and while she thought of herself only to blame, she could see no fault where she loved. During this winter she began her classes in the Lurgan Street Ragged School, where the deep spiritual and physical need of her scholars awakened her liveliest interest and called forth her deepest sympathy.

In the summer of 1852, my two aunts, with Agnes and myself, made a short tour in

Connemara, and all her enthusiasm was excited by the wild scenery of the west, while her heart was drawn out in ardent love to the poor but intelligent peasantry, many of whom are wholly ignorant of the English language, and all of whom had been brought up in utter ignorance of the truth as it is in Jesus. We visited many of the schools, and as the Bishop of Tuam, with a large body of clergy, was making a confirmation tour at the time, we heard several examinations of the bright-faced children in the schools, whose answers astonished and delighted us. The orphan nursery at Ballyconree especially interested Agnes; and the meeting again her kind friends Miss Bellingham, then Mrs. D'Arcy, the wife of the rector of Clifden, and Miss Gore, was an additional pleasure. She would willingly have stayed behind us in the west to work for God with Miss Gore at Ballyconree, in that great field so wonderfully opened up for the labourer, and though duty called her away, it did seem as if her life-long desire for missionary work might some day find its realization in that sphere. She chose one school which seemed in special need, and for some years collected funds for the payment of the master. So brightly did she picture the delights of life among the mountains of Connemara, that a friend gave her the name of "the recluse of Clare Island," and often playfully asked her when she intended to migrate to the wilds of the far west. The next autumn and winter were spent at Kingstown, and there she found some poor people to visit, and divided her time between self-improvement and usefulness to others.

Early in 1853, we started for the Continent, and six pleasant months were spent in France, Germany, and Switzerland. Agnes's journal is full of vivid descriptions of the scenery through which we passed, and the historical associations of the cities we visited, while at the same time her practical mind was ever ready to gain information from the manners and customs of the people, their public institutions, etc. In this age of travelling, when every one is familiar with the Continent, either through books of travel or from personal experience, few would care to read a young girl's history of her first impressions of foreign life. I shall, therefore, only extract from her journal the passages which relate to the foreign deaconess institutions, of which she now heard for the first time, and which were to influence so decidedly her whole after life.

"PARIS, *April 25th*, 1853.—To-day we went to a meeting of the 'Œuvre des Diaconesses,' Rue de Neuilly. It was held in the chapel of the institution, which was crowded. There are in all thirty-six sisters, two of whom are from the German parent institution at Kaiserswerth. They have three divisions or branches of labour. There are the apprentices, the penitentiary or refuge, and the 'disciplinaire pour les enfants;' there are also schools and an infirmary. There is always a reserve fund for the support of the sisters when old or leaving the institution. The great want is sisters, for not only are there not enough for the work of the house in Paris, but many are also required for work in the provinces, particularly in the

Salles d'Asile. A rival establishment of Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity has been opened near. The house of the Protestant Deaconesses has not, however, been emptied, as they predicted, but is too small. It is like the Kaiserswerth institution, which has sisters at Jerusalem, Smyrna, St. Petersburg, and elsewhere."

Early in June we reached Bonn, on the Rhine, where some weeks were spent very happily. Much of our time was taken up preparing for masters, but the afternoons were generally devoted to long country walks and drives, which were often enlivened by the pleasant and profitable conversation of the Rev. W. Graham, a missionary to the Jews, who had been for some years settled at Bonn. On June 21st, we all went over to Kaiserswerth, accompanied by Mr. Graham, and spent a long summer's day in visiting the various schools, hospitals, and other departments of that most valuable institution. Little did we think of the deep effect that day's visit was to produce. The detailed account in her journal is too long to give here, but will be found in the appendix.

She concludes the vivid description of its various departments of labour with the following words, which seem almost prophetic:—

"As we drove away, my great wish was that this might not be my last visit to Kaiserswerth. Surely such visits should not be unprofitable; if the thoughts of that day be blessed, and its impressions deepened, it will not I trust be so. That visit was, I believe, a talent committed to our care; may it not be buried."

And a few days later she writes again:—

"BONN, *June 27th.*—At breakfast it was proposed, and Mamma consented to the plan, that Aunt E—— and I should spend a week at Kaiserswerth in order the better to understand the whole working of the institution. This is more than I ever dared to hope. How thankful I should be! May a blessing attend that visit; may my feeble desires to do good to others be deepened and purified. The Lord has heard my prayers and answered them in an unexpected manner; surely this visit should be an encouragement to prayer, and a seal that God will answer it. Lord, Thou hast in this answered my prayer; add yet other blessings; oh, give me a large measure of Thy spirit. Go with us, Lord, to Kaiserswerth; be with us and bless us. Make all things now and then to work for Thy glory and our good. Sanctify us wholly; sanctify our desires and thoughts. If Thou be not with us, Satan can turn even these wishes to evil. Teach us how needful watchfulness is, especially at this time. If Thou go not with us, carry us not up hence; but if it be for Thy honour and our good, take us there, and let me not forget, that as in this one thing Thou hast heard me, so Thou wilt ever hear.

"It may be pleasant in a few years to know with what feelings I looked upon the going to Kaiserswerth, for it seems to me that it will exercise a great influence on my future life. have no desire to become a Deaconess; that would not, I think, be the place I should be called upon to occupy. No, my own Ireland first. It was for Ireland's good that my first desire to be used as a blessed instrument in God's hand was breathed; it was for Ireland's good that my desire to find the Lord for myself took a tangible form; it was for Ireland's good that I have prayed to be used; and though I think, if I saw an opening, I could be content to be sent to other lands, yet in Ireland is it my heart's desire to labour. But though I do not see that as a Kaiserswerth Deaconess I should be taking my proper position, yet I do believe that, as a training-school for usefulness, some months spent at Kaiserswerth would be of untold value. I have now the desire, but not the power, but there is not a branch of usefulness in which I may be called to occupy myself that I should not have been to a degree prepared for. At my age, such a training of the powers and such a training of the desires would, if blessed by God, have a great effect on my character. These considerations are all strongly in favour of my going to Kaiserswerth. But again, ought I to leave Mamma? If she gave me an unbiassed and free permission, I think that, for a time, I might, but she is not anxious for it; she sees it might not be for my good in some ways. It is then my duty not to press the subject. May I be grateful to her for this permission, and wait until a way is opened, as, if it be indeed for my good, it will be, and be happy and contented with the blessings I enjoy, not letting my mind dwell on what I imagine would make me happy. If only eyes are open to see them, there are enough ways of usefulness before me if I can never go to Kaiserswerth."

The next entry, though not bearing directly on the subject, I venture to quote, as calculated to show Agnes as she then was; it is a true picture of the young heart's simple consecration of itself to God. Here we see her turning to Him from all earthly enjoyments; finding Him in all beautiful things; desiring Him above all things in the midst of her youth and freshness, before the sorrows, or disappointments, or cares of life had cast a single shadow on her unclouded path.

"*June 28th.*—The heat was very great this morning. After dinner we took a carriage to Mehlem, and crossed to Königswinter on the flying-bridge. Thence we ascended the Drachenfels, some on donkeys, others on foot. From the top, the view in both directions is most beautiful. As you look down the precipice, on the edge of which the ruins stand, you see to the right the Rhine as far as Cologne, the spire of Bonn, Godesberg, and some villages along the bank, the only landmarks, the country being flat but rich; to the left are seen Rolandseck and the tower above; below, the two islands and the winding river for some distance; two large villages lie at your feet; beyond, wooded hills and the quarries from which the stone was brought of which Cologne Cathedral is built. We went round to the other side, and sat there, in the cool shade of the old tower, having before us the rich country and dark woodland, and opposite the quarries, from whence now and then we heard the rolling stones which are thus sent down the steep descent, and from the island of Nonnenwerth came the sound of convent bells. Very sweet were they to our ears, because we were free, free at will to be of use to others, not in a certain specified way, not by being immured for life within convent walls, but free wherever the pointings of duty lead us, in whatever situation is right, free to point to others the way to obtain blessings which are theirs as well as ours. There we sat, Mr. G., aunts, mamma, J., and I, a happy thankful party. We talked of poets, poetry, English and German, then of the creative faculty of imagination, the most godlike left to man, and then, turning to the beauteous diorama spread before us, Mr. G. spoke of the likelihood that we might, as disembodied spirits, think of that evening when we had gazed on our Creator's glorious work; we might even visit it again. He thinks that, with body and soul reunited, the saints shall again inhabit this earth, for neither it nor any of God's works shall be annihilated. The God-man shall reign over this kingdom; the realization of Jacob's ladder will connect heaven with earth, and the angels ascending and descending be the messengers between. We could have sat there long, but it was getting late, so we rose with solemn thoughts and, having taken another look at the scene around, returned to the hotel, where, in a little arbour overhanging the valley, we took our coffee, amusing ourselves feeding some cocks and hens, the first we have seen for some time. The clouds were very beautiful, and the soft rays of the setting sun, half screened from our view by a golden cloud, were most exquisite. The whole landscape appeared even more beautiful than in the morning. During our drive home, Mr. G. spoke of the principle of compensation. If a tree be planted and grow alone, it will not in a number of years have reached to more than half the height of a grove of trees planted at the same time; alone, it will weather the storm, and every blast will only root it more firmly in the ground; but cut down all but one of the trees in a grove, a gust of wind will level it, because those trees which are planted together only strike their roots to that depth, which with their mutual support will enable them to stand; so it is among Christians, those who, like many in India and elsewhere, have to stand alone, bear nobly up against the storm, and in England, where many are together, they only just keep their footing.

"He parted from us at our door, thanking us for having drawn him from his solitude. What a blessing we should esteem it to have such a man with us!"

A few days later she writes from Kaiserswerth:—

"MY DARLING J.,—Though none of the dreadful things you imagined have happened to me, I was very glad to receive your letter, and to hear that you are all so well. We breakfast at six, dine at twelve, have tea at four, and supper at seven, bed at ten. This is a very busy day, and we have seen neither Louisa Fliedner nor my dear friend Hedwig, who are generally much with us. *Wir lieben zusammen*, as they say. They both speak English very well, especially the latter. Yesterday I had such a pleasant talk with her; she believes that I shall come back here; I am sure I shall if it be for my good. Dear Hedwig! she was telling me I must not expect to find all *couleur de rose* in the service of the Lord here; in so many things we feel the same. She belongs to one of the very highest families in Germany;

now she is principally engaged in teaching in the seminarist's house, but even the pastor himself was astonished at the cheerfulness with which, as 'probe Schwester,' she did any menial work. Each person here is, as far as possible, assigned to the work for which they are best fitted. There is much freedom in every way. Each ward has its deaconess, who has many 'probe Schwestern' under her; all responsibility devolves on the sister, and one evening every week each sister comes to consult with the mother (Madame Fliedner) and tell her her difficulties and trials. The mother is indeed a mother, overseeing all, helping and advising all. Yesterday, being the first Sunday in the month, all went to the church at night, and there was a special prayer for all the sisters here and abroad. In the fifteen institutions in different parts of the world there is a prayer meeting at the same hour; this meeting in spirit is much prized. There is such love between all, and every one is so free, no one would think it a convent. Love seems indeed, as far as human nature permits, to pervade every action. I am so happy here; it is so delightful to see every one so busy, and in the Lord's work; all are so loving and excellent, their whole hearts are in the work. It is a blessed thing to be among them. I wish you would all come here. Aunt and I went with Louisa Fliedner, seven of her insane patients, and five deaconesses to a farm near this, where we had some coffee. The patients enjoy this, and it is good for them; Louisa begged us to talk to them, as it pleased them so much. Fancy us for three hours walking and talking with these people in German. Not only the labour of talking German so long, but the anxiety lest I should touch a dangerous point, made it rather fatiguing. All went off well. We walked along the mill-stream, and they went in a boat on the mill-pond; they were so obedient, and the deaconesses seemed only amusing themselves, but never took their eyes off the patients. One old lady was very inquisitive, some would scarcely speak, but all were pleased with the foreigners. Yesterday I was in the hospital and infant school all day. If any one comes here to find quiet rest, or solitude, they are very much mistaken, for all are busy, yet have their work so beautifully apportioned that there is never anything neglected or left undone, yet no bustle. Link within link binds all together, not only in the house here, but to the 102 deaconesses abroad."

A few days later she returned to us at Bonn, and the following week we started for Switzerland, where she had much enjoyment. Physically strong, and not knowing what fear was, she would have willingly ventured on the most perilous mountain expeditions; but in this, as in all else, she yielded at once to my mother's wishes, and gave up without a look of disappointment her desire for adventure. A visit to Mr. Malan, at Geneva, made a deep impression on her mind.

"GENEVA, *Sept.* 5*th.*—This morning, according to Mr. Malan's invitation, we went to visit his school. Here we were delighted with the children, the order and quiet. He sent for us, and we spent an hour with him. I trust I may never forget his conversation."

On our return to Ireland in the autumn of 1853, she resumed her former life in Dublin, only devoting more time to teaching in the ragged schools than she had done before; earnestly she desired more work for God, and, from her private papers, it would seem that she blamed herself for indolence and carelessness, because she did not do more; yet never did she neglect home duties, or leave undone what was ready to her hand. She seldom spoke of Kaiserswerth, and I knew nothing of her unabated desire to return there, but in her journal, under the date of June, 1855, is the following passage, which shows how the wish remained strong as ever:—

"When this time two years ago, I left Kaiserswerth, my wish and prayer were that I might some time return there to be fitted and trained for active work in my Father's service. How often since have that wish and prayer been breathed! I may almost say they have been ever with me; and though I acknowledge that they should have had greater effect in making me use my small knowledge and stirred me up to greater exertions, still, with gratitude I write it, they have never had such an undue influence as to make me discontented and impatient that my wish was ungratified,—my prayer unanswered; and when, a few short days ago, mamma proposed my going in August, with what trembling joy did I find that accorded, unasked, which I should not have thought it right to ask. May I take this fact alone as the pillar of fire to lead me on? It is the way that inclination points, therefore, an investigation as to the direction of duty will be only fair. Inclination may lead to self-deception. O God, for Jesus' sake, direct me. The duty on the side of Kaiserswerth is clear, and may be summed up in a few words. As we use means to fit us for any earthly profession, so are we bound to use every means which will enable us to adorn our Christian profession.

This is a means: it is now offered to me. If God sends me and blesses me, it may be a means for His glory and the good of my fellow-creatures. If I go, Lord sanctify my motives. An application of 'Lord, let me first go and bury my father,' struck me to-day. There is, when I leave my mother even for a short day, a half-unacknowledged, undefined fear that I may not see her again, and this comes over me when I think of leaving her to go to Kaiserswerth. 'Lord, let me wait till death removes my father, then I will follow Thee,' said a man to Jesus. The answer bade him come at once. J. is now with mamma; this may be the most convenient time for leaving her. Life is short, the work to be done, great; the preparation should be made at once."

This paper is broken off abruptly, and when it is resumed, it appears that circumstances had occurred which made her feel it right once more to defer the visit; yet so simply and unselfishly was this done, that, though it was for my sake she gave up her wishes on the subject, I never knew till long afterwards that the idea of her going had been proposed to her. The sentence in her journal in which she refers to the disappointment is so characteristic that I cannot forbear inserting it:—

"*July*, 1855.—Had arrangements remained as before, I should have gone to Germany, but the nearer time now fixed for J.'s marriage alters the case. I did not know how much my heart was set on it until I heard of the change of plans, which seemed to put an obstacle in the way; yet how could I give up the last time of our being all together! surely my place is at home, and if I am to be trained for usefulness, a way will be opened. I prayed to be led; my pillar moves not on, and I will not go."

The winter of 1855–56, was spent at Port Stewart, and early in the following spring my mother and Agnes returned to the old home at Fahan House. The delight which this arrangement gave to all our party, became in Agnes's case almost overpowering happiness. She thus writes, March 6:—

"Drove down to dear Fahan on a business expedition. Oh! the happy feeling of being able to look on it now as almost our home. For some time after we came in sight of it, the thought was unmixed joy. Then the little churchyard reminded us of the dear father who lay there, and recalled to us that here is not our home, and, therefore, with the words of thanksgiving which arose to my lips, came those of prayer, that in the few years we may be blessed by remaining in that once happy and now fondly looked for home, my own ease and happiness may not be consulted, but that I may live for the glory of God and good of others."

CHAPTER II.

FAHAN.

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease
And giveth happiness or peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

"Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

"Blessing she is,—God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow:
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless."—*Lowell.*

A FEW extracts from Agnes's journal at this time will show the spirit in which she re-entered the home of her childhood:—

"*June 4th*, 1856.—Came down to Fahan for a couple of days to get the house ready. Every step by the way seemed to recall something.

The little court-house at Burnfoot brings back the memory of that dear father whose last day of health was spent there that he might speak for the poor: further on, the hill, where we as children often went to meet grandpapa when he was coming to see us; soon the view of Fahan recalled in contrast our last look when leaving our home six years ago, and the remaining distance was spent in prayer for guidance and strength for my new duties. May God grant us many days here, if they be devoted to His service; if He will so honour us as to make us useful, to Him be all the glory. Lord, do Thou be with us and bless us and draw us nearer to Thee, and oh, may we not enter Thy kingdom alone,—enable us to bring many to the knowledge of Thee. I ran round the garden with almost childish glee; care and sorrow seemed to have fled,—the weight of the last few years removed. A few seconds I knelt in that dear hallowed dressing-room—formerly my father's, and now to be mine—to ask for a blessing from the Lord on my coming here. Out of doors I feel as if I had never left the place; every tree and weed and bramble seems unchanged. But the mind goes off to the past, the eye lights on the face of some unknown child, then the feeling of the interim returns strongly."

At Fahan the long-cherished dream of a life devoted to the sick and sorrowful began to be realized. In the school; by the sick-bed of the dying; in the lowly cottage where some sudden accident had brought sorrow and despair, and where her gentle self-possession and prompt, wise action seemed often to bring healing and hope; everywhere she was to be found about her Father's business. None who saw can ever forget her as she would return from those distant lonely walks; her colour brightened by the keen mountain air, her curls blown about by the breeze, and her fair, happy face beaming with the consciousness of having brought comfort and blessing to some of God's poor. She had a very tender and loving sympathy for the poor, and often writes of the happiness it was to her to be among them. When on a visit at the house of one of my uncles, she writes:—

"I have to this place a feeling that I have to no other, save Fahan, from the knowledge that here a few poor look on me as a friend. How the heart leaps with joy to see a look or smile of welcome from the poor, much more than at a warmer reception from the rich!" And again,—

"*March*, 1857.—I thank God for the great blessing of health and strength to go amongst the poor. What a sore trial it would be to be forced to cease from visiting them! their cordial welcome cheers me, and the hope of doing them good is such an incentive; when I come to one who is a Christian, and hear her prayers for me, then there rises within me a deep well-spring of joy. . .

"*October*, 1857.—To-day, winter came in hail and snow and bitter cold. I put on winter array, but felt almost ashamed to go into the cottages so warmly clothed. What a contrast between visitor and visited! Who made me to differ? Health, strength, and this warm clothing enabling me to go out in all weather, are talents; oh, may each and all be more and more used for His glory Who gave and can take away. A blessing to-day from old Mrs. W. warmed me so that I felt not the cold; she said, 'The Lord love you, for I love you.'"

Another time when leaving home before Christmas:—

"*Dec. 20th,* 1856.—I do not like to give the poor their Christmas gifts so long before. I would like the joy to come to them on that day, to go myself with each little love-token. What joy is like that called forth by the gratitude of the poor, often too big for words! I never know whether to laugh or cry. Among the many thanks and blessings I have received to-day, none have been as hearty or overpowering as widow D.'s, and her prayer for me was that God would never leave or forsake me, but bring me safe to heaven. The blessings of an aged saint come so home to one, while the words of others seem an empty form."

Every morning, unless detained by home duties, she set off on her rounds after breakfast, returning to early dinner, only to start again immediately afterwards, and prolonging her absence often until the darkness had closed in. No weather deterred her; no distance was too great; no road too lonely. She never seemed to think it could be a question whether the fatigue or exposure was too much for her; she was naturally strong, but often she overtaxed her strength; and when suffering from severe headaches would set off in the morning earlier than usual to see some sick person, knowing that later in the day when the pain had reached its height, she would be unable to move. Many times in winter she came back from her mountain walks with her cloak stiff with ice and her hands benumbed with cold; but nothing could damp her brave spirit, and the joy of her work kept her up. During the five years she remained at Fahan, there was no cessation in those busy labours, except during one short visit to Dublin in the spring of 1857. Her skill in prescribing for the sick, and her gentle but firm touch in dressing wounds, and especially in cases of burns and scalds, soon became famous in the neighbourhood, and the poor people came many miles across the mountains to consult her, and to get medicines, salve, etc. The turf-fires on the cottage hearths, round which little children often gather without much watching or care, are the fruitful source of many severe burns, and, on such occasions, Agnes was always sent for. Sometimes it was a very fearful sight that met her, but she never shrank from anything because it was painful, if she could but relieve suffering, and day after day she would go to dress the burns until her care was no longer needed. She was so considerate, too, so thoughtful of their comfort; never forgetting to take cake or fruit for the poor little sufferer to beguile it during the painful dressing, as well as more substantial food, where that was needed. Roman Catholics as well as Protestants were visited and cared for; she made no distinction of creed or sect in ministering to the needy ones, and wherever she was allowed to do so, she never paid a visit without reading at least a few verses of the Bible. Then she would say a little by way of explanation, so simply that the youngest child could understand, yet so earnestly and practically that none could listen unimpressed. Her own deep sense of responsibility and the tenderness of her conscience, ever ready to condemn herself, made her often mourn very deeply over the apparent want of success attending her visits. A few extracts from her journal, taken from different periods, may, perhaps, help to bring her life more vividly before the reader :—

"*Nov.* 15*th*, 1856.—To-day I went to old Mrs. D.; she seemed very low, but I trust her hope is sure. My thoughts went back to former visits. Have I really set the whole Gospel before her? How humbling to go time after time and feel such want of words and want of power in setting Jesus forth! As I went into a new cottage to-day, many doubts arose. When I can do so little in speaking awakeningly to those I visit, why go to more? but this was a temptation to yield to my foolish timidity. He who knows the thoughts answered mine, for when I left the cottage, a stranger came up saying, 'I hear you lend tracts, and should be glad of some.' This is indeed encouragement, for which I thank God. The promise is beginning to be realized to me, 'He that watereth others shall be watered himself;' for when I read and try to explain a chapter, passages strike me with a force of which I knew nothing when reading alone.

"*Nov.* 30*th.*—How often do Mr. A.'s words warn or comfort me! To-day those which came home to my heart were words of encouragement, truly God-sent, 'The Lord hath need of thee.' How often, in my secret heart, do I long to avoid this or that visit and wish to postpone it! Even to-day I thought, 'The snow is heavy, the roads slippery; my headache severe; how gladly I would remain at home!' but how could I with those words in my ears? each step was cheered by them; better than the cry 'Excelsior' came those soft, gentle, loving words, 'The Lord hath need of thee.' He so high, the Lord of heaven and earth, with His myriads of angels, can He use, much less need the instrumentality of such as I? If it be so, and I read also, 'Thou knowest not whether shall prosper this or that,' shall I let a little thing stop me?"

"*February* 25*th*.—On my return from Ardmore last evening, I ran up to see poor little M. W., who I heard was dying. She took and held my hand, and, from its motion in answer to my question, signified her sure dependence on Christ alone. Dear little girl, I feel so sure of her safety; many things she has said to me prove her trust to be placed on the Rock of Ages."

"*March* 1*st*.—M. W. died last night. Jesus' words, 'He that believeth on Me though he were dead, yet shall he live,' seemed so true of her as I gazed on the dead face; dead yet alive."

"*March* 14*th*.—Mrs. L. died yesterday. The last words I heard her say as I supported her in my arms were, 'I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' This was about twelve hours before she went to be with Jesus. Hers was no deathbed repentance,—long ago that was all done, and peace with God was hers. I felt

—'s death so much, and the circumstance that of none who have died since I came here, could I look to more than a hope of a deathbed change; I prayed that the next might be one of whom I could feel certain; the answer came, little M. W. and Mrs. L. have joined the heavenly choir."

"*March* 28*th*.—On my way to see M. A. R. to-day, the Lord, I trust, sent me a word of such beauty and encouragement. Isaiah xxxv. 8, 'A highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness, the unclean shall not pass over it, but (margin, for he shall be with them) the wayfaring men though fools shall not err therein;' oh, what a blessed promise! The way of holiness, which seems so unattainable, He will give help to walk in to those who seek it; even fools, poor weak foolish sinful ones, such as I, shall not err therein, shall maintain a consistent walk, if we only see His presence here promised, 'for he shall be with them.' Oh, be so with me, Lord! guiding, guarding my footsteps, that they err not in the way of holiness."

"*April* 18*th.*—It is long since I wrote. Passion week with its sacred services and many privileges is passed. The coming week seems to promise trial of a kind which I feel most sensibly, and yet cannot explain to friends. I am going to E.'s wedding; gay scenes are before me; may I not by my narrow-mindedness disgrace the holy name I bear, and put my Saviour to shame. Oh, may I have grace to perceive and know what I ought to do to preserve the right medium. How beautifully appropriate is this week's collect, 'Follow the blessed steps of His most holy life!' Oh, for some of the spirit in which he went to the marriage feast! Oh, so to shine in His reflected light as to attract some to Him, and not repel them from Him!"

"*May* 15*th.*—I am weighed down sometimes with the sense of responsibility and shortcoming. With this crushing feeling I was coming home this evening, taking my Saturday's review of the past week, but as I came near our gate the lovely scene before me seemed to lift off the load of care: the church and trees behind it were bathed in a heavenly flood of light, the rays of the setting sun; it seemed unearthly; I almost listened for the angels' songs, but a sweeter note perchance to flesh and blood was the assurance brought home by the scene of a loving Friend Who is touched with the feeling of His people's infirmities. I do not the less feel my own shortcomings, but I feel in my weakness the strength engaged for me;—the sweet promise; 'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me;' *shall* come, however far short human instrumentality falls of their need. His crown shall not want a jewel, but if believers do not live up to their privileges, if they tire and faint, their crowns may be less bright because they will not avail themselves of the honour He allows them, of being His instruments in winning souls. They will not be less safe, but less happy; further from Him, perhaps, because in a lower place in heaven. I would be ambitious of a high place there; nearer, Jesus, to Thee. Oh, for a heart burning with love to Jesus."

"*Whitsunday.*—The deep feeling of thanksgiving that I am a member of the Church of England, which often makes me class it among my many mercies, was never more deep than to-day. The commemoration of the first bestowal of that gift of gifts, the Holy Spirit, is indeed a holy season, a day much to be thought of in prayer beforehand, and not to be forgotten when past. It seems such hallowed ground, I grudge that its hours have nearly fled. Oh, the lovely promises connected with this day, the chain of gems, brightest and best that which names Him Teacher and Remembrancer. How much I need Him! Lord, on me, and on all dear, mother, sister, brother, let this blessing come; give to Mr. A. a double portion of Thy Spirit, and oh! for Fahan, water it also, and bless our dear, dear Church and its ministers, and keep its beautiful services intact. Thank God for them."

"*October 3rd.*—Went up before breakfast to see Mrs. B., who I heard was worse. A party of friends were staying in the house and I was to take them to Dunree, so feared I might not have time later. She seemed happy; no murmur; not the old longing for death, but a trusting dependence on Christ's finished work for her. As we sat at breakfast after my return, Mrs. P. came in a distracted state; her child was fearfully burned. 'The doctor is from home, and the minister is from home, and oh, Miss Jones, you must come; all my dependence is on you.' I could get no particulars from her, so collecting all I thought necessary, I rushed off up the hill and arrived at the cottage before the mother. The child was indeed a fearful sight; from the waist upwards a skinless mass; the water they had thrown over it to extinguish the flames had brought off the skin; it lay shivering in the father's arms, wrapped up in cloths wet with buttermilk; the house was full of neighbours, and before I could do much the mother came in. Her screams were fearful, so both for her own sake and the child's, I persuaded her to leave the house. With flour and cotton I dressed the wounds, merely putting flour on the face, and left it, feeling almost hopeless. I was little inclined for our day's excursion, but our friends were waiting and we started. On my return I asked eagerly, and was told the doctor had seen it at two o'clock, and said it could not live.

"It died at eight that night. I went up next morning as I had promised, I dreaded the going, but found the neighbours gathered in and I in a crowd when I would have given worlds to be alone, yet I was glad I had gone. I was asked to read, and did so. I scarcely know who were there, for I could not see well, but they seemed to be mostly men, and some to whom I have not spoken before. I tried to say none were too young to die, and to speak of the only preparation, and so bring the question home to each: am I ready? As I left I longed so for quiet that I was almost sorry to meet dear Mr. A., who had returned late the evening before. After a short talk we parted, I to see M. A. R. and G. G., both very ill; on my way home I met Mr. A. again, and he asked me to go with him to Mrs. B., to whom he was to administer the communion. I felt this was just the soothing my worn, distracted mind needed, but I did not foresee all the comfort that blessed communion was to bring. I thank God for it."

"*October 27th*, 1858.—I have a friend less in the world to-night, one more in heaven. Dear old Mrs. R. has gone home; a remembrancer, perhaps of poor unworthy me before the throne. The walls of heaven are ringing with her 'new born melody,' and in my ears come the echo of her words to me, 'I have been at school and hearing all my life, but till you came, I knew nothing of these things but that God was above me. You will get a blessing for what you have done for me.' Ten days ago she said, 'I am going home; if I don't see you again, God bless you and yours. I can't say all I feel, but God knows I love you.' How good and kind God is to give me this encouragement! but to Him alone be the glory and praise."

"*October 29th.*—Mr. — died this morning; he was happy, very happy all through his illness, and now as he lies a corpse, the blessed spirit fled, it has seemed to me as if God has been very near Fahan lately; within these few weeks, the gates of heaven have unfolded to receive three new bright spirits to swell the anthem there, the glory—glory—glory. And I; how have I longed to go home too! how long this life seems! Mine is a very happy life here, but for sin and all my shortcomings which weigh at times upon me, when I cannot cast the burden on my Jesus. It seems so selfish to mourn those who have gone home; how could we and our love supply half the joy they now have!"

"*April 24th.*—This evening I was very weary; the great joy of getting my darling mother and sister back after their fortnight's absence; the delight of again listening to their voices made me, I fear, ready for an excuse to stay at home, but the thought of the poor, of Mrs. B., who would be expecting me, overcame the desire, and I went. By the way I thought Mr. A.'s Easter word of comfort on Mark xvi. 3, might refresh her; I felt its force doubly as I recalled it in order to tell its precious message to weak believers: and then the joy of her tear-choked words, 'you have brought me the message I needed to-night.' I might sit at her feet, sweet Christian, and learn of her, and yet God sent me to cheer her by repeating His servant's words. 'Truly out of the mouth of babes doth He perfect praise.'"

"13*th*.—I felt much the soothing influence of the scenery to-day: the bank of wild roses on the sand hills above the strand; the sunset seen from Buncrana; then the full moon, in all its grandeur, sailing over the sky and then disappearing behind a heavy cloud, silvering its outline; all these, one after the other, came with a force that seemed to speak peace. It is your heavenly Father that gives you this enjoyment. I did bless him for my creation and for that of this lovely earth."

"28*th*.—A Sunday at home, doing nothing, but, I trust, learning much. I had overtaxed my voice, cold settled in it, and for some days it has been inaudible. It seems as if by taking it away for a time my God were going, as it were, to take my education into His own hands;

it may be to force that preparation of the heart, that learning of Him and from Him which came before Isaiah's lips were touched with the live coal and he was sent forth to teach others. God grant that I may learn His lessons. And though it will come home sometimes that it is a severe trial that I cannot make my poor hear me, yet that very feeling shows how much I need the lesson, thinking, as it were, that I cannot be done without. Lord, if it be Thy will to take away my voice for long, draw me nearer to Thyself and teach me to know Thee more, to sit at Jesus' feet and learn His word."

God's word was indeed the rule of her life and her daily study. She truly hungered for the bread of life, and fed day by day on the written word. With her it was no mere reading of a few chapters but searching the Scriptures, comparing passage with passage, and storing her heart and memory with the truths she thus learned. I think it was in November, 1856, that my aunt Esther gave her a treasury Bible as her birthday gift. She thus notices it in her journal:—

"This morning came aunt E.'s birthday gift,—a treasury Bible; a new talent given to me; Lord give me grace to use it aright. And do bless the kind and loving giver, and enable me more and more to show my love to her."

She afterwards wrote to a friend:—"Aunt E. has always loved me very much, but she never did anything for me half so valuable as when she gave me that Bible."

A few passages from her journal about this time may show how she meditated on God's word, and drew from its sacred pages the strength and comfort for her daily walk:—

"*May 12th.*—For some time I have been cheered by the words, 'The hand of the Lord is upon all them for good that fear Him.' On them, leading them to seek Him; on them, when they have found Him, for good; making all things, every little incident, every text they read, every good thing they hear, every thought He suggests, teach them some lesson, lead them some step onward. Yes, His hand is in all things on His people for good.

"The following verse seems to me a motto with which I should strive to sanctify every thought and feeling:—'I will go in the strength of the Lord, I will make mention of Thy righteousness even of Thine only,' Psalm lxxi. 16, in connection with our Lord's own declaration, 'Without me, ye can do nothing.' In every effort for the glory of God and good of men, these texts must be acted out in the length and breadth of their spirit. May I remember also to give none occasion to the enemy to blaspheme.

"Another wonderful text so expresses the love and condescension of God in employing us sinful creatures as His agents in doing good to the souls of our fellow-men:—'But as we were *allowed* of God *to be put in trust* with the Gospel, even so we speak not as pleasing men, but God who trieth the hearts.' 1 Thess. ii. 4. His goodness is expressed in the 'allowed;' our responsibility in the 'put in trust.' Our solemn obligation is to remember Whose servants we are; we cannot serve two masters, therefore, we must not seek to please men, but God. This must be our aim, and angels have none higher, to please God. How forcibly came home the Saviour's words, 'Without Me, ye can do nothing,' for the God whom we are to please trieth the hearts. Sinners in thought, word, and deed, how can we of ourselves please the heart-searching God? but we can appear in the robe purchased for us and freely offered to us, and our works may in Jesus be not only acceptable but pleasing to God. But for this, how close we must keep to Jesus, cling to him! nothing less will do; only in Him can we appear before God, only by His help can we please God."

"*Nov. 1st.*—'I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly.' Truly the Christian must not stand still; the Saviour came not only to save, not only that we might have some life, a dim spark, a mere existence, but that we might have it more abundantly; might grow in grace, in knowledge, in holiness, in beauty, in usefulness."

"*Nov. 3rd.*—I have for some nights gone to bed thinking over that sweet text (oh, that I could enter into its depths!):—Jeremiah xxix. 11, 'I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end.' 'God so loved the world that He sent His Son to die for us.' God pleads and entreats with us to come to Him; He bares His heart to us that we may see the love laid up there for each and all, 'I know the thoughts that I think towards you.' You, every one of you, whosoever will appropriate to himself these words: 'I, the Lord, who search the heart; I, who am not a man to lie, but the Lord Jehovah, I say to you, poor, sinful, wretched, lost sinner though you be, I know the thoughts that I think towards you,' and what are those thoughts? are they consuming, destroying thoughts? He who cannot look at sin might well say, 'I will destroy them in a moment; I will not spare—.' But no, the thunders of Sinai would but harden the heart; the tones are of the still small voice; they declare God's thoughts to be of peace and not of evil.

"Another text I have been thinking much of is, Psalm xxxiii. 18, 19, especially, 'To keep them alive in famine.' When panting after the living waters of salvation, and the fountain seems closed to the longing soul, when Christ is not to be found, because as yet not rightly sought; oh, how cheering to think that He yet waits to be gracious, and that meanwhile he will keep the soul alive in the famine, till He Himself speaks, 'Take, eat: this is my body which is given for you, even you!'"

"*Nov. 23rd.*—Read Matthew i. to-day; the two names here given to Christ should teach us much,—Jesus—Saviour. If in temporal danger, what more cheering sound than the news of an approaching deliverer, able and willing to save; so, to sin-bound and condemned sinners, what sound more sweet than that name which tells of safety, if we only feel our need and seek it? Then the meaning here given, 'Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.' Not only from the punishment but from the thing itself; from the power and dominion as well as the condemnation of sin. Take it in its close home-sense, He shall save *me*. Each may take the name of Jesus as a personal promise of salvation, as the pledge and seal to each. His name is Jesus, for He shall save *me*, and as sure as this is His name, will He give salvation to all who seek it through Him and Him alone. Then, His other name, 'Emmanuel, God with us,' tells of Jesus being a man as well as God,—our fellow, fellow-man, fellow-sufferer, one of fellow-feeling. He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for 'He has felt the same' temptation; He was 'tempted of Satan.' The feeling of being separated from God, 'My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?' The separation caused by sin He tasted for us, that He might feel for us, though Himself without sin;—poverty, desertion of friends, sorrow, suffering, hunger, thirst, the heart-desolation among those who cannot sympathize. He felt all that He might feel for us. He is God, but God with us in nearness, love, and sympathy."

"*June 28th*, 1857.—I had a delightful morning before going to church, studying Ezekiel xlvii., to which dear M. N. called my attention yesterday. I find my treasury Bible of great use; not only as a help to explain Scripture by Scripture, but also as an opener up of many parts of which I might perhaps otherwise never think; and oh, how every text shows more and more what a mine the Bible is; how inexhaustible and how precious!

"The waters in verse 1 are types of the living waters so freely promised, and of which all are invited to take. Margaret spoke of the mention of the altar here as sending us to the cross of Christ as their source,—the purifying water and the cleansing blood; but what delighted me most were the references on the comparative depths of the water, 'The waters were to the ankles,'—the first outpouring of the Spirit. Luke xxiv. 49; Acts ii. 4, 33; x. 45, 46; xi. 16, 18.

"'Then the waters were to the knees and loins,'—the gradual spread of the Gospel and its being offered to the Gentiles. Acts xiii. 42–48; Romans xv. 16; Col. i. 27.

"Then 'waters to swim in;' the looking forward to that glorious time when 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth.'

Isaiah xi. 9; Daniel ii. 34, 35; Habakkuk ii. 14; Matt. xiii. 31, 32; Rev. vii. 9; xi. 15; xxi. 2–4.

"Then the reference to the question, verse 6, 'Hast thou seen this?' is to Matt. xiii. 51, where Jesus asks, 'Have ye understood all these things?' showing that it is He alone who can open them to our spiritual understandings. In verse 8, where the waters issue in all directions, the references show so beautifully the Lord's promises of provision for His people's every need. The promises: Isaiah xxxv. 1–7; xli. 17–19; xliii. 20; xliv. 3–5; xlix. 9; Jeremiah xxxi. 9.

"'Wherever the waters come, they shall bring healing: wherever the Gospel is preached among the heathens many shall be saved." Isaiah xi. 6–9; Malachi i. 11; Matthew viii. 11.

"Verse 9 teaches the universality of the offer of salvation. John iii. 16; xi. 26. 'Everything shall live,'—the type of Jesus the life is shown in the life-giving properties of the waters. John v. 25; vi. 63; xi. 25; xiv. 6, 19; Romans viii. 2; 1 Cor. xv. 22; Eph. ii. 1–5. 'The great multitude of fish' denotes the multitudes from every land and age which shall be saved. Isaiah xlix. 12; lx. 3; *Zech*. ii. 11; viii. 21, 22. 'For they shall be healed,'—the Lord is Himself the healer. Exodus xv. 26."

"*August* 1*st*.—What should I be without my Bible? It is, indeed, a rich mine of treasure, and I think I am learning more to dig into it. Job xxxviii. 26, 27, may indeed come home to me; the tender herb is the seed sown, but not yet showing itself, so that we doubt its life; yet one of the designs of the thick cloud is to cause it to spring forth. Luke viii. 15. Then Job xxxvii. 12, 13, we see the cloud comes to accomplish the Lord's ends; these are three:—For correction; for his land, or for mercy.

"For correction: 'He may send trouble, as to David His servant, to reveal to him his sin as against God.' Psalm li.

"For his land: to give to those who are His the assurance that they belong to Him.

"For mercy: to turn our thoughts more and more to Him; to awaken those who sleep the sleep of death."

"*August* 13*th*.—I was much struck to-day by

Job xxviii. 25, 'He weigheth the waters by measure,' contrasted with John iii. 34, 'He giveth not His spirit by measure.' He weighs the trial and affliction He sends, lest one drop too much should fall to His people's lot, but for the good gifts of his Son and Spirit there is no limit. 'Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.' It is a word of reproach against His people that they limited Him. They took not somewhat of Him,—took no heed to the promise, 'Ask and ye shall have.'"

We might fill volumes with passages such as these, showing how she thought over the verses she read, and tried to draw teaching from all; but I must pass on to speak of what can be learned only incidentally from her journal; the quiet beauty of her home life. Visitors in the house saw the simple unaffected girl, so quiet and unpretending, though ever ladylike and cheerful, and knew nothing of the deep inner life which was the motive power of her consistent walk. But they could not fail to see that while her days were spent among the poor, no home duty was ever neglected, and her mother's slightest wish would at all times make her give up her own plans. Long before the party assembled in the breakfast-room, Agnes might be seen returning from the garden laden with flowers, which she delighted to arrange in the sitting-rooms with a skill and taste quite peculiar to herself. If the servants happened not to be sufficiently skilful to undertake all that was required, she would spend hours in the kitchen preparing confectionery, etc., and when my mother came down in the morning to give orders, she frequently found that Agnes had been busily engaged from five o'clock, and that all was prepared. In all the arrangements of the farm and garden she took the greatest interest, and was ever ready to do anything to help my mother, and save her from anxiety and fatigue. On first coming to Fahan, I find from her journals, it had been sometimes a great trial to her to give up her visiting of the poor when guests at home required her attention, and she even questioned with herself how far it was right to yield the point, but it was not long before her peculiarly just and calm judging mind had discerned where the line was to be drawn; and it was often a marvel to those who knew where her heart lay, to see with what sweet cheerfulness she would devote herself to the amusement of the friends and relatives who visited us during the summer months. A year and a half after my mother and she returned to Fahan House, I had been left a widow, and once more joined the home circle. Those only who knew the deep tenderness of dear Agnes's character, and the intense love she ever bore me, could guess at the affectionate sympathy with which she watched over me at that time, and how with gentle persuasion she drew me on to join her in walks and visits to the poor: the desire to give me an interest again in life, making her forget her timidity, and admit me even to her Bible readings in the cottages, where I learned many a lesson from her simple practical teaching. Of her it might indeed be said, whatever her hand found to do, she did it with her might; she saw what many, alas, of the good and useful people of the present day fail to see, that God may be obeyed and glorified as truly in the small details of domestic life, if done unto Him, as in the greater missionary work abroad.

The following letters have been sent to me by the Lady Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, and seem to have been written between 1856 and 1860:—

"FAHAN, LONDONDERRY.

"MY DEAR MISS S.—Though I cannot yet call myself a member of the Young Women's Association, you will, I am sure, excuse a stranger's addressing you in the familiar style.

"When Miss Williams first proposed my joining the Association, I felt most strongly what Miss H. speaks of in her letter,—a shrinking from making public my feeble efforts, and a fear lest the love or desire of the praise of man should in any degree take the place of the only true motive. I was glad to receive the packet of letters you so kindly sent me, hoping to learn much from them, yet determined not to become a member on the condition of a quarterly letter. As I read on, however, I felt that I must join such a blessed Association; that I must write to commend myself and the work given me to do, to the united prayers of the Christian band. How the consciousness of prayer being offered up for us, nerves us to struggle on in our Saviour's strength, through difficulty and discouragement! I myself am a very young woman, and, as such may claim to be remembered in your prayers. I can look back and bless God that I was once a member of Miss W.'s Sunday-school class; now, though myself a teacher, I would gladly resume my position as scholar. Enough of myself, and now for my work. Its sphere is a small country parish, whose devoted minister allows me free access to the people.

"In June last I returned to this my former home after some years' absence. The girl, grown into a woman, was cordially received for her parents' sakes. It was indeed no light blessing to feel myself from the first received as a well-wisher. Those whom I remembered a little, were first visited, the homes of the school-children next, the old, crippled, infirm, and sick, as the case of each in turn became known, till now my visiting-book contains the names of sixty families, more or less regularly visited, according to circumstances,—twice a week, weekly, fortnightly, or monthly. I never willingly exceed the last term.

"I desire to be regarded by all as a Scripture-reader; everything else, I try to make subservient to this great end. The system of lending tracts I have adopted, not only for their own sake, but also that their regular exchange may serve for an excuse, as it were, to enter the house Bible in hand. I find my way thus made easier among the thirty families where this system is carried out; but for this, I should often find an excuse, as I do sometimes among the others, to allow my call to merge into a mere visit. The sooner I begin, the more readily is it understood. If I cannot stay long, they feel that the 'one thing needful' is to be the first object, though, in this case, I try to return soon again, and spend a time in listening to their tales of sorrow and difficulty, longing to be regarded as a friend, and trusting that as such my message may come home to their hearts through the Spirit's blessing on my instrumentality.

"I have dwelt thus at length on my system, hoping for advice on the subject, and also for some hints as to the best means of gaining access to the hearts of the people. Few, I suppose, have their time so fully at their own disposal as I have. When I read letters from many more fitted for the work, laid aside from active employment, and contrasted my own unvaried health and strength, and yet inward weakness and frailty, I thought who made me to differ. Even in my work I gain fresh vigour. I have long walks to take daily to the various cottages, but the way lies through beautiful scenery, in sea and mountain air, and my practice of disregarding weather, has, with God's blessing, kept me from a single cold this winter. Then God's Word often comes home more strongly to my own heart as I read to the poor, and try to make a few simple remarks. As to capacity, were it not for Jeremiah i. 6–9, 17, 19, and the promise Proverbs xxii. 21,—were it not that I go armed with the sword of the Spirit, I should indeed fear to go forward. But in our weakness, the promise is but the surer, 'I am with thee,' if only we be really in God's way. My Sunday and day-school classes will not come under the title of 'young women,' neither do the cases of all I visit, but several such there are, and some I would especially desire to be remembered at the Throne of Grace.

". . . . is one who causes me much anxiety. For months she resisted my invitations to the Sunday-school. At the close of the year I thought of a plea, 'Suppose you begin the year well by coming.' To my delight, its first Sunday saw her in our clergyman's class. I watched for her each week; again she was absent on a slight excuse, now has returned. May the instruction be blessed to her! She is in a trying position at home, and this is the only way of reaching her at present. Another, for whom I ask your interest, is of a different spirit. What that spirit is, her remark on

John xx. 22, will clearly show, 'He breathed on them.' 'What strong words; how near they seem to bring Jesus to us; how they come home!' She has long been ill; every effort to come to church is followed by a relapse, but she longs after God's house. She is always so happy when strong enough to *kneel* in prayer. To her I go not as a teacher, but as a learner, and what a refreshment it is! Another poor girl has been led far astray. I am always at a loss how to deal with . . . ., not to destroy her sense of shame or let her motherless sisters think lightly of her fall, and yet not to break the bruised reed. I should much like advice on this subject from those more experienced. Though, as a general rule, I am not an advocate of Sunday visiting of the poor, when time can be found during the week, I think it is well to give something to mark the day to those who can never attend public worship; therefore between services I visit two poor cripples, to read to and instruct them; an hour every Wednesday is likewise devoted to these; their only point in common is their infirmity. The young woman cannot read, but she is anxious to learn. I try to store her mind with hymns and texts to think over in my absence; these she takes pleasure in remembering for my sake, but she is yet, I fear, unenlightened with regard to the soul's only Light. I do not like to weary you by multiplying cases, but select those in which I am myself most interested. On a mountain slope there lives a family, formerly without any religion. One of our summer showers suddenly swelled the mountain streamlet into a torrent, by which a child was carried off. All night the parents searched in vain, till the morning light revealed the sad tale. I had never seen the family before this time, but was then asked to visit them. I cannot read their hearts, but I do know that both parents listen attentively to God's Word, and I receive many thanks for my visits and am entreated soon to return. The father, a shoe-maker, lays aside his work and does not resume it until the last word is said. The mother is a very young woman, but both her own and her husband's former family will, I trust, have cause to bless God for this accident. My letter has insensibly lengthened. I know not whether it be necessary to enter so fully into detail, but I have thus mentioned some of my anxieties and blessings, that you may more fully be able to realize a stranger's position and give the advice and help I need. I must apologize for troubling you with so long an epistle, and request that if it be necessary to send this my first letter with the others, you will considerably abridge it.

"I remain yours truly,

"In a common Saviour's service,

"AGNES E. JONES."

"FAHAN, NOVEMBER, 1857.

"MY DEAR MISS S.—This letter will probably be late for this quarter; indeed, I had not thought of writing, but for a circumstance which occurred to-day. For the last month my thoughts have been painfully occupied, and I have been away from home and my poor;

now I have returned again among them, though home ties will occupy me more now than before. . . . My last visit before leaving home was at the house where I called to-day. About a year ago, a young woman—a Presbyterian—ran off with a Roman Catholic. Her parents were very angry, and till her baby was born, when the mother went to her, she never saw them. Whether she ever went to chapel I do not know; her child was of course taken there to be baptized. Within the last two months they have come to live in my visiting district, and, when at the house where she lodged, I saw her two or three times. The husband, however, was always present, and as I had not known her family until after she had left it, I felt I must not appear too much interested in her at first. Last week I paid her a visit in her own house, having received a message that she would like to see me. The husband was out, but a stranger was there, before whom I felt I must be cautious. The poor girl's eyes filled with tears when I went in, and she looked so glad to see me. I spoke of her parents, and saw how her mother's rare visits were prized and her father's continued estrangement mourned over. I told her that I saw them sometimes, and lent tracts to her brother, who liked them much. I watched the effect of this, for I was doubtful what to do. I longed to take advantage of her husband's absence to speak to her, and, a tailor being generally at home, I feared to lose the opportunity, and yet dreaded to get the poor thing into trouble, were the woman who was present a Roman Catholic. I prayed for direction, and finally offered to lend her tracts and to read a chapter to her. When I was leaving, she thanked me with tears and begged me to repeat my visit. Yesterday, among other places, I went to her mother's house, determined to urge her family to visit her and be kind to her, fearing much the effects of her being left entirely to her husband's family. I therefore spoke of my visit to her and of her contrition for the step she had taken, dwelling on the steadiness with which she has of late withstood all efforts to bring her to the chapel; for a time none of them spoke; then the mother said, 'I would not be able to explain the contentment it was to her to see you coming to visit her.' She then told me that the poor girl had said so much about my visit, and that she was thankful I had lent her the tracts before her sister-in-law, though she had 'scowled on her' when she saw it. She was anxious, too, for a Bible our clergyman promised her. All this I mention as showing the poor girl's state of mind; her great distress is, lest the baby should grow up to return on her her conduct to her parents. Poor thing! I believe she is truly penitent, but in a most difficult position. I want you to pray for her and for me, that I may have wisdom given me in dealing with her.

"I want more zeal and earnestness in my work, to speak more to the people of the dear Saviour I have found. I am naturally very reserved, but I find to get influence over the poor, the more openly one speaks the better. I may not have much longer to go among them. My voice is each day more easily tired, and sometimes after reading in three or four houses, I have to return home, unable to exert it again that day. At home, when trying to read aloud in the evening, my voice fails me in about ten minutes. This makes me long the more to work while I have time. I have done little good with that voice, but to be able to continue reading God's Word to the people, as I have tried to read it for the last year and a half in this place, is my desire; if He has need of it, He will give strength. One learns by going among so many different characters, the depths in God's Word,—its applicability to every circumstance; its strength and power is so felt in contrast to one's own weakness and ignorance. I am sure the more we know for ourselves the certainty of the words of truth, the more we shall be able to answer those who send to us. That promise is such a sweet one to take and plead at every cottage-door,—the promise of the Spirit to teach all things and bring Christ's words to our remembrance.

"I have written at too great length, but many interruptions have caused me to be less concise than I ought to have been. Poor young Mrs. M. needs your prayers, as does also your friend,

"In Christian love,

"AGNES E. JONES."

"DECEMBER 31, 1859.

"DEAR FRIEND,—In this day of blessed revival work and in the near neighbourhood of its visitation, we have yet, alas! to say,

> 'The dew falls thick on all around,
> But our poor fleece is dry.'

And yet I cannot but feel as if the word to us were, 'Though it tarry, wait for it;' for more than two or three among us have agreed to pray to and for the Holy Spirit, and is not the word sure, 'Seek and ye shall find'? It is a trial of faith to witness, as on a late visit to a previously known locality, the blessed change there, and then to return and see only more vividly than before the deadness among our own loved people, but it is a time of great searching of heart. 'Wherein have I come short?' personally, individually, and in relation to those among whom my lot is cast. It sends one more to one's Bible to seek the promises, to one's knees to put the Lord in remembrance. Some among our little band of sisters may have witnessed, as all have heard of the blessed revival; several of its scenes I have visited, one especially, with which, being my uncle's parish, I had been previously acquainted. I saw it there when the work was in its infancy, again this month, and can testify to the trembling, tearful fear of many, lest their love should wax cold. The Bible is to them, indeed, the Book,—their daily food, as prayer seems their life; companions in folly are now watching each other as a mother would her infant, lest they should stumble. One must see to understand how every opportunity of instruction is prized, no weather keeping from the Bible-class or prayer meeting. Crowded places of worship and earnest devout worshippers show how every means of grace is valued. In the remote mountain parish of which I speak, there has scarcely been a blemish to mar the beauteous whole; in towns the trials and temptations to imposture are greater, yet, even in such places, detractors from the movement admit a great residue of good, but in G. none have gone back of those in whom a vital change appeared, though some who seemed awed at first have not continued under the good influence; again, with respect to the cases of insanity attributed to the movement, all have, I believe, been satisfactorily proved to be such as any excitement would have caused. The only such case I saw, was that of one who, being subject to fits of depression, made her being 'struck' a cause for deep anxiety. 'That's not for me!' was her despairing cry in answer to every quoted promise or invitation. I left her thus. Four months after I found her bright and happy. 'I have never been low since; God opened my eyes that night to see the way, and He has never shut them since!' such was her testimony.

"None who have heard the cry of the

'stricken' could ever forget it,—their state gave a new aspect to the reality of sin as seen in the light of God; the prayers of such seemed to picture Jacob's wrestling, and after awhile, 'I know that Thou wilt save me,' was uttered in tones that seemed indeed the full assurance of faith. And the happy beaming look, at once makes you single out the 'awakened' among all others. One such case only have we had here,—a young woman, on her return from hearing Mr. Guinness preach in Derry, felt she must stop by the roadside and pray; she would wait until at home, was her next thought, but no, that could not be; before friends and neighbours, she must stop and kneel down by the hedge. Now she seems a rejoicing Christian. The Bible and prayer are her life, as bringing her nearer to Him who is the Life.

"A change in the residence of one of my cripples left me a free hour on Sunday afternoon; this I have now given to a woman's class, for those whom age or want of clothing prevent attending church. A mile of steep road does not signify to me with God-given health and strength, but it is an insuperable barrier to many. We meet in the cottage of a man who, as he humbly sits and listens, reminds me of him who was clothed and in his right mind after Jesus had cast out the evil spirit. On Christmas Day as I sat among the little group and told the glad news, 'I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people,' and tried to bring home to each individually, 'Unto you is born this day a Saviour,' I could not but feel what different sounds those walls had echoed on every previous Christmas Day, when the oaths of drunkards and gamblers had been heard there. It was a happy little meeting, and though the unsafe and slippery roads were yet more difficult to tread in the evening dusk, there was an inner feeling of joy which made that walk to church a happy one. 'Oh, that in this coming year I may tell more of Jesus, and lead to Him, Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven. May we all seek individually to be daily renewed by the Holy Spirit, more and more to give our own selves to God, and so be used more as workers together with Him, till we reach the blessed period

> 'When no failing comes between
> The service that we render Him
> And the service that we mean.'

May we all so meet in the strength of Him, who, when He promises the crown to those who overcome, adds in compassion to our weakness, 'As I also overcame;' so lovingly reminding us, how He is 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities.'

"Yours in Him,
"AGNES E. JONES."

"FAHAN, 1860.

"MY DEAR MISS S.,—The first of the month is perhaps too long past to allow of a letter this quarter; and yet though unable to write in time, I feel our parish now so specially needs that prayer should be offered on its behalf, and I myself so love the link which binds to so many dear sisters in Christ, that I must send a few lines.

"To those who have not experienced it, the severing of the tie between pastor and people may seem a light trial, and, when death is not the cause, it seems selfish to mourn ; but when the 'teaching priest' is the loved guide and friend of young and old, rich and poor ; when on the weekday one feels sure of sympathy and advice in every case of difficulty one brings before him ; when day by day, in their homes, and frequently by night in the class or cottage lecture, in the Thursday evening service, and Friday half-hour prayer meeting, the people meet their pastor, whose loving, gentle look and manner, as well as words, endear him to all ; then, indeed, do his words on Sunday—the telling of Jesus in words and tones which echo in their hearts through the week—find a way which no stranger could conceive.

"And now the news comes, soon another shall be your pastor, and the whole parish rings with lamentations. The male and female weekday, the young men's Sunday-school classes now at an end. The old bedridden woman cries, 'He was like a lady coming in to see me ; he was so loving when he told me so plain of

Jesus;' others say, 'He carried the mug of jam, the meat or the old linen when my child was ill,' or 'He dropt tears with me when my wife died; how can I but love to hear him?' Again, 'He is just like one of ourselves coming in; I can open my mind to him; nobody is ever afraid to speak to him;' and, better still, 'I know by his teaching what Jesus means; I never read my Bible till he came;' 'I never understood my Bible till he taught me how to read it.'

"The old man, who for thirty years had never darkened the church door, could not but go to hear 'the gentleman preach,' who, on the wildest night, came to the mountain cottage to hold his lecture, where none 'might think shame to come even in rags,' and so it was with many who for months and years had no clothes for church. Among the young men, especially dear Mr. —'s influence was so blessed. Few would recognize in the simple Gospel-preacher, whose whole aim is to seek out 'plain words' to set before an almost exclusively unlettered congregation, the lofty flights of fancy and depths of learning and research, which, alike in poetry and essays, again and again carried off every prize but a few years back,—all now laid at the foot of the cross, and every thought now being how best to lead his flock to green pastures; such is he whom we are now to lose. And what shall I say of my own personal loss, —the pastor, friend, counsellor, guide? his loved and loving wife, in whom I ever found a friend and sister, and those little children, who, in a retired country place, were all the variety I had or needed in the long winter months. Next month we shall lose all these sunbeams. One loves to lean on such props as these; yet, perhaps, God is saying, 'Come up higher,' from the human to the Divine Teacher.

"All is ordered, and so must be for the best, though it is hard to part. The woman for whom I asked your prayers, she whose child was burned to death, said to me one day, 'Sometimes I wish so much you were coming in, and you don't come, and I feel as if I must go to ask you, and can't get time or have not clothes to go; but I never have to look for Jesus and not find Him. I can always go to

Him; and though, I think, I can tell you everything, still I can tell Him more.' Truly her words taught me a lesson, needed the very next day, when I heard our dear pastor was to leave us. We pray for him who is to be 'over us in the Lord,' as yet a stranger and unknown; and oh, pray for us, dear friends, that in this trial, the Lord may draw us nearer Himself. At this blessed Easter season may we each hear Jesus speaking to us individually, and may we as Mary answer, 'Master.' May the showing of His pierced hands and side bring home to each His blessing. 'Peace be with you.' . . . .

"Your young friend,

"AGNES E. JONES."

CHAPTER III.

KAISERSWERTH.

> "Let others seek earth's honours: be it mine
> One law to cherish, and to teach one line,
> Straight on towards heaven to press with single bent,
> To know and love my God, and then to die content."

THE time had now come when the happy country life was to be left for ever, and a wider sphere of usefulness entered; and here I cannot forbear saying a word to those, who, mistaking their own inclinations for God's guiding, might think to find in Agnes an example of abandoning home duties for what they deem God's service; young hearts, who, fired by the story of some such life as hers, fancy they could do the same, had they the opportunity; who finding the yoke of obedience galling, think they could rule others, not having heart for the small duties assigned them, cry out for greater ones; to such I would say, "Rather learn from this life to wait God's time; if in your heart you find, as she did, a desire specially to devote yourself to His service, commit your way to Him, and He will give you the desire of your heart."

In 1853 Agnes first saw Kaiserswerth, and longed for work there; not until 1860 was the wish granted. She waited God's time patiently and obediently, and when He saw fit, He made the way plain for her. How little we know what the apparently insignificant circumstances we seem to mould ourselves may bring forth to us. In September, 1860, Agnes had, for some time, been looking pale and thin, yet we could not induce her to take rest, or in any way relax her exertions. An uncle, who had come to his home in Ireland for a few weeks, was to rejoin his family in Germany, and one morning it was suggested at the breakfast-table, that this might be an opportunity for paying her long-talked-of visit to Kaiserswerth, availing herself of his escort for the journey. At first she seemed to think it impossible she could leave her sick and poor; but in a day or two she spoke of it again, and said she felt she might learn there much that would be useful in the parish; so it was settled that she should go. There was little time for deliberation, for my uncle was to start in two days, and she left us for Dublin, saying she trusted a month, or at most six weeks, would see her again at home. My mother and I rejoiced at her being thus forced away from the long mountain walks which we felt were too much for her strength, and hoped the complete change of air and scene would restore her failing health. Little did we think she was never again to be with us except on passing visits.

Her journals and letters supply the history of the next few months:—

"*September* 15*th*, 1860.—Started this morning for Dublin, the beginning of my journey to Kaiserswerth, of which journey I had not the least thought this day week, but when mamma proposed that I should take advantage of uncle M.'s escort, this circumstance seemed to point the way to what I have desired for seven years. My ignorance about sickness and the care of those afflicted with it, makes me feel my need of some such training as a means of future usefulness; at the same time I feel very nervous about leaving mamma and J., and whether I should forsake my poor now, is to me a question. Every leavetaking has been with a feeling of the separation being long, and yet I hope surely to return in a month. It was a sad parting from mother, and, but for very shame, I could then have heartily given up the going. I cannot see the pillar moving on, but trust God will be with me, and bless me, else all is dark indeed. The journey was a weary one, with a nervous headache, but it was cheering to meet a kind welcome from dearest Miss Mason.

"*September* 16*th.*—Spent an anxious evening yesterday, so when I went to my room I asked of God some encouragement next morning, if it were His will I should go, and if it were only my weakness made me fear leaving mother and sister, my poor, and my country; after this I had such a happy feeling of being able to leave all in His hands. I slept well and quietly, and though I looked for the answer in my letters, did not feel my usual impatience about them; there was nothing for or against the going in any way, and I felt as if I had expected too much; but the loving mercy of God to my poor weak heart was greater as He is ever above what I ask or think. At 11 we went to Mr. Hare's Monday prayer-meeting; his prayer was chiefly that we might be kept from self-seeking,—that self which comes even into God's house, when we say, 'I am of Paul,' etc., which comes with us when we think we are doing God's work, filling us perhaps with the thought, how we are thought of, etc. Afterwards I spoke to him, and, when Miss Mason told him of my plans, his blessing made me nearly cry with thankful joy, that God would now and ever guide and bless me and make me a blessing. Oh, how good God is through His servant to show me such sympathy! it was the God-man, Jesus, my Saviour, knew my need, and sent the supply."

The arrival at Kaiserswerth is thus described:—

"After parting from uncle at Cologne at 7 o'clock, I began to feel very nervous about my reception, but a strong word came to my weakness and helped me, 'Why art thou cast down? oh my soul, hope thou in God.' An hour and a half at Düsseldorf before a train started which would stop at Calcum, was trying; had I known the delay would be so long, I should have sat down to read or write, but I thought every moment my train would be up. At last we were off, and soon I was on the platform at Calcum; some deaconesses were starting, but one remained, so I addressed her; she could not tell, however, if I were expected. We put the luggage in the omnibus, but I was glad, after only two hours of sleep last night and three nights of very disturbed rest, to have fresh air and walking; then my hobbling German began, and so we came to the door of the hospital. I was left in the hall till some one should find what was to be done with me; after a long wait a summons came to the pastor's house; the mother came in and said I should live in the hospital, in the Sisters' part, and so brought me over and gave me in charge to Sister Sophia, the head of the hospital. She led me to a dear little room, the window opening on the garden, across which I see the orphan and the pastor's house. After a little, I was taken to Sister Reichardt's room, where I sat and talked till 12 o'clock dinner; then my luggage arrived. I unpacked and dressed and went with Sister Dorathea to the women's hospital; Sister Carietten came to take me over part of the house,—the women and children's wards, work-rooms, kitchens, bakery, etc. Coffee at 2 in my room, and then with Sister D. to see the wounds dressed in the hospital. At 7 tea, returned to my room and at 9 to prayers."

"*Friday.*—Breakfast was brought to me at 6 o'clock; afterwards I went to the women's hospital and spent the day there."

"*Saturday.*—Prayers at 7, then to women's hospital; dressed some wounds, etc. Sister Dorathea, of whom I am sure I should have grown very fond, went off to replace a Sister at Graefeld almshouse for sick and old. Sister

Amelia takes her meals with me; she is the cutter-out of dresses, etc. Sister Maria was with me one evening; she was an orphan here, and became deaconess; she has just returned from Dresden, and is so fond of this, she hoped to remain here, but heard to-day she is to go elsewhere. After dinner I paid Sister Sophia a visit in her room, and was told to be ready at 3, dressed in black for the funeral of Sister Joanna, who died on Wednesday, and for whom the bells have been rung daily from 12 to 1 o'clock. Sister Maria came for me; we found the deaconesses assembling in the yard, where was the coffin with six bright silvery-looking handles, and surrounded with a long wreath of cypress and white dahlias. After a little, Pastor Disselhof (Louisa Fliedner's husband) came and told the deaconesses, before leaving, what they were to sing. They sang four verses standing as they were; then the town children walked on, the pastors, six men carrying the coffin, other men, and the band; then the deaconesses and others, three and three, and so on, singing and moving slowly we came to the "Gottes-acker;" round the grave we stood,—the open grave with the coffin laid in it; a hymn was given out and sung, and then Pastor Disselhof, as if blessing the grave with uplifted hands, repeated, 'Oh death, where is thy sting?' He then read Luke vii. 11–16 and spoke first of the scenes of this week,—Monday and Tuesday such a joyful feast, the anniversary of the beginning of the Institution when so many pastors, strangers, and every deaconess who can come, gather together, and have such rejoicing, now the last day of the week, Sister Joanna's funeral, reminding us that in the midst of life we are in death; but this is also a joyful thing when we think of her now, and we may take the text for the day, 'Weep not,' as our consolation. After giving the reasons why we need not weep, he told the story of her life,—her father's death, her work for her mother and young brother, her confirmation and taking God from that day as hers,—not a sudden change, but a growing change, as sure as the growth of a living tree; then her school-change from that at Kaiserswerth for awhile, change again to Elburg; but she ever said her heart was here. Her whole heart was in her work,—her day-school, her teaching of the people in after hours, her Sunday-school, numbering one hundred at least; her sorrow that she could give little at Christmas made her, though very shy, go every year from house to house begging and getting a great deal, enough to clothe her children. Her love for Kaiserswerth and wish to help in the work, made her get the children to work and send the produce here. Her home life and patience, waiting God's will, though longing for active service for Him, and then her joy at coming here at last and becoming a deaconess,—all this was told. She had come a sinner to the Saviour, and though timid and shy, overcame all for love to Him. It was as the Lord was going into Nain, 'pleasantness,' He met the corpse coming out, and as He found death then, so may he now in his pleasant place; but He has conquered death, it has now no sting. At 7 o'clock this evening the bells rang for half an hour,—joy bells for the morrow. In the mention of Sister Joanna, they always speak of her as the 'home-gone sister,'—*unser heimgegangene Schwester.*"

"*Sunday.*—The preparation for next Sunday's communion. Read at prayers at a quarter to seven, 1 Cor. xi. 13. Sister Carietten prayed that this Sunday might be a day of growth,—of being clothed anew in Christ's righteousness,—a day in which we might more entirely give ourselves to Jesus, and feel what a blessed thing it is to live for Him, to work for Him, to devote our strength to Him who first loved us and gave Himself for us. The prayers for the king are very beautiful, for the queen and all in authority, the pastor and the mother. I helped to dress some of the wounds; then church at a quarter before ten. They first sang, then read the same epistle and gospel as our own, then Proverbs vii., then a prayer; after which, those were desired to remain who wished to receive the communion next Sunday. A confession and absolution, and a kind of form of self-examination was read by Pastor Striker, whom I do not yet well understand; at each part there was a pause: then, ask yourselves these questions, and let all who can join in answering yes. The Lord's Prayer and the beautiful Levitical blessing closed the service. Soon after, the sister came with an invitation from the pastor for me to dine with him, which I did at 12. He spoke little, for his cough is very severe; first the text for the day was read, then the Psalm by his children, and dinner began,—soup, plates of gruel, which was sweet with raisins in it, then boiled meat, beans, and potatoes, afterwards fresh plums. After dinner the pastor gave one of his sons a poem to read aloud; he read a few short missionary anecdotes, and we sang a hymn before grace was said. Then the sisters who are to go off to-morrow were told of their journey arrangements, and one, for the first time, heard she was to go. The pastor told me I might, after service at the village church, go out with the parish sister on her rounds. I did so, and came back at 3 to the service, which is, on this Sunday in the month, more of a missionary meeting. At 5, went to the sick and spent a few minutes with Sister Reichardt before 7, then supper of rice and milk. From 8 to 9.30, I was at Sister Carietten's teaching of the 'Probe Schwestern;' she certainly enters into the spirit of the 'Haus Ordnung,' of which she read paragraph 9, the family bond; the deaconesses and novices owing obedience to those over them as children to parents,—the spirit of being ever ready to serve God in our fellows, remembering, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' All must be in the spirit of love,—not to gain love for ourselves, but to draw hearts to the Lamb of God. To hold ourselves ever in readiness to serve Him, to think nothing too small, and so we shall be ready for greater works and further submission, if He see fit to call us to any great work."

"*Tuesday*.—Breakfast and prayers, attending patients and sitting with them. Tried to explain a little of Luke xv. to Louisa and the others before dinner; afterwards went with sisters Emilie and Frederica to the churchyard; saw the spot the pastor has chosen for himself, and also the sisters' graves, a stone with name, age, date of death, and a text, headed by a dove flying among stars. At 2, the 'Lied Stunde,' which is Sister Carietten explaining the Scripture references to the hymns; then Sister R.'s class on 2 Timothy iii.; then I went back with her to her room for a talk, which I always much enjoy; then to the sick, and helped in the dressings, etc., till after 6, when I went to visit Sister Sophie, who is very kind to me."

In a letter home of this same date she says,—

"I am as happy here as the day is long, and it does not seem half long enough, but with all my contentment, till your letter came yesterday there was something wanting, and now I am looking forward to more home news, so you will think me greedy. Except a little with Sister Lebussa—a countess who is nursing-sister here, and who speaks English well—it is German all day, and I think I am improving. Every one is so busy here, one can't spend much time talking, but had you seen our lively walking party to-day, you would not have feared my being moped. You would be amused at the horror they have here of a most attractive English Protestant sister, who came, I fancy, from Windsor, but when they found out her views she was sent away. Their love for Miss Nightingale is so great; she was only a few months here, but they so long to see her again. I was asking much about her; such a loving and lovely womanly character hers must be, and so religious. Sister S. told me many of the sick remembered much of her teaching, and some died happily, blessing her for having led them to Jesus. I have not seen Louisa Fliedner yet, but have heard her husband preach twice so beautifully; he speaks so clearly and slowly I understand him wonderfully well; he is a tall remarkable-looking man, and with his old-fashioned preaching gown, especially when, as at the funeral the other day, he wore his cap, reminds me always of one of the old Reformers.

"Journal, *Wednesday.*—Hospital: read to Louisa 'Jesus nimmt die Sünder an,' and talked of it to her. Went to ask Sister Sophie to let me dress as a 'Probe Schwester,' as I think then both sisters and sick will allow me to do more when my dress does not every moment remind them that I am a stranger and a lady. After dinner I had a very nice walk with Sister Carietten, who is now, as I thought, in Hedwig's place. The two were dear friends; Hedwig has now two children. Every Wednesday evening Pastor Disselhof has a Bible class for the sisters in the hall. Unfortunately, I was far off and could not hear well as he spoke low."

"*Thursday.*—Morning, as usual, spent in the hospital; after dinner walked to the Schloss garden, near Calcum, with Sister Anna, who writes for the pastor; she was only made a deaconess at the last anniversary, and she is going home to-morrow for a week's visit to her parents, who so rejoice in her having become a sister that they wish to see her as such. When I came in, finding my dress would not soon be ready, I thought it better to put on my cap, and so went to Sister Sophie's room. At 3, to Sister Reichardt's Bible lesson in the sick-room; then to her own room, where I sat with her till near 5; returned to the hospital till 6.30. At 8, Pastor Stricker came into the hall to give the sisters a Bible lesson."

"*Friday.*—Prayers, Luke xv., and a beautiful prayer on the chapter. Then I, having made my bed and arranged my room before breakfast, went to the hospital, and am to-day happier than I have yet been, for I was allowed to do many little things for the patients,—make beds, dress wounds, hear a child her lessons, and help a blind one in her preparation for the pastor's evening class. A little after 10, Sister Sophie came to tell me the pastor was waiting in her room to see me. I went to him, and after giving me a book on parish work, he asked me to walk a little in the garden with him. He is most anxious I should spend the whole winter here. Lord guide and direct me, teach me what I should do; if I am to stay here, show me Thy will;

if it so please Thee by putting it into the hearts of others to give me work, by enabling me to do anything that comes in my way, with a single eye to Thy glory, and by helping me to get on with German. Lord, let me learn what Thou seest best to prepare me for any work Thou mayest yet call me to. Enable me to grow in the knowledge of what may help others, but, above all, in the knowledge of Thee my Saviour, from Whom comes the will to work for Thee. Every day and hour I feel this is a place where they understand training, and where one may, slowly perhaps but all the more surely, be really grounded and brought on. The pastor said such a true word, 'We are too apt to be contented with spending our own strength, and not think enough of training up others to take our places when God sees fit to remove us.' At 2 o'clock, went with Sister Sophie to visit Frau Pastor Disselhof and her lunatic asylum; I should anywhere have recognized the Louisa Fliedner of old, but her three fine children keep her now too busy to be as formerly the superintendent and though she still has the direction of the institution, Sister Amelia, who took us over it, is the active head. At 5, I returned to the hospital much engrossed with the thoughts of the letter I wrote to my mother before going to bed, about remaining here for the winter. It seems the wisest plan, now I am here, but God can show me my way clearly. If I am to stay, I trust He will be my Teacher and prepare me for whatever He may call me to do, if He so honours me as to allow me to work for Him; and if it be to return, oh, how gladly shall I meet my own dear ones, and return to my loved people and happy work. The indecision kept me awake nearly all night, and I trust that my wakefulness may be blessed to my choice, enabling me as it did again and again to seek direction from Him Whom they call here so beautifully, 'unser heimsuchen Gott." I trust by all now and hereafter He may lay upon me, it is more and more seeking to bring me home to Himself."

"*Saturday.*—At 5.30, I went to the hospital, and God seems already answering my prayer;

I found so many little things I could do to help. I had not time till near dinner to take my letter to the post-office room. I am really now at home in my station, and Sister Gretchen, who is its head, is so kind that she gives me work to do. I am sorry to think I am soon to leave it, and a little nervous about going to the men's hospital on Monday."

"*October 1st.*—Met Sister Sophie, and asked her to let me wait for my dress before I go to the men's hospital. I am very nervous about this going, and want to be as like those usually about them as possible, no distinguishing mark to make me seem different. Read to Caroline Romans viii., which she seemed to enjoy; then to Louisa, and taught the little girl her texts. At 3.30 to the church for the 'Stille Stunde,' which lasts thirty minutes. Two verses of a hymn are sung, then each reads or prays quietly for the rest of the time. At 4, one sister repeats aloud the Lord's Prayer, and we separate; I, to the English lesson I am to give daily to Sister L.; then preparing the sick for the night, and a short time in Sister Sophie's room. To-day the Reichardt sisters started for Duisberg to meet their brother. Sister R. came to bid me good-bye, praying God to go with them and to remain with us. How glorious is the thought of His eternal omniscience and omnipresence, here and at Fahan. Sister C. came to see my room to-day; she said, 'I like its number, 103, it reminds me of the 103rd Psalm.' I thanked her in my heart for the word. Truly I can say, 'Forget not all His benefits;' how many and great they are. 'Lobet den Herr, Er ist freundlich;' friendly, yes, my friend here among strangers."

"*Tuesday.*—Found my dress in my room on returning from Pastor D.'s class; as soon as ready, I went to show myself to Sister Sophie, and ask for my new name. 'Sister Agnes.' She said she would take me this evening to the Men's Hospital, so, after giving my English lesson, I went to her. Sister M. in the wards is different from any sister I have yet come in contact with, but she seems very handy, and well fitted for her post. I hope I may learn much from her. I go with trembling, but it encourages me to feel I have made friends here, in the sorrow of the sisters and patients in the wards I am leaving. Truly it is of the Lord. I, a poor stranger, scarcely understanding or understood, have found favour through His loving aid, have been led so far, and kept from 'Heimweh,' and even here am called to do a work for Him as one of His. I almost feel as if the Lord had some purpose in bringing me here; He is so keeping me from undue longing for my friends and people."

"*October 3rd.*—I cannot express all the affection of the women in the hospital is to me. It is more (with reverence be it spoken) as a revelation of the presence with me of Him Who is the ever present friend. A busy day for me, which is also a blessing to be thankful for, kindness heaped on me on every side. Why? I cannot tell. Whence? Surely but of the Lord, and yet to-day there is a burden on this poor little faithless heart. The difficulty of understanding and being understood; perhaps I have not been exerting myself enough to get on with the language. In the morning, helped in the female ward till breakfast. At 7, to the men's hospital. Sister M., to my great delight, put me at once to work; first, washing the glasses, etc. used by the sick during the night, then dusting and washing furniture in the bed-rooms, seeing the dressing of the wounds, etc., washing up of breakfast things, and then I was sent to sit in the room with a dying man. Could I have chosen my work, it would have been this; but, oh, how I longed for words! and yet I feared to speak, partly because he was too weak for the exertion of mind to understand me; partly, because I was unwilling he should know my ignorance of the language, lest he should be nervous at the thought of my not understanding his wants. But I could pray for him, and it was so sweet to think One was there who could do all without my help, and Who could hear my prayer, and answer the poor sick man's oft repeated cry, 'Lieber Heiland, hilf mich.' His constant cough was very distressing, yet he scarcely seems to me so near death as they think him. After dinner, returned to my post. At 2, Pastor S.'s class: then my English lesson, and then to men's hospital again till 7; after tea, a visit to Sister G., and then to the female wards to say good-night to my friends."

One or two letters about this date give further details of the proposed change in her plans:—

"My darling Mother,—This has been such a day of visiting and variety, that between thoughts of everything I see and hear,—thoughts of you and J., and so many, many thoughts of all my loved, so loved people, and then the real hard work of constantly talking and trying to understand, with the nervousness of my talks with the two pastors to-day; all this has made me feel rather tired to-night, but it is the first time I have felt so. I must tell you of my day: as usual, up at 5; hospital for half an hour; at 6.15, breakfast and prayers; at 7, hospital again until 10.30, when I was called to the head sister's room to Pastor Fliedner. Now I must tell you that

I fancied he had forgotten me, for except the dinner on Sunday, at which he scarcely spoke, I have not seen him. With all his bad health, however (consumption), it is wonderful how he is yet the head and mainspring of this great establishment; and how training others for usefulness is understood by him, and by those who are the heads of the different divisions. Now there is Sister Sophie, the hospital superintendent, no matter at what hour I go to visit her, some one comes in at every moment for directions, or to tell how such-and-such a thing is going on; yet every little detail I am to see and know, everything I should be present at, a message comes to me,—nothing ever seems forgotten. But to return to the pastor: though he is not very formidable, a little quaking one came in to him. He had a book of his printed directions for parish visiting to give me, and then asked me to take a walk with him in the garden. I was soon quite at my ease, and we were talking busily. He spoke most strongly to me of what he himself has quite acted up to—of our not only seeking to be ourselves useful, but to be the preparers of others to take our place: and *that*, if nothing else, is the art here. He then spoke most wisely and kindly to me about the uselessness of spending only six weeks here. Till to-day, never had the thought of a longer stay here come to me. But there was so much wisdom in his words that this day has been one of much thought on the subject. It was hard to tear myself away from home and poor, but now I am here, is it not better to stay and learn thoroughly, not by halves? on the other hand, is it leaving a plain clearly given work for another? Were my life to be limited to a few years at Fahan, six weeks here might do, but what if longer life is before me, may I not be called and enabled to do more, if prepared with God's blessing? But, oh, my heart goes so after my people! Whatever you decide for me, mother darling, to return home or to remain here is alike to me. So much is to be said on both sides, I feel either would make me happy, and yet in either I shall have something to regret in losing the other."

"Journal, *Thursday.*—A fortnight here, and in looking back I can take courage and go on trusting Him who has helped me hitherto. Got up very headachy, but went at 5.30 to the hospital; made beds, etc. till breakfast, then back to work: the dying man is weaker to-day; read to one ill with dropsy John v. and a hymn."

"*Saturday.*—A walk to-day with some convalescents; still undecided about the winter. Mamma's letter leaving me free choice when I had hoped to have the decision made for me. May God guide me; home, country, and poor are very very dear, and yet now I am here, should I not stay and learn?"

The letter in which she acknowledges my mother's reply to her request for leave to remain the winter is as follows:—

"My darling Mother,—A thousand loving thanks for your letter, received Saturday, and for the free choice you give me. It is hard to choose, for home is home, and kind friends are not mother and sister, and a strange tongue keeping one on the strain in speaking and listening, is a barrier to free intercourse; still I am happy here, and when wishes will go homewards, I think of the future, and pray to return wiser and better to enjoy a hundred times more, and feel, oh so deeply, the blessings of a home. To me the deaconess calling is a problem; as a Christian, feeling and knowing I am not my own, and that all time and strength and powers are to be rendered back to the Great Giver of all, I think every one is as much called on as a deaconess is, to work for Him who first loved us; but if this does not constrain us as Christians, neither will it as deaconesses, and certainly the 'Anstalt' is a world in which the Martha-spirit may be found as well as in the outer world. There are many most deeply taught Christians here, many whose faces shine, but I should say, comparing my home life (but few have such a home) with that of the deaconesses here, I should say, that in many positions here, there are more, not only daily but hourly temptations. There are great privileges, teaching, worship, means of grace, two pastors for the

Institution besides Pastor Fliedner. While he lives, he will be the ruling spirit, but it is in the direction and supervision of all, by private walks and talks with the deaconesses,—by writing books and letters: he is too delicate for anything public. It is wonderful to think that he is the head of upwards of fifty establishments; 250 deaconesses and nearly 400 novices,—this is twenty-four years' work. The pastors are most evangelical and earnest; Pastor Stricker, who has for many years been here, is one deeply learned in the Scriptures, but Pastor Disselhof is to me more attractive, because more easily understood. I longed on Sunday for Aunt J.'s power of reproducing a sermon; his, though quite extempore, was so perfect in its arrangements, so clear and earnest, so simple yet attractive. I have gone far, however, from what I sat down to write of my plans; yet plans I cannot call them, for as it is hard for you to give, so is it hard for me to ask leave to stay, and yet I feel as if I ought to do so, after the wrench it was leaving home. I can say, as the German so beautifully expresses it, 'Der Herr ist freundlich,' for I am happy and contented; and yet when one comes to look into the life here, it has scarcely a point of resemblance to what I have been accustomed to. I do not find time for half I want to do; I am in the male hospital, under such a clever trainer, she will not overlook the smallest thing, and yet is kind withal. I give an English lesson every day, and my pupil is going to give me a German half-hour. I hope to bring J. back the seed of a creeper which is so pretty now, with its bright red autumn leaves; they say this is the prettiest time for it, as the flower is small and colourless. My idea is to remain here as long as I feel I can learn anything, and then perhaps to go to Elberfeld, or one of the other Institutions near, and then home soon after Christmas; but, of course, circumstances must influence; we plan, God arranges and directs. My own darling mother, I would say to you as I often do to myself, let us not look forward further than to count the cost, if it be needful that this should be the beginning of a longer separation. The present training is only taking advantage of the opportunity given me, and I trust ere long, if it be God's will to spare and bless us all, we may have a happy meeting. Whatever be the right way, I trust God will show it to us plainly! but, as I said before, my own darling, your wishes shall be my guide, now and for the future, as long as I am blessed with such a loving counsellor. I trust my present training in obedience will not be lost in reference to home. And yet, little as I ever was to you of what I should have been, yours is the hardest trial in the separation. I often ask myself, why is this? Why have I chosen to stay here? Theoretically it is easier to have my free will at home, than, as here, to have to be under orders,*— even at school or meal hours

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* The following sentence in a recent pamphlet by the Rev. A. Moody Stuart seems to suggest one cause of the non-success of Deaconess Institutions in England; Agnes often said the most valuable lesson she learned at Kaiserswerth was that of *implicit obedience:*—

" In visiting the Protestant Hospital of Kaiserswerth, it is hum-

I must tell the head sister why I leave the room, etc. There is more variety and seeming usefulness in visiting my poor than in trying to please little children or feeding sick ones the greater part of the day, and yet though I so theorize, I feel it is good for me to be here whatever may be before me. God has given me a happy, contented spirit; may He only enable me, more and more, to give my heart and soul and spirit as I have given myself more entirely to Him. Home, and my loved ones and poor, never were so dear. God can strengthen for whatever He appoints when the time comes. My own darling, ever believe your child's love.

"A. E. Jones."

"Journal, *Sunday, October,* 1860. — After church, sat with the dying man as usual; after

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bling and instructive to hear that the evangelical congregations of Britain furnish less useful sick-nurses than the churches tinged with ritualism: because the nurses that come from us are more anxious to take charge and to administer medicines than to obey, to learn, to serve. In the German nurses it is beautiful to see the spirit of self-denial and submission and service."

dinner, went with Sister L. to see a poor woman; took charge of the women's hospital while the sisters were at church, and read a little in each of the four rooms. After tea, from 8 to 9, 'Bet-Stunde:' at this it is usual to read over the list of names of the deaconesses, their various positions and occupations, before the beginning of the prayer."

"*Wednesday.*—Last night, indeed, since Monday, very unwell, and to-day I had to lie in bed and the doctor came; but though feeling worse than I ever remember to have done before with dreadful spasms, and fearing a long illness, God kept me quiet and enabled me to feel only my many blessings; only for one moment did an overwhelming longing for my mother's hand about me, come over me, and that, perhaps, was allowed to show the blessing of being kept so peacefully contented, 'Oh, forget not all His benefits.' Such kindness and love from all around. I chose to have read Hebrews v. and Psalm xxvii., and felt them to come home."

"*Thursday.*—Weak, but out of bed and sat in dear Sister S.'s room some time; read a little and enjoyed the 'Stille-Stunde' in the church; thankful for strength to go there."

"*Friday.*—Hospital as usual."

"*Saturday.*—Sat much of the day with Brunig, who still lingers; at night studied the Gospel as of old for Sunday-school, and hope to make it a practice every Saturday, and, with God's help, to find a blessing."

"17*th.*—Men's hospital all day; no walk. Sister L. heard that she is to go to Syria, on Monday, for two months."

"20*th.*—Days come and go with little variety; no time now for visits, and only now and then for a peep at Sister Sophie; to-day she took me to see the asylum where I am to go on Monday."

Some further details of her life, during this first month at Kaiserswerth, may be taken from her letters:—

"Your last letter amused me very much, dear over-anxious little mother, so, to put your mind at ease, let me tell you, first, as to fires in our rooms, we have stoves and every requisite, and here, in five minutes, with no trouble, one has a hot fire; but I never have one and enjoy my cooler room, for the hot dry air from the stoves is very trying; then, as to the cleaning of my tiny room—not larger than J.'s dressing-room—it is a simple quiet process in the style adopted here, and I need not do it, but as there are no servants and the deaconesses do everything, I was shamed into doing all myself by seeing my neighbour, who is eighty, every day cleaning her far larger room. I have now only eight classes a week, for the 'mother' thought I had too many lessons to give; my pupils had really become a most engrossing interest, though at first I found my classes a nervous and difficult business; now I am, with the exception of my class hours, from 7 till 7 with fourteen sick boys; some, to my sorrow, are too well, for the walk with them, and, worse still, the keeping them at lessons or work, is no easy task when I am left, as is sometimes the case, in sole charge. The very sick and very young ones are a great interest, but I get on wonderfully with all, in spite of my want of the art of government. I am often a subject of merriment, as you may suppose, from my ignorance of the language; but, to my delight, I can now teach the sick and very young their texts. Yesterday I was a long time with a dear invalid sister, who was so much better, we mutually enjoyed a long talk; the doctor thought her recovering, but to-day she has broken a blood-vessel; perhaps I may never see her alive again. She said to me yesterday, 'Don't you pity me getting better?' It is to me an encouraging thought that He who knows all things, knew and pitied her weakness, and so would not call on the little strength to meet the world again. He, too, knows my weakness, and will help me in whatever service He allows me to engage in. I do sometimes long for home-sights and voices, my mother's face and kiss, and for special walks and views at Fahan, for all my poor; how often they are thought of and prayed for! I want to know so much about them all,—they can never think of me more than I think of them,—I could send a thousand loves. The pastor is more and more a wonder to me,—his great desire to make his work reproductive; he told me he was so disappointed to find Mrs. Fry's work, about which they had consulted together, so much a limited one, as he says, the nurse's sphere is so limited in comparison to what it might be, and also that there is no attempt made to raise them by mental culture; when one sees the new-comers here often, one feels what a work of love and patience will be needed before they can be made gentle or refined, and this last word is, what to a certain point, might apply to all the deaconesses; there is such gentleness and refinement even about those whom one knows to be of the lower classes; it is not to say they are perfect, —all speak of peculiar temptations, and of besetting sins, but there is such a repose even in their activity. On Saturday there was a telegram from Pastor D. from Syria, for an immediate reinforcement of sisters; so that afternoon, two started off to bid their parents goodbye; they returned on Monday to leave at daybreak on Tuesday. The parents of one were sickly and old, and they objected to the distance; in such cases the pastor always makes home the first duty, and sends the sisters there at any time they are really wanted; so a sister who was to have gone to Berlin goes to Syria instead. She arrived here on Monday night at midnight, heard the change in her destination, and was off before six, so it is sometimes quick work; but I do not see how when one's life is given, it much matters where it is spent. The rule here is that every sister visits home every third year."

"*October*, 1860.—It has been such a pleasure that to-day I was able to follow Pastor S.'s sermon; he is a most holy man, mighty in the Scriptures, but one whom hitherto I have not been able to understand well. It is always such a pleasure to me that the Epistle and Gospel are the same as our own,—a chapter in the Old Testament is read and a confession, also the creed, but the prayers are mostly extempore. I enjoy the truly evangelical teaching. To-morrow will be the king's birthday, and there will be special services. Daily the church is open for half an hour, and all who can go to the 'Stille-Stunde,'—silent, except when a verse is sung at the opening and the Lord's Prayer read at the close. My friend Sister Gretchen is leaving to-morrow; there are such constant changes; then a call comes from a distance, the best are sent off and new ones trained in their place. It is a comfort to think Sister Sophie, my mother here, will not be sent away while she has strength for her most arduous post. The king is very kind and has always taken much interest in the Institution, which he once visited. A deaconesses' house was lately burned at Beyrout or Smyrna, I forget which, and he has written to tell the pastor he will provide bedding and linen, etc.; and as he wishes to give employment to Berlin manufacturers, he says, if directions are sent as to what is required, all shall be prepared and forwarded. Sunday is the great day here for celebrations, so yesterday was the harvest home. The girls and orphans having helped in the field-work, had the 'Feste' in their respective houses at 7 o'clock. There had been great preparations going on all day,—wreaths ot flowers and every variety of vegetables displayed, all done with so much taste; it looked very gay when Pastor Stricker arrived. After reading and explaining the 100th Psalm, he said grace, and the feast began with the most horrible beer-soup, which all seemed to enjoy, but I could not touch; potatoes fried in butter, onion-salad, and cold sausages, etc. Then the pastor, sisters, and mother told stories, which, with singing, kept us till 9.30. The mother's stories interested me much, being on the subject of answers to prayer and trials of faith as to the supply of the money wants of the Institution. We have lovely weather now, and such nights! the moon and stars are so lovely I do not light my candle to dress or sweep my room in the morning; I do all by moonlight, and am over at my post at six. Lady M. F.'s parcel of pamphlets was such a delight to me; you can't know the pleasure I anticipate in reading them. I so long to know what goes on in my own land and how the truth is spreading there. Death has been busy here; yesterday we had, in the afternoon, the funeral of a novice, and in the evening the funeral sermon of a sister who died in Jerusalem; a pearl, indeed, not twenty-one, but the pride of the pastor, whose spiritual daughter she truly was. She had been brought as an orphan, only nine years old, to the Orphan House here."

"Journal, *Oct. 21st.*—This has been a day of varied feelings; the communion was to be administered to the four sisters who are leaving, and any others who wished to receive it. Pastor Fliedner was able to take a part in the service; and, indeed, one felt it good to be there to hear the simple yet impressive prayer after the confession, and, above all, the thrilling address to the sisters before administering the sacrament. He repeated the narrative of the angel feeding Elijah with food, in the strength of which he went forty days on his journey. 'So too,' he said, 'are you called on a journey, but it is a high calling, a following in His footsteps Who went forth to seek the lost. You need strength not only to meet outward, but inward temptations, and you have well done that you have come in these outward symbols to seek to grasp the inward thing signified. You, too, friends and acquaintances who will thus bid your sisters farewell, have well done that you have come.' After dinner, I ran for my Bible and went up, as usual, to sit with Brunig; the door was locked and I turned away, thinking the attendant was there; not far from the door the old servant saw me and said, 'Do you wish to go in?' 'Yes, but the door is locked.' 'Oh, I will open it.' He did so, and there lay a corpse. He had died while we were at dinner, and Sister M. did not like to send for me. I felt his death very much, for we are not quite happy about him. At 7.30, after the dressings of wounds, I bid adieu to the men's hospital, and Sister L. came to me for a long farewell; we may never meet again, but I shall not soon forget her kindness to a stranger, and hope I have learned a lesson from her of sympathy and tenderness. We then went to the hall; before the pastor and mother were ranged to the right the nine last arrived novices, who were to be welcomed, and to the left the four sisters of whom leave was to be taken. After a few words of prayer for blessing, the 121st Psalm was read; the 'welcome' sung, and a prayer for help in the difficulties and trials before them, for blessings on their work here, and for perseverance to the end, the pastor and mother then went forward and shook hands with each, adding a few words of welcome; then the pastor gave an address, showing his views and object in sending out the sisters; then he read Psalm xci., and spoke to the deaconesses. Hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung, and then the Levitical blessing from the pastor, he laying his hand on the head of each; he and the mother then took leave, she lingering to whisper a few last words. Friends pressed round; L. and I ran together into the passage, hoping for a few quiet minutes, but we were separated in the crowd, for it was late and not a moment to spare, so I came to my room, having indeed lost a friend, and yet I like to call her one, who has gone to help Syrian Christians, sent by England's means to the work. It was 9.30 when they started; they were to travel all night, and arrive late to-morrow at Berlin."

"*Nov. 4th.*—I come over from the other house every morning at six, the ground white and windows frozen over; often at 3 in the afternoon the water outside is still frozen, yet night or morning I never put on bonnet or handkerchief, unless when I go out for a walk. I was practising cupping on a patient last Saturday, but must have another trial soon. The letters from Syria are most interesting; both hospital and orphan house at Beyrout are to be begun at once. Two sisters have been there for some weeks; both were ill, one in fever, the other dysentery; the latter, however, was obliged to go about, having the sole charge of twelve orphans and sixteen sick. Fancy her joy on opening the door one evening to see the unexpected party from this,—Pastor D. and the sisters. All here are so kind, but no place is like home, so if you wish for me at any time, only say so, and gladly and unmurmuringly will I go; do remember and believe this."

"*Monday.*—Went to Sister Sophie after prayers, who told me to go to the 'asile.' Waited a little to luxuriate in home letters.

Soon after reaching the 'asile,' the Pastor sent for me to ask me to give the English lessons in the training-school till he can make some better arrangement. Went with him to hear the examination of twenty-four new pupils in order to test their proficiency. They wrote from dictation, etc., for me, and read and translated before the pastor. The other examinations were in singing, history, and geography. This lasted from 9 to 12, and again from 2 to 5.30."

"*Tuesday.*—Pastor F. having desired me to be at the seminariste at 8, I did not go further than the woman's hospital before that hour. I found the young women all arranged behind their desks, and the teachers in their places. After singing and prayer, Pastor S. read part of Psalm cxix., and spoke on the passage; Pastor Fliedner then addressed them in a most affecting manner, so that there was scarcely a dry eye in the room:—'My dear daughters in the Lord, I bid you heartily welcome, and I must speak a few words to express my welcome; seeing fifty-eight of you here, I cannot but exclaim, "My soul rejoiceth in the Lord, for he hath regarded my low estate." I rejoice to see you all here, coming in the desire to learn how to lead little lambs to Jesus, to be fellow-workers with Him; but remember, he that worketh must be first partaker. I feel grateful to those parents who have intrusted you to our care, and entreat of you to be open with the mother and me, and to come to us for every sympathy as you would to your own parents. I rejoice, too, when I look forward; if you are faithful, what lambs you may bring to the fold —what harps and crowns add to that white-robed multitude now before the throne.'

"I returned to the 'asile,' and spent the day there; some were busy digging potatoes, most washing, churning, and preparing supper. The rules were read to me, as they must be to every new-comer and again every month or six weeks before all assembled together, when the daily conduct book is also read; in this are written the punishments found needful, and all particulars of the dealings with each. The inmates are all to come to the asylum of their free will, with the full knowledge of the design of the house, being to teach them of the Saviour, and to bring them to Him, and so coming with free will, it is hoped they will receive the instruction here given thankfully and with gratitude to God for having led them here. If, however, punishment be needed, it is various. For sleeping in church, inattention at prayers, Scripture reading, etc. etc., they are shut out from such services, and, at the same time, from any pleasure or amusement, the walk, the singing-class, etc., perhaps kept in their own room apart from others. This last is also the punishment for disobedience, quarrels, unwillingness to work. Sewing is placed in their room, a Bible, hymn and prayer-book; but when confined there, the food is plainer than that of the others. Sometimes the idle are deprived of a meal, especially when they have to be placed in the 'Dunkel-Zimmer,' which is not, however, quite dark, but a bare closet with only a small window in it; there is the straw with which they are to make mats as their only occupation,—they are only released on begging pardon. The greatest punishment is expulsion, seldom resorted to, and when it must be done, the girl is given in charge of the police. New-comers are kept apart from the others. None are put out to service under a year, some are kept over two. They are then placed in service carefully sought out for them; while there, they are written to and visited, from time to time; another service found, if needed, and if they are in want, through no fault of their own, they are assisted. When placed out, they receive clothes and everything necessary, Bible, hymn-book, etc. The eve of their departure is a holiday. If, however, any wish to leave the asylum before their term expires, they are not allowed to go before they have spent some days quietly in their rooms, where it is hoped they may come to a better mind; for which the sisters pray for and with them. Here are received all who had been in prison, whether thieves or otherwise fallen: full particulars of their former lives must be given to the sister before their coming; no reference is afterwards made directly to it, and every pains is taken to prevent their talking over their sinful doings to their companions. They rise at 5, wash, dress, make their beds, and, when ready, come down to the sitting-room, where they learn their verses; read or work till six, which is prayer-time, then breakfast; work till 9.30, bread and coffee, work again till twelve; dinner, return to work at 1, having half an hour's liberty between; 3, coffee: at 7 supper; 8, class or working hour; at 9, those who rose at 4 for washing go to bed, the rest not till 10. Scripture lessons are given during the week, and reading and writing lessons to those who require them. Every month the girls have different work,—kitchen, attending cows and pigs, house-work or washing, field labour, etc. etc.

"Went to the funeral of the lady from the lunatic asylum: she was a true child of God, and His word could quiet her at all times; though here she walked through a dark valley, now she sees Him whom she loved. Her favourite psalm, 65th, is true of her; she is now praising him in *Zion*."

"*Wednesday.*—Went to the asylum for prayers at 6, and then with the girls to their various occupations till 9, then English classes," etc.

"*Saturday.*—On returning to-day from Cologne, where I had gone for a few hours, I met at the station, to my great joy, Sister F., who was on her way back from private nursing. It was such a pleasure to be warmly greeted by the friends whom I had left only for a few hours; a beautiful bouquet was in my room to welcome me, and all so kindly and thoughtfully arranged. The Russian Sister C. very ill in bed some days. My English classes, which I so dreaded, are now great enjoyment to me; oh, when shall I learn not to burden myself with fears? how often have I tried the Lord's long suffering with me in this way, and yet in mercy He meets me! The clouds I so much dread, turn out ever big with mercy, and yet I forget the lesson when the next trial comes."

"*Sunday.*—All day in the 'asile,' and with the girls to church. When they went out for their walk, I came over to see the Misses M.; visited my hospital friends in female ward; found the old woman dying; then spent an hour in the parish with Sister Louisa. In church to-day, before the pulpit and over the communion-table, hung a crown of cypress with white flowers interwoven,—the orphans' tribute to one of their number who is just dead of typhus fever at Jerusalem, where she was labouring as deaconess."

"*Wednesday.*—The two asylum girls who are to be confirmed were examined to-day in the church. Sister S. told me that Sister A. said to her one day, 'I should like it to be written on my tombstone,—Here lies one with whom the Lord has had great patience, but who, through free grace, is with Him.'"

"*Saturday, Nov. 10th.*—Classes in morning and at the asylum all day. Being my birthday, I was specially anxious to have time for the 'Stille-Stunde,' and found it indeed what the name implies, for I was there alone. On coming to my room afterwards, Sister S. came in to wish me many happy returns of the day, and a year rich in blessing and growth in grace ; it went so to my heart, this unexpected greeting, and the more so, as my own mother's letter had come yesterday. As soon as we were seated at supper, a few verses of a hymn were sung outside the door, and a plate was brought in with a pretty wreath lighted up by little tapers. I ran out and found a gathering of friends; inside my wreath was a little marker and a paper with a few texts, and, when I came to my room, there was a lovely bouquet and another paper of texts. Precious tokens of Christian love in a far land!"

" *Wednesday.*—Funeral of the negress Susannah, who died of cancer. Visit to Sister S., who, in speaking of the pastor, said he was so strict and yet so full of love; yesterday a novice, who was to be sent away, went to entreat him to give her another trial, for which he came to beg Sister S. as humbly and anxiously as if he had been the culprit. Of his simplicity and kind thoughtfulness she gave me several instances,—at the time he was so ill and scarcely able to do anything, he was often found mending his little children's toys.

One day the asylum girls were working in the field, the pastor watched them awhile, advised them to be industrious, and, on his return, perceiving how much work had been got through, he went home to order them cakes for supper."

"19*th.*—Asylum all day; with the girls in the turnip-field; returned for the 'Stille-Stunde.'"

"20*th.*—The whole day in the asylum. Pastor Fliedner sent for me in the evening; the deaconesses are to come to me for separate English lessons; the pastor, as a father would for his children, begged me not to be too hard on them and require too much preparation. Love is indeed his motto. He asked how I got on; I said I felt so ignorant. 'Oh,' he said, 'love will help: that is the needful point.' They say he can be very stern, but if he wounds with one word, he salves the wound with the next."

"26*th.*—An English beginner, I must take alone daily till she gets up with her class, so now I teach English sixteen hours a week."

"28*th.*—A busy day. Asylum in morning;

9 to 11, English lessons; 11 to 12, Ranke's class on education; 2 to 3, English lessons; 3 to 4, church; 4 to 5, Sister S. and C.; 5 to 7, Ranke's classes."

"*Dec. 4th.*—Went to Boys' Hospital; saw dressing of broken leg and arm."

We must again supplement with extracts from letters, as the journals are much interrupted at this busy time:—

"*November.*—We had a most interesting service yesterday, when two of the asylum girls were confirmed; the Wednesday before, at our usual midday service, they had been examined before the congregation. The confirmation service was much like our own, the only difference that to the last question, instead of a simple answer, each girl took an oath on the Bible and gave the pastor her hand, in token that, with God's help, she would be faithful unto death. Then to each he gave a Bible with a few words of advice and a text. While we sang hymns, the Communion was then administered. In the evening we had a Feste,—rooms lighted up and ornamented with flowers, etc. All was so simple and earnest, pleasant, yet never forgetting the solemnity of the day. I never felt so angry with English red-tapeism as now; Pastor D. writes from Syria that the English hospital is the greatest disgrace,—a mere shed, said to be good enough, because temporary; no one to nurse or clean, etc.; sick and well lying crowded together, in a place where water, *débris* of every kind, skins, bits of meat, and vegetables are thrown out. There are the deaconesses ready and willing to come and help, and day after day the Committee must sit to consult whether they will accept their help or not; meanwhile many are dying of want; the end will be, when they accept it, the deaconesses will have full employment in their own house. The English send plenty of money, but hands are wanting. It is no new thought with me that mine are strong and willing; I would gladly offer them; could my own mother bear to think of her child for the next few months as in Syria instead of Germany? It is but temporary, and yet an urgent case. My favourite motto came last

Sunday, 'The Lord hath need;' if He has need of my mother's permission to her child, He will enable her to give it. This is but the expression of a wish, and if my own mother were to be made too anxious by the granting it, let it be as if unasked by her own Agnes.

"I am so delighted with the Advent-tree. A fir-tree is brought, to which hoops are fastened in four tiers; on each hoop seven tapers are fastened; the children are gathered in the room and the questioning begins at the very beginning of Genesis. When the fall of man comes, the room is darkened; and when the first promise has been repeated and explained, the child who could repeat it, takes a card or coloured flag on which it is written, lights a taper and ties on the flag, so on, till one promise for every week-day is given, and seven tapers and flags are placed on the tree. Each Sunday in Advent a new hoop is filled in this way, and all the facts and promises are thus graven on the children's minds. Poor Sister C. is dying; she said to me with such a lighting up of the poor worn face, 'I shall never go home, but only my body will remain here: the soul will, indeed. go home.' I shall miss my daily visits to her; we love each other very much, and I feel her patience such a lesson. I always feel it as a token of God's good hand upon me, that I am not over-anxious or unhappy about home. It is not like me to be so contented when far from my dear ones, so I feel it as a token of its being His will I should be here. I hope when I go home I shall have solved one way or other the, as yet, undecided question in my mind, as to the benefit of deaconesses over other Christian workers. One point I have long decided, —it is no antidote against sin or temptation to become a deaconess, but whether one so set apart can really be more useful than other Christians of similar earnestness is my problem. Of course the training is invaluable, but I should say that, taking a deaconess and another Christian of the same standing in grace and training, the latter might do as much as the former; the only thing is the training both in outward and spiritual things. I have an idea that if there were a system of parish deaconesses, with sufficient relief funds at their disposal, it might really be better to attend the poor in their homes (except the very wretched) than to bring them to a hospital; the variety of people and the want of quiet to read or pray must be very trying."

An uncle and aunt, who were spending the winter at Bonn, kindly invited Agnes to spend a few days with them, and her next letter is dated from the gay scenes of a boarding-house:—

"BONN, *December 28th.*

"MY OWN DARLING MOTHER,—I sit down to write in a scene and under circumstances so different from those of the last, that you must not wonder if my letter partakes of the bewilderment of my brain. And first, the contrast of the scene. In a large house so close to the Rhine that, as I sit at the window, I see nothing but the river with its frozen edges and large floating masses of ice, through which the little boats laden for market seem vainly attempting to cross,—oars coming constantly in useless contact with ice instead of water. The opposite coast, which last night I longed for daylight to see, is white with snow, trees with bare stems, and houses alone giving relief to the glare, softened, however, by the snowy murky sky and the thick fog which hides the lovely hills. So much for the scene without; within, large handsome rooms; instead of the white-washed walls and painted floors to which I have been lately accustomed, here are painted and gilded walls and soft carpets; the simple cap and dress of the deaconess replaced by gay dresses, flowers, and head-dresses. The mannerism and formal politeness of general society do not contrast favourably with the simple loving spirit of the Christian circle at Kaiserswerth. But I must tell you of my doings there the last few days. We were very busy all morning, on Monday, preparing the hall, which is the great public assembly-room, with seats and benches for the party for the hospital Christmas tree; then collecting all, first washing and dressing our fourteen boys, taking down and settling those who are most ill in the best places. One poor little deformed child of twelve years, and yet scarcely as large or as heavy as a baby of so many months, little Otto; he is so covered with sores that it requires the greatest skill to touch, much more move him; now, to my great delight, I can do everything for him; at first I could have cried each time I touched him, for between real pain and pettedness, he used to scream so; he was put into a baby's crib just under the tree, the others ranged behind on low benches, we novices stood against the wall behind the deaconesses: the large hall was crowded, and yet such order and quiet, and all was ready punctually at 4.30. The tree, with all its lights, so light and pretty,—nothing is put on the trees but paper-flowers, gold and silver nuts, small apples, and a few little ginger cakes; on the top are four large gold-paper flags; round the room, on benches, were plates filled with gingerbread, apples, and nuts; near, or under each, the presents labelled and so arranged, that among the three or four hundred, each could be found in a few minutes. The mother and Pastor Stricker took their places. After singing, some questioning followed on the promises learned during Advent; then some stories were told; then an address, specially to the sick, closed by singing; after the presents had been distributed, all retired in order, each laden with gifts; most of these have been sent in from well-wishers to the Institution. Such an evening as we had in the hospital, and such a time for days afterwards,—drums and flutes and all kinds of music, for none of the children were too ill to make a noise. On Christmas morning, or rather at midnight the night before, there was such a lovely sound, soothing, but distinct, of the hymn sung under the pastor's window, and heard in all parts of the building; the singing at morning prayer was a real Hallelujah; at 9, the morning service and Communion; at 2, another service; at 4, the Orphan House Christmas tree, at which my class presented me with a lovely little paper-basket of flowers. The way in which everything is done is so simple and genuine, that a little thing they give is far more valuable than what costs ten times as much. In the evening I went over to the pastor's house to ask leave to be absent for a few days; while I was there we heard singing outside the door; I knew it was the deaconesses come to sing for the pastor, as he had not been able to be among them that day, his cough being so bad. He made them all come in; tears poured down his cheeks as he listened to his favourite hymn of praise; then he said a few words, exhorting all whose hearts were at this time specially warmed by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, to try and spread that warmth to other hearts. He then spoke of the work in Syria, whence news had just come, and where he hoped the last travellers had arrived that day. More than fifty orphans, besides widows and young women, have been already gathered by the sisters into their three houses in Beyrout. Another branch is to be established at Tyre or Sidon, and I think it likely another party may be soon sent out. Do not say I have given up Fahan. I have faced the possibility, and asked myself were it needful, could I do it? One cannot look far forward, nor do I think it right to build castles in the air, save to count the cost. I feel my present training may be for a far distant future. My life at Fahan was perhaps a more teaching school, as far as the inner life is concerned, than my present one."

"*Dec.* 30*th.*—I cannot tell you the delight it was to be once more at the English service, to join once more in the prayers and Litany, loved always, but more beautiful because so long unheard. I longed for the people to join in the responses that I might do so too, aloud, for I had to restrain myself, often finding my voice the only one, and fearing it would betray the emotion excited by the very lovely sound of those familiar and dearly loved words. The hundredth Psalm seemed so appropriate, so home-like, it was more like being again in my mother's arms than anything else I can imagine, and oh, the deep gratitude I felt to Him Who has brought and kept me hitherto ; it was indeed a going up to the court of the Lord with my own people. Such a God as my God is ; He is good, more than a Father, so tender and loving. May He give me grace to thank Him for the deep joy of this day, another of His countless mercies."

"*Dec.* 31*st*, 1860.—On this, the last evening of the year, and under, perhaps, the most disagreeable circumstances in which the whole of it has seen me, I shall write a few lines. I am waiting at Cologne station in one of the numerous breaks of what ought to have been my three hours' journey. I have already been from one till seven o'clock in getting through what ought to have occupied one hour. I am snowed up. I wonder if my promise and wish can be performed, and whether I shall reach Kaiserswerth in time for the old year's midnight service. Here I am at 7 at the Cologne station, in the so-called ladies' waiting-room; my two com panions being only a large man and little boy, both strangely clothed almost to the feet in a kind of pelisse of wadded material, chamois I thought at first, lined with fur, but now I see they are skin coats, the fur inside. The men here do look so effeminate, large wadded cloaks or pelisses, with tight bodies and wide skirts, a muff hung round their necks, and enormous scarfs round and round their throats, in which they bury mouth and nose, and yet it is not so very cold to me without any fur at all. However, the snow and frost have been more severe than has been known since 1845; the snow to-day and yesterday prevented the trains running, and Bonn has been crowded with storm-bound travellers; the Rhine has its edges thickly frozen, and steamers have long ceased to ply on account of the large blocks of floating ice; the transit of small boats is tedious and perilous. The nun will not soon again leave her cell, for it was with very nun-like feelings she met the world again. 8.30 P.M.—Well, I am a stage further on my journey, and here at the Düsseldorf station, I may write and amuse myself as best I can. Poor nun, she would gladly be in her cell once more; however, as that can't be, she must even content herself here, not being able to make up her mind to face a hotel, not liking to pay the large price asked for a sledge, and the roads impassable for a carriage. Another put off, the train will not start till 10.20. I should find the house shut up but for the midnight service. If I am in time for that, it will make up for all my troubles. May God be with me now and then, and bring me safely there. May He take my thoughts and heart more up to my heavenly home."

"*January 1st.*—My lonely walk home from Calcum to Kaiserswerth in the sometimes slippery and sometimes deep snow was a rapid one, and yet I found time for prayer. I enjoyed the walk, but arrived hot and panting at the door to hear the service had just begun; to fly to my room, pull off wet boots and put on others and my cap, and to my great joy and gratitude was in church at 11.30. The clock struck 12 in the middle of the service, and we were startled by the sudden burst of the wind instruments and singing of the new year hymn. My duties are now in the children's hospital, all ages from two to twelve. It is a new life for me in a nursery of sick children, and a busy one too, for every moment they want something done for them; I have the charge of giving the medicines too, which is no sinecure. I am in such admiration of the superintendent's patience; no matter what one does or forgets, I never hear a word of reproach. The thaw has come and the Rhine has risen so rapidly that they have to set a watcher at night, for the consequences are often very serious when it overflows its banks; the garden and many of the village kitchens are already under water; here, the stores in the cellars are wet and the river is rising still, a foot every six hours."

"*Monday.*—Just before I posted my last letter, the alarm was given, 'the water is coming.' It had been hoped the danger was over, the thaw seemed so gradual, but this morning we heard the Moselle had risen much last night. The approach of an invading army could scarcely cause more commotion, and no wonder. Five years ago, the water was eight feet deep in the dining-rooms and kitchens, Every one was set to work, but in military order; there was no confusion, though the removal of the contents of the dispensary, shop, three kitchens, three eating-rooms, two work-rooms, and sleeping-rooms of about 30 people to the upper floors was no easy matter, and yet at 7 supper was ready as usual. We had a prayer meeting at 8 o'clock, and now all are in their beds. To-day's Psalm, 91st, seemed so appropriate, so we can lie down in peace and sleep; for our keeper wakes for us."

"*Thursday.*—The Rhine has already sunk 26 feet, so, I suppose, we shall soon get back to our old quarters."

The exact date at which the idea of going to help the deaconesses in Syria occurred to her cannot be fixed; the letter has been given in which she first mentioned it to my mother, but it is without a date, and my impression is that it was not received until January. This is confirmed by a detached paper in her journal, which, though also undated, seems to belong to this time.

"*Saturday.*—This evening I came to the resolution to write home for permission to go to Syria. It is no new thought, though it rather quickly and unexpectedly came into action. Before coming here, an almost unallowed, but not less realized motive, was that of preparation for the next call for nurses, and Syria was even the spot with which the thought was associated. Suddenly the determination came as I sat in the hospital, and with prayer for guidance I sought Sister S.'s advice before writing home. She was busy, so I sent her a few lines before going to bed, and slept undisturbed by anxious thought. In order not to do the thing hastily, and to give due time for prayer and consideration, I determined not to dispatch my letter before the usual day. May God guide and bless me."

"*Sunday.*—Longed to impart my thoughts and hear a word of advice, and yet the undisturbed mind keeping unswervingly to the purpose was a support. It will be a new and difficult life, but God can strengthen. Oh, may He comfort my mother. May the motto which nerves me, nerve her. I seem to hear 'the Lord hath need,' and yet till the answer comes may He keep me in prayerful and not over-anxious waiting. It was 7 o'clock before I could see Sister S. I told her, and asked her to pray for me. She answered, 'As the Lord shall give me grace to do so.'"

"*Monday.*—As I sat this morning in the

hospital, I felt so strongly the force of the words, 2 Cor. viii. 5, 'first gave their own selves to the Lord,' and prayed to be enabled to do so. The morning passed, and as my pupils left me, I took up my Bible to search out more on the verse which was so on my mind. A knock came to the door; it was Sister S. bringing a message from the pastor. I felt he knew, and with a beating heart I entered his room; the usual kind welcome greeted me, and then in a most solemn earnest manner he began to say, that having heard of my wish to give myself more to the Lord's service, he thought he could put before me a more urgent call nearer home. A letter from Miss Nightingale and the spread of Popery in England, seemed to have suggested what I soon found was his plan. But I could never, however willing, be qualified for the post he proposes; however, I gladly accepted his offer of training. To be fitted for a far lower post will indeed be a blessing and honour far beyond what I could ask or think. What am I, who have been so unfaithful in little, that I should now be called to come up higher? I could only say, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' but it was too much filled with thoughts of self and outward disqualifications. This proposal has, however, opened my eyes, and will, I trust, yet more, to my own inward shortcomings and want of heart-love."

"*Tuesday.*—This morning felt so oppressed with the thought of my unfitness for the calling put before me, that I could not help returning to my room after prayers at seven and remaining there till my ten o'clock class, in prayer and reading, specially passages from Jeremiah xxxiii. Wonderful words indeed I read, promises, invitations, encouragements. The pastor proposed yesterday, that I should be gently trained into the habits of obedience and duties of a Sister, specially in the hospital, then by degrees given a higher position; in spring a visit home, an interview with Miss Nightingale, a return here, perhaps to be tried as the head of some department, and then, if by God's will and aid qualified, ready in autumn to work with and under Miss Nightingale. Such is his plan; to me it seems impossible. Under others, gladly would I act, but I have not the qualifications or self-reliance to be a head, and have neither age nor weight for such a position as he offers. The Government Nightingale Committee and the Evangelical party, to provide,—the one, nurses; the other, true faithful Christian deaconesses. He would hear no objection, so all I could say was what most heartily I could answer, 'Time, strength, and every talent God has given me, most gladly will I devote all to Him as He enables me.' The pastor spoke so kindly, 'Here am I,' is all the Lord needs. The training will be invaluable, but not for the sphere he thinks, that could never be; perchance the Lord will favour me with a call to a wholly devoted but lower sphere in His vineyard. The only objection to Syria in my mind is that Ireland was ever my first aim. England is nearer than Syria, perchance, it may after all be Ireland. The two requests go together in my letter to mother, one for months in a far country, the other for the devotion of a life. God help her, whose sacrifice will be the greatest. I could not help sending, 1 Sam i. 27, 28."

Meanwhile her labours in the hospital continued :—

" My routine is now : up at 5, dress, make bed, sweep room, and read till 6.15, breakfast and prayers, go to hospital at 7, give children cod-liver oil and other medicines, then begins the washing and dressing till 8.30, children's luncheon, then there are several who must be fed, mending to be done, etc., 10 to 11 English class, 11 children's dinner, and after it is over, and faces and hands washed, our own dinner comes ; then I take the children a walk till 2, children's coffee etc., 3.30 to 4 the 'Stille Stunde' in the church, 4 medicines given, 5 undressing and washing of children for bed, 7 supper ; some evenings I have the charge of the hospital till 9.30. This is the daily routine. Having to melt my ink and hold it in my hand to keep it so is not advantageous to letter-writing. To-day, when washing my hands, actually some drops which fell on the table were frozen before, with half-dried hands, I tried to wipe them up, and now I write only by dint of every now and then breathing on my penful of frozen ink, but I really do not suffer from the cold. Sister Caroline died yesterday afternoon; indeed, it was a blessed release from fearful suffering from internal cancer. I dare say I have told you of her. She was the head of an institution in Frankfort, where, in the cholera year, she took the disease, but recovered from it to have daily, or rather nightly, increasing pain, with which, however, she worked on at her post till about two months ago; since she came here she has been much worse, and even to the last suffered fearfully, but her mind was so happy. There have been more deaths among the sisters the last six months than any remember. Last night we had the 'Monat Stunde,' that is the monthly meeting of sisters to hear the news from our outposts, extracts from letters, and the general outlines of work going on."

Early in February she was placed in the responsible position of superintendent of the boys' hospital, doubtless with a view to train her in directing others, and to test whether she were really as deficient in governing power as she herself believed. It was no easy task; unruly children, little accustomed to control, and well enough to make a noise and resist authority, while her want of fluency in the language was still a source of trouble to her, and created many difficulties in her intercourse with them. She writes at this time:—

"Had I not too much to do, I should sit down and cry sometimes over the perplexities of my present position. As one of the head sisters said to me, 'It is not as easy as one would think to be a superintendent.' I have the smallest number in my charge of any of the hospital departments, but I think, in many ways, the hardest to manage, for ruling boys is what I never had a talent for, and some are so naughty; then my former comforter, Sister S., being now my head and judge, I never come across her without being found fault with. Last night I put a very naughty little boy in the corner, whereupon he screamed and tore at everything in the wildest manner, and not knowing what to do, I put him supperless to bed; he began to scream, and Sister S. came in and blamed me for not being more firm with him. This morning he was again naughty, and the same scene was repeated; Sister S. came in and sent him to an empty room, where he was left for two hours, and returned quite subdued. Sister S., however, spoke to me very seriously, and said she had not time to govern the children for me: I must not let this occur again. My assistant, too, tries me sorely; she is willing, but so slow. I feel very hopeless of succeeding, and fear abusing the kindness which has honoured me with the charge. To-day, when out walking, I could only keep from crying by running races with my boys. From 5.30 A.M. till 7 P.M. I never leave them, and then sit in their sleeping-room from 8 till 10. I fear I offered myself thoughtlessly for a work I am not qualified for; however, it is well to find out my deficiency in time."

"*Thursday.*—I am really more hopeful, for matters have gone on much better and I did not get one reproof to-day. My boys made and kept a resolution to improve, and I had no great rebellion. It is easy to contend with one or two, but when all unite against 'Tante Agnes,' as they call me, it is no easy task to procure peace. This morning, Sister S. told me it would be well for me to witness an operation to be performed in the men's hospital. I went, knowing no particulars, and found it was the removal of a finger. The man was under the influence of chloroform, and after all was finished, the doctor was afraid the dose had been too strong, and had to use violent measures to revive him. The knowledge he could not suffer made me witness the whole thing quite calmly, but it would be dreadful without the chloroform. The cleaning and keeping my dominion in order is such a business. Sweeping and washing the floor of the three rooms every morning, two stoves which must be black-leaded weekly, each taking an hour, weekly cleaning of windows, tins, dinner chest, washing of bandages, etc., besides the washing up after each of our five meals,—keeps one busy. I am beginning to feel quite a motherly love for my boys, and they improve daily."

"*Sunday.*—With a thankful heart, indeed, did I go to church to-day, for it was light and joyous compared to that of last Sunday. I have got on wonderfully, and can only thank God and take courage, for my own strength was and is powerless. What a blessing could I be indeed the teacher and guide of these little ones! Yesterday, we sent home a child cured after two years' stay here: he was a troublesome fellow, and yet I was sorry to see him go from the advantages he has had here; he has no mother, and will, I am sure, feel the change. My poor little Otto is very ill, and besides his poor back and numerous sores, he has a racking cough, which makes him scream dreadfully; he will let no one touch him but me, and between dressing his sores and rubbing his poor chest it is an almost endless business. I was so amused to-day at Pastor S. He came into the room as my boys and I were going to dinner. He speaks English well, and, having been tutor in an English family, knows the customs in England. Now I am so accustomed to my way of living, it never costs me a thought; but a soup plate of vegetables with a bit of meat on the top, sent up with the children's porringers, and set on a cloth which, with all my efforts, I cannot keep clean even two days, much less seven, is certainly rather a contrast to mother's dinner-table. 'Do you eat here?' asked the pastor. 'Yes, always with my boys.'—'It must be a great self-denial for you; your habits are so different?'—'Oh, I never was better or happier.'—'Well,' said he, 'I trust it is you are one with Christ,' and so he took his leave. He had just been with my Otto; he was pleased with his visit, and says we must not expect too much from a child. I trust he is right, but it pains me to see the clinging to life. To-day, the doctor's order was to put the poor little chilly creature into a room without fire, and all the windows open, and alone, as it would be too cold for other patients. I can't understand the reason; poor child, he clings so to me, I hope I may be with him till he dies. A new boy was brought to me yesterday by such a nice mother, I quite fell in love with her; with every new-comer I feel as I should about sending a child to school, dread of the evil influence of companions predominating over the means of good. I now generally take a turn in the starlight on my way to my room when I leave the hospital at night, and the same heavenly lights seen at Fahan bring happy thoughts of both the earthly and eternal homes, and often tears of joy and thankfulness for my happy life and many blessings. The Kaiserswerth Scripture Calendar, compiled by the pastor, is a very good one. I must send you a copy. It gives a morning and evening portion, the mid-day Psalm, and the day's text. Monday's was Luke xxii. 24–30 compared with John xiii. 2–20. 'I am among you as he that serveth' seemed to come to me in a new light. Oh, to follow His footsteps more truly, not only in the outward but in the inward and spiritual sense of the words. I often wonder, will there ever be deaconesses in England. I cannot however, imagine the amalgamation of ranks and duties there being carried out as it is here. It would be difficult to draw the line, and yet I often cannot but regret that so much of the sisters' time is taken up with the most menial occupations, so that the 'Stille Stunde,' two or three times a week, is the only time for quiet reading and prayer during the day.

"On Saturday at 10.30 came a telegraphic message from Berlin, announcing the death of the head sister there. We had a funeral sermon yesterday, closed by a thanksgiving to Him Who gave her all her talents, and allowed her to use them eighteen years in His service. When I hear of the death of a Christian, those lines come so vividly before me, 'And make the walls of heaven still ring with my new-born melody.' I suppose the song of thanksgiving never loses its freshness in heaven, and though as one learns more of the love which has led us through life, as many of life's mysteries are more and more seen to have been ordered by Omniscient wisdom and love, the song may have its deeper notes, still I think the first burst of thanksgiving when a ransomed sinner finds herself in heaven must be such an outburst of joy."

"*Monday.*—I wonder if I could ever get used to living in a town; the sight of a lovely rose-tinted sky these last few evenings was so tantalizing, seen over tiled roofs, it made me long for one of my own Fahan sunsets; the eye desires a sight of home beauties, as the heart does its voices and love. Spring seems to have come, with soft mild air and bright sunshine; at night I often think, perhaps to-morrow I shall find some hedges bursting into leaf, or see some other sign of spring, but with daylight the remembrance comes that the only kind of tree or hedge here are those weary straight poplars. It is well one's pleasures are not only of the eye and outward things."

"*April 8th.*—It is a solemn time, as, in the hush of night, with the smell of death so strong in the room that it is almost unbearable even with open windows, I keep watch by Otto, who has now been twenty-four hours in the last agony; now the unconscious screaming of many hours is over, but there is still the working with clenched hands, the grinding of teeth, and at times the death rattle. Oh, I feel so thankful no poor mother has had last night's and to-day's watch; it would have been agony to her, though we quite believe him to have been unconscious since one o'clock last night. But it teaches one something of the depth of Psalm xxiii. 4, 'Thou art with me.' That can truly be the only comfort in such a time. This night will end my Otto's life as it ends my superintendence of the boys, for I am to go to-morrow as helper in the women's hospital. This is a quiet, solemn time to review my two happy months with my boys. May the crucified and risen Saviour cleanse me from the guilt of the past, and give me power for the future. Every night I used to pray with Otto after they were all in bed, and he used to put his poor little arm round my neck as I knelt beside him, but last night he said of himself, 'I will only now pray that Jesus may take me to heaven, and that I may soon die,' and as I had put my face near him to hear, he said, 'Lay your cheek on mine, it does me so much good.'"

"*April* 10*th*.—I am now at home in my new station. I have the entire care of four women, also of the medicines of the twenty-four in the ward. My own special charge have sore legs, which must be hourly attended to, beds made twice a day, rooms cleaned, etc.; then, as far as I can, I help with the other patients. I have such delight in the women, reading to them is like reading to my poor at home."

"*April* 22*nd*.—No deaconess has the perplexities of choosing her own position, or deciding on her own movements; unfortunately, I am not so pleasantly situated. But you must have the history of my difficulty or you will not understand the sequel. Saturday's post brought me a letter from Mrs. Ranyard, which roused many conflicting feelings. First, an invitation to be in Hunter Street on the 27th, to be in time for the Bible Society Meeting on the 1st May. Then she says, 'A friend is building a house for me in St. Giles's, a dormitory for fifty girls, besides our rescue home. Your mother would sooner see you settle in London to help me in the great work of Bible women, etc., than that you should go to Syria.' She then proposes that I should come to her to supply a want of some one who can devote time to visiting and inspecting the various missions, and assist in the choice and training of the Bible women, besides managing and establishing these homes. The proposal seems perfect in every way, and I only felt not good enough for the work; besides, to leave this so soon, not to return, is a trial. I was prevented by my duties, going to speak to the pastor on the subject, and meanwhile, a large letter was handed me from Mr. —, enclosing a plan for a proposed home for nurses. He writes to ask if I will go to the St. John's Home training-hospital, to be prepared by Miss Jones there, for two or three months, and then take the superintendence of this nurses' home, which is to be connected with the infirmary in ——. Most patiently and kindly did the pastor give me a whole hour and much valuable advice. He says he would in no way influence my choice; according to a German proverb, 'One's own heart and one's God are the best counsellors.' At the same time, he feels the work Mr. — proposes might be a centre from which boundless good would radiate, if it be really made a training-school for Christians, as well as nurses; that to introduce the true and all-important element might be my work, and so if God give grace, I might be the heart, even if after training I cannot be fitted to be the head of the work. He advises me to go to London for the May meetings; I shall then have the opportunity of meeting many people, and hear the views taken respecting such work. What am I to say, when such work is before me? Sometimes I think the question may well be asked of me, 'With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? In the pride of thy heart thou aspirest to greater work, thou, who wast not found faithful in that which was least.' And yet when I look back and see how I have been led from step to step hitherto in a way I could never have imagined, I can only say to God, 'I bring a willing mind, and if, with all my shortcomings, Thou callest me, here am I, only do Thou touch my lips with a coal from Thy altar.' With a heavy heart I shall leave what has for seven months been such a happy home, to go again among strangers, but as here I could say, I am not alone, so there will He be with us."

Agnes had reason to fear that many of the gentlemen connected with the plan proposed to her by Mr. — were Unitarians, and her reply to his letter shows her determination not to join any scheme of benevolence in which she could not have freedom to tell perishing sinners of the only way of salvation.

"KAISERSWERTH, *April*, 1861.

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 15th I would say, that before entering into any connection with the —— training-school and home for nurses, I must know something more respecting its basis. You sent me the ground plan of the building, but I would ask, is its foundation and corner-stone to be Christ and Him crucified, the only Saviour? Is the Christian training of the nurses to be the primary, and hospital skill the secondary object? I ask not that all should be of one Christian denomination, but what I do ask is that Jesus, the God-man, and His finished work of salvation for all who believe on Him, should be the basis, and the Bible the book of the institution. If this be your end and aim, then will I gladly pass through any course of training to be fitted to help in your work, even though it be in a far lower position than that which you propose. You must be prepared to find me as yet quite untrained, but willing hands and a heart to work for the Lord as He enables, I trust I can offer. If you still think we may at least try to work together, perhaps a personal interview would be advisable. I expect (God willing) to be in London about May 1st, and shall see Miss Nightingale and Miss Jones (of St. John's hospital), but, as I said before, I shall not embark in any work whose great aim is not obedience to the command, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.'

"Believe me to remain, yours truly,

"AGNES E. JONES."

"MALINES, *Friday*, 6 A.M.

"MY OWN DARLING MOTHER,—While waiting for the train to Antwerp, from whence we hope to sail to-day at 1, I must try to note down a few of the sad but sweet remembrances of yesterday. I really knew not how I loved and was loved till the parting came. Sister Sophie comforted me with the words of some German writer, 'Those who love in the Lord never see each other for the last time.' If I could tell you of half her love and kindness! She was indeed my 'Mutter Schwester,' and when I thanked her for all her loving care, 'Oh,' said she, 'your affection and gratitude almost make me ashamed.' She shamed me by her thanks for what she called my confidence and obedience. The pastor, too, begged me to write, and promises help and advice whenever I need it. Had I gained nothing but this, it would be much; for the counsel of such a man, with all his experience and large-heartedness, single aim for God's glory, and simple childlike faith, one feels is the highest wisdom. He is liberal in his views, but as he said when

I was speaking of the Broad Church party, 'One must not be so broad as to forget there is but the narrow way to heaven.'

"The future is as yet all uncertain; I feel the way must be made very plain for me. Mrs. Ranyard's proposal is most attractive, and would be a good training for work; still, as my leaning to it may arise from its being a comparatively easy call, I shall wait till the other way is closed before I look at all the attractiveness of this. Still, I do love hospital work, and feel it is a position of boundless usefulness to train nurses."

Thus ended Agnes's personal connection with Kaiserswerth; from the first day of her arrival there, she had thrown herself completely into the routine of the place, submitting herself to its discipline, and taking up whatever work the pastor appointed for her. Sometimes it did seem a waste of power when she was obliged to spend so much time each day cleaning lamps and stoves, sweeping floors, and doing other rough work, which sadly tried her delicate hands; of this we only heard when she was lamenting her uselessness in the hospital for some time, as she had to keep her hands poulticed and bandaged from the injury they had received. At the same time, we must remember that much of this was voluntary work, which she chose to do rather than leave it to the deaconesses, as well-born and as delicately nurtured as she had been, in whose daily routine such offices were included. Implicit obedience was one of Pastor Fliedner's imperative requirements; and Agnes often said she owed much to her training in this respect at Kaiserswerth. Her greatest pleasure was, however, in the hospitals, and there she became daily more convinced that nursing-work was her vocation. For years she had delighted in visiting and tending the sick in the neighbourhood of her country home, but now she felt within herself powers which had not before been called into action. One day, soon after she went to Kaiserswerth, she was in the children's hospital when the doctor arrived to perform an operation on a baby for a hare lip. The sister from some cause was absent, and the deaconess in charge turned pale when asked to hold the child. Agnes came forward, "May I take him?" The doctor looked at her and said, "No. You would faint; you have not been tried, and experience is necessary in these cases; a trembling hand or a momentary faintness might be most injurious to the child." But Agnes still asked, "Do try me; there is no one else." Perhaps the doctor saw the firmness in her calm brow and steady eye, for he allowed her to take the child. She never wavered while a firm grasp of the little sufferer was necessary, but when he was laid in his crib and she got away to her room, she indulged in a good cry, yet felt, as she wrote to us, very much pleased at the discovery of her nerve. After this, she was tried again and again, and always with the same result; it seemed strange that with her peculiarly tender, sensitive, and sympathizing nature, she could bear thus to witness suffering, but God had given her the power so to realize the ultimate good that she was nerved for the preliminary trial, and many were the cases, during the next few years, when her presence and strengthening words soothed the hour of mortal agony. But in all the occupation and numerous calls on sympathy and interest, her home and her poor at Fahan were never forgotten; every letter is full of messages to the cottages where so much of her time had been spent; none were forgotten, and we were continually reminded by her that such a one should have blankets, another warm clothing, another nourishing food. It was very painful to her to think that they would not understand her leaving them, and that it must seem to them like forgetfulness or caprice; but truly she sought *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and where she believed He willed her to go, there she went without a murmur.

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON.

"There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide,
Of the everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

WE must now go back to the summer of 1859, when my sister and I went to London with our only brother, who was to sail thence to Australia. After his departure, while remaining a short time in town to visit some of the ragged schools, homes, and reformatories in which we were interested, a friend kindly introduced us to Mrs. Ranyard, the editor of the 'Book and its Missions.' As we entered the pleasant drawing-room in Hunter Street, at the close of a sultry July day, wondering at the cool fragrance which pervaded it, and admiring the lovely flowers and delicate ferns which seemed to take one far into the country, while the constant roll of wheels told us we were close to the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, and as we sat and talked with our kind host and hostess, and heard the details of the wonderful transformation which the Bible women were effecting in the dark lanes and alleys of London, we little thought of the link that was even then being riveted between us all, and that before long, one of those eager listeners was to be working in the same great field of labour. The revival movement that summer, in the north of Ireland, attracted the attention of many English Christians, and when in the autumn, rest was declared necessary for Mrs. Ranyard, she proposed visiting the places where God's blessing seemed to be so richly poured forth. She paid us a short but very happy visit at Fahan, and Agnes afterwards joined her for some days at Portrush. Mrs. R.'s two young daughters, full of life and joyous brightness, with all the fair promise which delights a parent's heart, were with her; a few months later, the elder, a sweet and most attractive creature, was taken up to the better land, where God gathers in His loveliest flowers. The pressure of a work which could not be laid aside, even when grief for such a loss needed quiet and repose, seemed almost more than human strength could bear; and in the letter Mrs. Ranyard wrote to my sister, offering her work in London if she could come there from Kaiserswerth, she still further urged the proposal by saying she really wanted help in this time of sorrow and depression.

My mother and I arranged to meet Agnes in London, but circumstances delayed our journey, and she had been three weeks in Hunter Street before we arrived. Never did her sweet face look brighter or happier than when she greeted us that day, after our eight months' separation; she was already fully engaged in the Bible mission, and, for a time, the thought of hospital work was laid aside. This was chiefly from my mother's strong objection to her undertaking any course of training which would involve residence in a hospital. It was, indeed, a trying request for a mother's heart, to give up her eldest child, one who had ever been the delight and gladness of her home, to a life-work which must separate her completely from her family, and doom her to spend her days among the saddest scenes of suffering which darken the face of this bright earth. When God's voice speaks directly to us, and asks for the return of the blessing He has lent, we can say, with bitter tears and breaking heart-strings, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight;" but when God speaks indirectly through circumstances, depriving us of our treasures, it seems impossible not to resist, and to question whether it be indeed God's voice that calls us to such a surrender. And so it was now; but that heavenly Father Who knows the deep tenderness of a mother's heart, and all that this sacrifice involved, sent a reprieve, and in loving mercy laid on the burden gradually, which would have been too crushing had the whole weight been felt at first. An extract from one of Agnes's letters, written at this time, may be given to show her feeling on the subject:—

"My want, as far as I yet know myself, arises from a deficiency of directing and superintending power, and I do feel this is one of the great requisites for any work. Whether I may have the faculty yet dormant remains to be proved, as yet I am more conscious of the want than of its possession. The solution of this question seems to me to be indispensable before I ought to embark in any training for work which would involve my becoming a superintendent, else I should find myself, at the end of a year or two, a mere nurse. Useful as a woman perhaps, but burying the talent given me in my position in society, or leaving me to make a new start in another path of usefulness. This being the case, it seems to me the wiser plan first of all to find out what my powers are; for this opportunity will be afforded me in the various experiences in Mrs. Ranyard's work. This is not turning aside from a purpose which has so long been mine, and though involving neutrality and delay, is not, I trust, losing time."

To another friend she writes about the same date:—

"I want a life-work to employ the faculties which God has given me: they are not many or great mentally, but they are His gift, and I desire to devote them to His service. I have no sympathy with the High Church party, and so should not enter a sisterhood, even were I free, which I am not, from home-ties. These are my first duties, but there seems now to be a time which I am free to spend as I like, —that time I want to employ, while I am young, in being trained for some sphere of usefulness, in which, if spared to maturer age, I may be employed. Whether I may now enter on a course of training for such a post as that which has been proposed to me in Liverpool, and for which there seems no course open, save that of entering as one of the Nightingale probationers, at St. Thomas's Hospital, for a year, or whether I seek, in the practical experience of work under Mrs. Ranyard, the knowledge I need, is now my difficulty. The one is preparation for future work; the other is immediate entrance on it. Did I see my way clearly, I could delight in either sphere of labour, though there is no doubt which would be, for the present, the easier post; that is not my aim, it is, How can I work best for God?

"Miss Nightingale kindly and plainly put before me the trials of association with uneducated though respectable women as my only companions during the year's training; but though I fully realize what it would be, I feel as if I could meet it, were I called upon to do so. Trustfully and prayerfully have I left it in the hands of my heavenly Father, and if He incline not my mother's heart to allow of my going to St. Thomas's, I shall thank Him that He has provided me with another field of labour."

As my mother could not bring herself to consent to the hospital training, it was arranged that Agnes should remain with Mrs. Ranyard, and after two or three weeks we returned to Ireland without her, feeling quite satisfied that with such kind and watchful friends, who cared for her as if she had been their own child, she would be perfectly happy. Very few are the letters or notes from which we can gather details of the next few months. Her time seems to have been chiefly occupied in preparing the Parker Street Dormitory, which was opened by Lord Shaftesbury on the 5th of June, 1861, superintending the furnishing and arranging of this home for girls, and of the refuge in Dudley Street, holding mothers' meetings in one district and another where the lady-superintendent was absent or ill, inquiring into the character and references of proposed Bible-women, and in every way making herself useful to Mrs. Ranyard.

One of her first letters after our departure from London is as follows:—

"My own Darling,—I seem to miss you more and more every day; even the peeps at you, and feeling you near, were more of comfort than I knew when I was murmuring at not being oftener with you. I hope you are enjoying those lovely green fields and hedges and trees and the peep of the church from your bedroom-window, as I did two years ago when staying at Highfield. I never thought so much of the beauty of trees and flowers as now; but I am happy without seeing them, and shall be daily more independent of their enjoyment when in full work. I do so look forward to beginning my dormitory Bible class on Sunday. Think of me from 2.30 to 3.30. It is like Fahan work again. I trust I may be taught to teach. Yesterday I went with Mr. R. to see two lifelong sufferers who yet rejoice in the Lord. The first, Betty Jones, whose fall downstairs thirty-two years ago, caused not only such injury to the brain that sound is agony, but brought on a large tumour in the neck, producing asthma;—to prevent the suffering from the heat of the bed, the head and neck are placed in a plate. The doctors say the least elevation of the head would cause circulation to cease at the heart, and instant death, yet the whispered words in which she speaks of

'Blessed Jesus, in everything suitable,' 'Just the Saviour suitable for me,' and the look and motion of the hand, all tell He is hers. Nothing ever moves her, she is so firm on the Rock. Drury Lane is close by, and the night the theatre was burned all were in alarm, and, for her, death seemed inevitable; to move her was death, and all was in flames around, the air full of sparks and burning timbers, one piece of which entering the chimney of the next house, set it on fire; 'The Lord actually carried it over my chimney to the next,' she said in heartfelt gratitude, and so in her closely-curtained, darkened nook, she waits the dawn of eternal day. Through endless streets and lanes we threaded our way to visit Sarah Bird, of whom you have read in Mrs. R.'s magazine, the poor creature who has but the use of her thumb; she, however, seemed to me in luxury compared to poor Betty; she can read and bear light and noise, and enjoy speaking and listening, and her bright expression told more than the words of thankfulness which poured from her lips, of the peace within. She, too, has her trials, but she said, 'I am ashamed to talk of my suffering when I think of all Jesus suffered for me.' I am to go to doctor her, for the eighteen years in one position has caused sad bed-sores; of all her body she can only move her head, but she says, 'Is it not a blessing, though, that I can do that, to see those texts on my wall? why, look there, Ps. xxiii. 1, 'I shall not want.' Want, I was very near it once, but see now how rich I am.' What do you think of my having so much to say to the Rescue-House? I never chose it, but it seemed put before me, and daily becomes more my charge. I feel as if in the way of duty I shall be kept from harm. The only thing is, I can scarcely help crying when I am talking or praying with the girls, still I do not think that harms them, and it does not me. They are so impressible and impulsive, but it seems over in a minute."

"*Friday*.—Fancy me, after a night of toothache, and a day consisting of Dudley Street Refuge, Parker Street Dormitory, printer's business, investigation into complaints against a Bible woman, visit to the same, confronting her with the district clergyman, having to assert Mrs. R.'s right to manage the case, two hours with a dentist who made me quite comfortable, industrial kitchen, etc., on my evening visit to Dudley Street finding a girl had run off, then a disappointment about meeting Lady M. F. I did not get home till ten o'clock, and then found a dozen letters to answer; no wonder you must be put off with a short one from your loving Agnes."

"*Wednesday*.—How badly I have treated you lately in the letter line, but between business letters for Mrs. R., extracting from the Bible women's journals, and studying their boundaries, and the locality of Bible Society's depôts, I might have my days fully occupied in the house, yet I have plenty to do out of it besides. All yesterday afternoon was taken up with a *réunion* at the most magnificent of houses in Kensington Palace Gardens, then tea at Mrs. Bayley's, and a peep at a mothers' tea-party. To-day I thought, how shall I get through all my business at the houses? And then at breakfast other duties were so mapped out for me as to leave me not a moment for them, and so one day's business seems rolled in another, while each brings its own special work. We are to have a great day at Walthamstow on the 31st. Tuesday we go to Barnet, and stay the three days of the conference."

"*Monday.*—Last night, about 9.30, Mr. R. came in saying, 'There is a great fire on the river, will you come and see it?' We all set out, and drove to three different bridges, ending by the one nearest to the fire—London Bridge. Such a sight as it was! Eleven acres of great storehouses on fire, many vessels and barges, which being moored close to the shore, could not be got out from the mud, the smoke of every shade of colour reaching up to heaven, with flames now and then shooting up almost as high; tongues of fire of varied hue from palest yellow to deepest orange, sometimes completely wrapping the walls of the buildings, hiding even their form, sometimes roaring up through skeleton walls,—the roofs, one after another, falling in, sending up sparks, while beams and rafters came whirling through the air, often falling on some doomed vessel to add it to the general conflagration. Sometimes the smoke rolled back, and through the windows we saw the flames defining every angle of the ill-fated houses; then the oil and other combustible substances were burning on the river, and one felt the mighty power of fire licking up even the water which should have extinguished it. Not only was the fire a sight, but the crowds of people, every face lighted up by the lurid glow, bringing each individual of those mighty masses out in strong relief. With all this majesty and awful grandeur there was also much of surpassing beauty. The full moon looked down in calm serenity, contrasting strangely with the scene below, and there were times and points of view when the buildings looked unearthly in their spectral beauty; the Monument with its pillar so mellowed that it seemed almost ethereal, its mimic crowning flames were indeed flames in the reflection which caught that point with a crimson bronzy glow, and then St. Paul's, and some nearer towers and steeples, and the Houses of Parliament in the distance, each in its own light; the river crowded with boats and steamers, the bridges with dense masses of foot passengers, and human forms crowding on every available point, all gazing hopelessly, helplessly on. Oh, it taught such a lesson of man's impotency! The play of the engines were but as threads of water on those mighty flames which seemed to revel in all the desolation they were creating. On Saturday I had a very interesting mothers' meeting at . . . five German women were there, two of whom could not understand English, and great was their delight when I recapitulated my words in German."

"HADLEY GREEN, BARNET.

"MY OWN DARLINGS,—I must write you a few lines, as in about an hour we shall be again in London, leaving this place, which I am sure I shall look back to in heaven as the scene in which a new and most wondrous leaf of the Bible was turned over for me and by me. The notes I send of the addresses will show you what were the lessons learned at this wonderful conference. As a whole, the conference, enlarged this year from the select four hundred to one thousand, was not so much the intimate communion of saints as formerly. It was so interesting to hear of the many well-attended students' prayer meetings at Oxford, and the earnest spirit among the young men there, and other details of work in various places, On Tuesday the first meeting at 11 was opened as usual by Mr. Pennefather coming forward on the platform, where were gathered all the speakers, lay and clerical, and calling upon all to unite in silent prayer to God for His presence and His Spirit's blessing; this was followed by singing and prayer; then, one by one, Mr. P. read various requests for prayer, which were so numerous that as each was read, there was a pause for silent prayer; then singing and addresses till 1 o'clock. We separated then for dinner. At 3 o'clock Mr. Denham

Smith gave a most striking address. Thursday evening a most beautiful address from Dr. Bonar. On Friday evening all met in the church for the communion, after which there was an address in the iron room. I can't tell you of half to-day. Of all the kind things Mrs. Ranyard has done for me, and they are many, none was kinder than taking me to Barnet. The lesson to me of the whole has been an opening up of the richness of the privileges Christians may claim, and put forth their hands and take."

"DUDLEY STREET, *Wednesday.*—To-day I had a long talk with —— in whom I am much interested; herself the child of sin, she seemed scarcely to know right from wrong; when in service, she says, her companions were very harmful to her, and it really seems that Mrs. W. was led to pass by the door-step where she was sleeping to bring her to a place where she might hear of Jesus. God grant she may be found of Him. She is diseased in body and soul. Went twice to Parker Street; to St. Paul's Churchyard to buy ticking for houses.

Mothers' meeting in Bidboro' Street, only six present; tried to teach them the lesson of John v."

"DUDLEY STREET, *Sunday, 25th.*—Morning class not as well attended as I expected, but still encouraging; this street, with every shop open, made me feel,—Is no seed sown by all the efforts made?"

"*Monday.*—Industrial kitchen; Victoria docks mothers' tea meeting, twenty-two present. In evening Clerkenwell mothers' meeting, most interesting. I do so enjoy my work, though I have only time to give you the heads of it; the people in Parker Street seem to prize my Sunday class, and some who have gone to situations beg leave to come to it whenever their mistresses can spare them. I paid poor Mrs. P. my second visit to-day, which she seemed to enjoy, but she is still greatly depressed. I am sure I have need to study my Bible much, coming across so many various cases, but the more I see and hear, the more I feel it must be God's teaching alone that can help or comfort; so many are made unhappy by man giving a wrong place to some of God's truths. This week I have a proposed district nurse to look after, and a Bible-woman's German people to visit, besides my usual duties. I long so sometimes to escape the noise of London. I feel as if I could walk twenty miles on the hottest day, did it take me to some lone mountain top."

"PARKER STREET, *Friday*.—Spoke to —— alone; she seems to feel now she knows the love of Jesus. Victoria docks; visited Mrs. C., not in so much pain as last visit, but weaker; she says, on Friday last there came over her such a feeling of Jesus' love; it was as if a voice told her He loved her."

"*August* 16*th*.—Herr M. from Berlin called; spent some hours at Dudley Street, spoke to each separately. Visited S. Bird."

"*August* 19*th*.—Returned from a most enjoyable visit to Chislehurst; such kindness from all, and such intense enjoyment of views, air, and flowers; I became a country girl again. I found many letters to answer on my return. Visited Dudley Street. Mrs. — gave me a most affecting account of —'s interview with her father. His letter of forgiveness did not arrive till next day, so his visit was unexpected. She was much moved when she heard of his arrival, but crept out tremblingly to meet him. When she came to the door of the room where he was, she turned aside, burying her face in her hands and saying her father could never bear to look at her again; no words but those which describe the reception of the prodigal by his father could picture that meeting. He fell on her neck and kissed her, and they and those present mingled their tears over the lost one found."

"*August 28th*—Went to see S. Bird; she was in great suffering, but says all she needs is 'grace to praise God more.' She told Lady M. she was 'always cheerful because looking to the things beyond.'"

In August Mrs. Ranyard went to Switzerland for six weeks, and Agnes took the whole charge of the mission during her absence, and on her return Agnes wrote her the following letter as a sketch of her employments in the interval:—

"DEAREST MRS. RANYARD,—The events of the last six weeks, though interesting as they daily occurred, will not form any very important features in a review of the time. You left us August 13th, and on the 16th Herr Neuhause called with an introduction from Mr. Moon. He was anxious to inquire into the Bible-women's work, with a view of establishing something of the kind in Berlin. Two ladies called from the country to tell of the work of their Bible women, but of the eight in Leicester and the one in the Isle of Man, you will read elsewhere. I have been at several mothers' meetings. I held those at Victoria docks weekly during Miss P.'s absence. Drury Lane, Chislehurst, Grey's Buildings, Whitecross Street, May Fair, Cow Cross, Dudley Street, Portman Market, York Road, Moor Lane, Coburg Row, Dove Row, and Stourbridge mother's meetings, I have either held or been present at. The question of their boundaries has obliged me to hold many meetings of the Bible women, five and six at a time. Our numbers in Parker Street have mounted up to twenty-six, so I wrote to ask Mr. Alexander to send us some more beds, which he has kindly promised to do, also sheets, blankets, etc. He was much pleased at what I mentioned to him of the manner in which the dormitory seems really to become the adopted home of the inmates, for not merely is it their abode during their time of lodging there, but they return to it when they leave their situations; they recommend friends to try it, and are sure to spend part of every holiday, if not the whole of it, there. They seem also to feel they have there a friend to advise and help them in their difficulties, and the Sunday afternoon class is attended by many of our former inmates. We have cases of those who were longing for spiritual instruction, as well as for respectable lodgings, being recommended to come to our matron; one now in the house was on the verge of becoming a nun, to her the only conceivable way of finding the peace she longed for; now her eyes seem to be opened to a better way, though she does not feel she has yet entered on it.

“Mrs. S. (one of the Bible women) has had Asiatic cholera, and for many hours her life was despaired of, but the grief of her poor people during the hours of danger and suffering has encouraged her to hope that, having won their love, she may be enabled to lead them to One Who loves them far better than she can do. She has not quite shaken off the effects of her illness, and the deadly cold of her limbs will, the doctor fears, long continue, unless she be provided with warm under-clothing. I spent one most enjoyable afternoon with the Westminster Bible woman. At two o’clock I went to the Coburg Row mothers’ meeting, which is very small, accounted for by most of the women being laundresses. A little school has been opened in the same house for destitute children, who are entirely kept: four only as yet, as the funds are low; they seemed well-behaved, and sang very nicely. Our boundary meeting followed, and I could not resist an urgent invitation for a 7 o’clock prayer meeting; thus time was afforded for conversation. One told how she had had doubts whether she were called to the work, and had asked of the Lord a sign. She went to a house where the woman bade her go away, for they had more Bibles than they could read, however, Mrs. F. obtained permission to see the husband, who is a sincere Christian; he so enjoyed her reading and praying with him that on parting he said, 'I know God sent you here; your mission is from God.' So she went on her way rejoicing, knowing that the Lord had called her indeed. There seems such a nice spirit among these neighbouring workers. They go to each other's prayer meetings, and in every way work so hand in hand; it reminded me more of the deaconesses than anything I have seen, for there was the independence of individual separate action in their work, and yet union, because that work was for the one Master. I have visited Sarah Bird weekly, and much enjoy being with her. One day she was very weak and low, but said, she 'did not fear death; she heard of it as a dark valley, but she only thought of it as lighted up by the presence of Him Who promised to be with her.'"

The rest of this paper, which is very long, is taken up with accounts of special branches of the mission, interesting indeed, but too detailed to be inserted here. An account of the Biblewomen's day at Walthamstow is, however, too graphic to be omitted :—

" Come with me to the bedside of the cripple of London Wall, and you will hear her earnest desire that to-morrow may be fine that the Bible women may enjoy their day in the country. And now that that day has come and gone, you, as well as she, may like to know something of it. In three different parts of London, at 10 o'clock on the morning of July 31st, there might have been seen large vans receiving their passengers. And did you inquire who were those neatly dressed, pleasant looking women, you would have been answered, 'These are the 160 Bible women who are going to enjoy the yearly treat, to which they all look forward with pleasure.' An hour or two later, and far away from the roar and din of the mighty city, you would find ten vans setting down that same party at the door of a country house in Essex. And then, by carriage or by omnibus, would come those to whom the Bible women are very closely knit by ties which are felt but cannot be explained. Watch them a little and see the meeting between the Bible woman and her lady-superintendent, or listen to the tones of regret in which the one assigns a reason for the absence of the other, and you will feel how the pleasures of the day are doubled by being shared. Now let us try to recall the scene—a contrast, indeed, to that left but a few hours before. Soft grass beneath the feet, and lovely flowers and trees around, and God's bright sky above, and the glorious sun shining as it only seems to shine in the country, and the air so pure and clear that you seem to realize in the gladness of your heart a fresh feeling of the goodness of Him of Whom you can say, 'My Father made them all.' And if you join the scattered groups, you hear nothing discordant with the feelings of the moment; but how He Who made all these bright flowers and trees, those playful rabbits and fair children, is not God alone of the country but also of the town.

"The bell has rung; let us follow the women into that large tent and see how bounteous a provision has been made for their refreshment. Nor are the women there alone; the ladies, as well as their host and hostess, are caring that each should be provided for according to her taste. Now they have sung a hymn and dispersed through the grounds; we shall join some of them and hear some sad tales. Oh, if we were to tell of the night that one spent seeking a little girl who had left her home, what revelations were made to eye and ear of the wickedness, not only of men and women, but also of children. But is not the day too lovely so to mar its brightness? we would rather tell the other side. Here is one who speaks of the sick-bed she has lately left; on it lies a woman gasping for breath, the unnatural sharpening of the nose telling her end is near; beside her, a little one sick too, but sleeping now. She tells of such a revelation of Jesus' love to her, as vivid as a voice telling her He loved her. Once before she heard that voice. Months ago she was outside her door; a pious neighbour heard her cough, and warned her that soon perhaps she would lie sick unto death, and then how would it be with her soul? She would not listen, but the words stuck to her. The neighbour came to pray with her, and one night the never-forgotten question was answered. She was rising from her bed to pray, and, as it were beside her, she heard a voice saying to her, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' How gladly thenceforth she came to the mothers' meetings, from which she was never absent when it was possible to attend. Then listen to this death-bed scene; there is one in great bodily suffering, yet enjoying the peace which passeth all understanding. A week since the Bible woman left her, apparently careless, but with her sickness, the Spirit brought to her remembrance words heard long since in that now to her 'blessed mission room.' You hear of infidels converted, by God's blessing, on the reading of His Word brought to their doors by these women, and of scenes such as this: 'One day I opened a door to see, as I thought, a corpse on the bed before me; horror struck, I closed it on that chamber of death, but felt, as it were, forced into the room and down on my knees beside that bed. I prayed, and the eyes of the seeming corpse opened. 'Who are you? Who sent you here with those words for me?' Oh, it was because Christ would have that soul with Him for ever, for she was only spared to hear from Him, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.'

"Here is a woman from a country district, and but a partial description can be given of one house she entered: five motherless children, with a bad father, left all but naked; a boy of fourteen with only a ragged pair of trousers, into one leg of which an arm was thrust; a girl but a year younger and three other children in a similar plight; now clothed and cared for, they go to school, and the boy is in employment. Shall not these things come up in remembrance before the King of Kings? All is not bright in the Bible-woman's path, however; many are her discouragements, but her work is with the Lord, and her reward with her God, even though she should be called to lie, as one now does, in all the agony of cholera, brought on by the malaria caused by the late great fire in her neighbourhood. The pleasant day is near its close, and again all are gathered in the tent, and after tea addresses are given; a faithful word in season, urging them to search and see first that their own hearts are right with God, to examine whether they can tell to dying sinners of a Saviour *they* have found, and impressing on them the importance of themselves drinking deeply of the well of life, searching their Bibles and holding communion with heaven, drawing thence each day's and hour's supplies, and so maintaining personal holiness, as by their life and conduct to be seen as living epistles, 'known and read of all men.' And then they separate, having had this word of God given them as their motto in the work to which, with new vigour, they hope to return, Col. iii. 23, 24."

Early in October, Agnes came home for a short visit, and most warmly was she welcomed by her poor people at Fahan, who had often asked reproachfully had she forgotten them, and was she never coming back. It was hard to tell them that this was only a visit, and that the sunshine of her frequent presence was no longer to brighten their cottage homes. On her journey home she wrote to my mother:—

"Indeed, darling, this must be but a visit. If it were to have been otherwise, I believe God would have given me those to whom to hand over my work before leaving it; such, however, with all my endeavours, was not the case, and till my way is made clear thus to give it up, I must keep on. I love it more than I could have imagined, and neither did I believe I was so loved by my fellow-workers as this parting has proved; therefore, in many ways I shall return more sure of my position, and having it brightened by the consciousness of affection. Unless you absolutely withhold your consent, I hope certainly to return, and I feel I must try, when at home, to keep myself freer than before from the all-engrossing interests which are still to me as great as before I left home, and which I dread again to break. I almost fear to return to my poor, lest it should make me doubt what my next step ought to be

—whether to remain at Fahan or return to London."

This feeling, and the intense love she bore everything at Fahan, made this visit one of very mingled feelings to her. At first the enjoyment of the pure country air, the mountain walks, and all the sights and sounds of home seemed perfect; but as, day after day, the time drew nearer for her departure, one could see the struggle in her mind, though there was no doubt as to where the path of duty lay. We let her go the less grudgingly this time, because we had settled to spend the ensuing winter in Italy, and hoped to see her in London in a few weeks, deluding ourselves with a faint hope that she might be persuaded to accompany us. From Dublin, where she spent a few days on her return journey, she wrote :—

" I must write a few lines, to tell you of my exceeding enjoyment in renewing old and valuable friendships. I paid Mr. Hare a visit in his study; a heavy cold had prevented him preaching, but he said a few words on 'Fellowship with Jesus.' This, he says, is not as we fancy, a kind of ecstatic state, but, even if we have known this, it is more real perhaps when, overwhelmed with care or sorrow, we find the promise fulfilled, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' On Sunday I went to Trinity Church again, where Mr. Gregg preached on the twenty-second anniversary of its opening. Afterwards I went to Lurgan Street Ragged School, where I was very kindly received, and found many changes and improvements, plenty of teachers and room; but Lurgan Street has a fascination to me from old memories. I think I never enjoyed anything more than teaching there eleven years ago."

When we arrived in London, early in December, we found her looking thin and ill, and she confessed that she had been suffering from a wearying pain in the brow, and had consulted Dr. Kidd about it. His remedies gave her temporary relief, but it was evident she was not strong or well, and we urged on her very strongly that accompanying us to Italy would be the best cure. This seemed to her like abandoning her post, and she could not be persuaded to think of it. Ten days later, at Genoa, we found a letter from her, saying that she had been so ill that Dr. Kidd had ordered her change of air:—

"Mrs. R. insisted on my going to see Dr. K. this morning, as I was in agony with a new pain in the head and brain, worse than ever to-day. He says all comes from weakness; that I am not as strong as I look, that I must have change of air, so I have written to ask Mr. and Mrs. F. if I may go to them, at Highfield, for a few days."

The rest and country quiet of our dear friends' lovely rectory had a marvellous effect, and a short visit sufficed to recruit her strength. She had felt much depriving Mrs. Ranyard of her help in that peculiarly busy month of December, and was anxious to return as soon as possible to her duties. They were soon to be once more interrupted, and this time not to be again resumed. The graphic and loving pen which bore affectionate testimony to her life-work in the April number (1868) of the 'Missing Link Magazine,' must here tell the story of that unexpected break :—

"The record of her visits was scarcely completed on New Year's Eve, when the postman's knock, which conveys to some hearts, with every hour, the burden of grief and pain, brought news to Hunter Street, which had been six days on the road, from Italy; news of sickness and dear relative claims, which might sever this true helper from our mission, and make these the last of her London visits. Her dear sister lay ill of fever at Rome. Ten minutes afterwards followed the telegram, which had been only six hours on the road. 'We wish you to come to us at once.' And we had to learn to do without one who had seemed given of God to especial need, and who was endowed with a gift of such special fitness as is very rarely equalled."

That personal courage was one of Agnes's characteristics will be doubted by none who have read the account of her journey from Cologne to Kaiserswerth in a snowstorm. On that occasion, to fulfil her promise of being present at the midnight service, she braved the perils of the way, and now she starts alone on a far more distant journey, anxiety pressing on her heart, and fear darkening the future. To my aunt she gives the history of the journey as follows :—

"CIVITA VECCHIA, *Monday*.

"DEAREST AUNT,—Here I am for the night, unable to get on, when every hour is of importance ; one almost asks, 'Why is delay permitted ?' And yet all is ordered, and ordered for the best. Perchance that loving Father, knowing what I fear is before me, saw that I needed a quiet night to strengthen me. But I must tell you all the past, for I dare not, will not, think of the future. On Wednesday evening, Mrs. R. and I had not long returned from the Scripture dissolving-views for St. Giles's, when I received mamma's letter. She had said in her first, J. was poorly, and this sent a pang through me ; not an hour after came the telegram ; this was about ten at night. I flew in next door for 'Bradshaw,' but soon remembered that the next night was the soonest I could get off, on account of the passport ; also, that that would be time enough to catch the Saturday boat; then one must wait, and wait calmly, too, and I made up my mind I would go at once to bed and sleep, and not think; so I asked of God the refreshing sleep which He gave. Of course there was much mission business I must leave settled; it was due to Mrs. R., who was really placed in a most difficult position by my sudden departure; no words can tell all the kindness and sympathy shown me by them all; so I went before breakfast to give directions to H., then dear Mrs. R. would come with me to Mr. Kinnaird, whose order got me a passport at once, then to Dr. Kidd, who gave me directions what to do, and said, that I am now equal to the journey, and it may, with God's blessing, add to me years of health, so God out of evil brings good to His own. I had accounts to settle, bid all good-byes, buy some necessaries, and be back for dinner at 2, then packing with many interruptions; at 6 I was ready, and then we had tea, and Mrs. R. came in to muffle me, and we had our last prayer together. Mr. R. took me to the train; at 8.30 I began the journey, and reached Paris at 8 next morning. I had an old lady and her companion in the carriage; before reaching Paris, she found out my connection with the 'Book and its Mission,' and I found her a very dear Christian; we all knelt together in the carriage, so prayer was indeed made for me. The next few hours were very busy ones; alone, I went from consul to nuncio, and thence to the prefect of police, to have my passport in order, and then to the top of the Champs Elysées, to see Mrs. R.'s friend. I had seen her before; she was very kind, fed me well, and saw me off at night. From 8.30 till near 4 next afternoon to Marseilles. Thence I telegraphed to mother; and supposing our boat went as usual to Genoa and Leghorn, I asked for an answer. Then to an hotel, bathed, and had a solid tea, and on board the steamer at 9 o'clock. Fancy, first a long wait at the bureau, then drive in an omnibus, then a little boat, and ascent to the ship's side, all by the light of a little lantern. I was the only lady, and met with no French politeness; my only companions were two soldiers, and a very common English groom. Fortunately I had my respirator, and all my cloaks on; the cold was bitter. On board, my passport and ticket were well examined, I was shown by the captain to my cabin, and he taught the new stewardess how to make my bed, etc. The storm was tremendous, and we could not leave the harbour that night, nor till 10 next day, and then mid waves mountains high, constantly washing over the decks; the cabin was close, so I had had coffee early, and came up before 8. I had a sheltered nook, and waterproof on, so I never left the deck till dark, and had my meals brought to me; such a kind captain, and '*la donna*' was treated like a queen. The storm raged so, they feared they should have to shelter for the night, but God heard my prayer, and we went on. Such a night; often I was nearly out on the floor, but the morning calmed, and the greater part of to-day has been pleasant, except two hours of tremendous rain; such cold, all the hills white with hail. Of course I was anxious to catch the last train, but we could not land till the passports went on shore, and permission came, and then off in a little boat, and a second passport examination before landing, and then custom-house, and so the last train, at 2.30, had started before we arrived. I would have paid any sum to get on, but between what I heard of robbers and what I saw of Italians, I felt the carriage scheme must be given up, besides I did not feel it right to arrive at one in the morning, and arouse poor mother, or maidenly to take the groom as companion and protector, so it seemed best to trust to God bringing me in His own good time, as I hope to reach Rome about ten to-morrow. I have had tea, and paid my bill, as I am to leave the hotel at 5.30, and now am not really so very weary, nor so very unhappy, I have looked all in the face from the first moment, so I trust He will strengthen me to support her who is my only one perhaps now. It is best not to think of the past. I will only say of the journeys past, God has very specially been with me, and I have been strong through all, both mind and body. I never felt better, but for a little time this last delay was a bitter drop; perhaps it made me feel I was not so strong to meet mamma as I hope to be after the night's rest, as I have had no bed for four nights now.

"ROME, *Tuesday*.—You will hear from mamma how I arrived, and found God had indeed been better to me than my fears. The night was not an easy one; do what I would, dreadful visions came, and then half-hourly bells at the gate-house opposite roused me. At half-past five such a walk to the station, over a new half-made road, almost in total darkness, and such a bitter wind, but every thought was to get off; it seemed so long, four hours by train going fifty miles, then passport and *douane* again; but once there, I almost wished myself miles away, and felt as if body and mind were becoming stone. God indeed has crowned me with tender mercies and loving kindnesses. May I never forget to praise Him.

"Your ever loving,

"AGNES E. JONES."

"HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, ROME, *Jan.* 27, 1862.

"DEAREST AUNT,—I think I have never written you one line since I came to this dismal, dreary Rome. You cannot conceive a more gloomy place; the narrow dark streets where every vehicle threatens your life, and as to mud and smells, no one knows what they are who has not experienced Rome. I never go out but as a duty, for the whole is so depressing, and it is indeed so utterly the 'city given to idolatry;' the associations of its past are forgotten in its present, and except to the Pincian Hill, the fashionable promenade, one has to go far through streets before reaching country air. My favourite walk is to the Coliseum, the only thing I have yet seen which has impressed me; arches and sculptures and pictures one seems to know from copies; not that I have seen much of these yet. To-day I went to the Vatican, but had only time to see the Sistine Chapel; it would take months to study the figures in the frescoes, the anatomy is so perfect, but different Popes have got artists to clothe Michael Angelo's naked figures. I may say I have not seen St. Peter's; I was only once there for a grand festival, and saw Pio Nono, but not the details of the building. I saw some paintings at the Palazzo Doria and the Catacombs of St. Agnese, and here my sight-seeing ends, but I am not yet in a mood to enjoy sights, though both patients are better; it is very slow work, and I can't leave S. long."

On Agnes's arrival in Rome she found that I was out of danger, though still extremely weak, but a cousin, who was one of our party, was in a very critical state with the same kind of fever. Agnes at once devoted herself to her, and her kind and judicious nursing is fondly remembered. The attendance was a trying one, involving watchful nights and anxious days; air and exercise for an hour or two daily was essential, and Agnes used to return from her little expeditions with wonderful histories of the places she had visited, always making her way beyond the walls, and exploring ruins and tombs and temples with a courage and perseverance all her own. Few ladies, perhaps, have ever so thoroughly examined the antiquities of that wonderful city; the pictures, too, she delighted in, and when I was strong enough to visit the galleries, she acted as cicerone, and saved me much fatigue by taking me at once to those paintings that were really worth seeing. Finding that neither of the invalids were likely to regain strength quickly, Agnes at once determined to remain with us during our stay abroad, and wrote to tell Mrs. Ranyard that she must give up all hope of resuming her London work. Truly she ever remembered that home duties came first, and only when the necessity for her presence was removed did she turn again to more active labours. After some weeks in Naples, and a second short visit to Rome, we proceeded to Florence, where Agnes met and had much pleasant intercourse with Rosa and Francesco Madiai, the Kaiserswerth deaconesses then lately established in the town, and some good English Christians, to whom she had introductions. The great heat of an Italian May, however, relaxed her strength, which had seemed to be restored by the rest and change, and soon after our arrival in Florence, she proposed leaving us for a time, to visit some of the deaconess institutions in Switzerland, promising to rejoin us in Paris early in July. A friend, who was on her way to Geneva, suggested that they should travel together, and they started about May 15th for the Italian lakes, whence they were to cross the Simplon. This friend wrote to a relative, " Agnes was the most agreeable and the most useful fellow-traveller I ever met; she knew or found out all that was necessary for travellers to know, and while others were discussing she had all arranged."

At Villeneuve they parted, and Agnes's first visit was to St. Loup, a deaconess institution near Lausanne, of which she had heard much when at Kaiserswerth; the account of her stay there, with some notices of Riehen, Zurich, and Mulhaus, will be found in the appendix. Strasburg and Männedorf she also visited, and at the latter spent some days with that remarkable woman Dorathea Trudel, of whose faith and prayer she ever spoke with the deepest admiration.

In July, Agnes joined us in Paris, and almost her first words to my mother were a request that she might devote herself entirely to nursing-work; all that she had witnessed at these institutions having more deeply impressed upon her the conviction she had long felt, that her special talent was for labouring in hospitals. There were many to take up Bible work and other branches of Christian labour; few who had physical strength, nerve, and inclination to devote themselves to the sick in hospital wards. My mother could no longer resist her wish, and when we arrived in London, Agnes entered at once into correspondence with Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Wardroper, and it was arranged that in October she should enter St. Thomas's Hospital as a Nightingale probationer.

Is this the place to pause a few moments and vindicate this step? Are there any who have read so far in the story of a life, told so imperfectly and reflecting so dimly the brightness and beauty of the original, who ask if she was acting wisely and rightly in this? I can scarcely think it; to me, it seems as if God's guiding hand is seen so plainly in every step, that to have remained now in the quiet shelter of her home, even though she had continued to fulfil there all her duties as daughter and sister and friend, could only have been done by turning aside from the path that God had opened up before her. It was no enthusiastic dreamer, no young untried worker who enters this path; each step before had been leading to it; she had gone on from day to day fulfilling each present duty, leaving the future to God, with dreams and aspirations indeed, after greater devotedness to Him, more special service for Him, but content to trust all to His guiding and to wait His time. As long as parental consent was wanting, she would not even unduly press for it; she realized, as few realize, that hearts are in God's hand, and that He inclines them to what He would have them do. Many said then, perhaps some may say now: but why so much training? Surely, after those eight months at Kaiserswerth, she must have known enough of nursing to take at once the superintendence of a hospital? I will answer in the words of one who is the highest authority on this subject, and who, in her most touching and affectionate paper on my dear sister, says,* "Nursing is an art; and if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble, compared with having to do with the living body, the temple of God's Spirit. It is one of the fine arts: I had almost said the finest of the fine arts. . . . There is no such thing as amateur art; there is no such thing as amateur nursing. . . . Three-fourths of the whole mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rule of training considered needful for man."

And this was Agnes's own firm conviction; everything she attempted to do, she wished to do as thoroughly as possible, and she always said she would never profess to teach any one what she did not fully understand herself. And she came to her work with all the freshness and energy of youth, fired with the desire to devote herself and her powers to His service Who had so loved her. It was not that she had tried earth's pleasures and found them vanity and vexation of spirit, and then turned disappointed and embittered to something that would fill the void; no, God had given her grace to choose Him first, and from early childhood to look to His favour as her life and peace.

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* 'Una and the Lion,' by Florence Nightingale, June, 1858; 'Good Words.'

Blessed are they whose hearts thus yearn only after heavenly love, who walk through life with no hard crust of worldliness excluding the sweet influences of God's blessed Spirit, and who, when the Master's voice calls to special devotedness, are ready to follow where He leads, even if the flesh must bleed and the spirit faint.

CHAPTER V.

HOSPITAL TRAINING.

"All her eye loved, all her hand pressed
With keen affection's glow,
The voice of home, all pleasures best,
All dearest thoughts below.

"From friend-lit hearth, from social board,
All duteously she rose;
For faith upon the Master's word
Can find a sure repose."

THE following paper needs no explanatory preface:—

"Fahan, *Sunday night, September 30th*, 1862.

"1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. All good-byes are said; to-morrow I leave this loved home, and loved people. 'Why do you go away?' have many asked, and now I must answer that why, so that when I look back on this decided step, I may know somewhat of the position in which I stood when it was taken. How shall I look back years hence, if spared? Shall it be with regret or pleasure? I will not look forward save with the earnest look at Him Whose love, I trust, constraineth me, laying at His feet the secret longing of my heart, that in the great day of account He will blot out all my shortcomings, and all my sins, and say of even poor weak me, 'She hath done what she could.'

"For more than a year and a half has St. Thomas's been a half-pleasant, half-dreaded thought, and in less than a week it will be to me a reality. What influence I may have there for good or evil,—what trials I may be exposed to—all these have been already too much, perhaps, weighed and counted on. God knows what may be. May He be very near, and may I cling more to Him in all. Perhaps it is well that I shall, at my first outset in hospital work, bear the name of 'Nightingale Probationer,' for that honoured name is associated with my first thought of hospital life. In the winter of '54, when I had those first earnest longings for work, and had for months so little to satisfy them, how I wished I were competent to join the Nightingale band when they started for the Crimea! I listened to the animadversions of many, but I almost worshipped her who braved all, and I felt she must succeed. In spring, 1853, we had been abroad; the visit to Paris deaconesses had left 'Kaiserswerth' a name of which I longed to know more. The day spent there deepened this feeling, and the after week of further acquaintance, with the disappointment that I was not allowed to remain there, instead of seeing Switzerland, made longings after Kaiserswerth-training still deeper. For years I thought of it, but first, mamma could not be left alone, then J. was my special charge, and in no way could it be. I was very happy in my home and in my work, only that I longed for greater power of usefulness, and sometimes thought of what I might be able to effect were I trained; I wished for nothing more than a more earnest loving spirit in my work, and God's blessing on it. Then came September, 1860, when mamma proposed that I should rest my voice, and have entire change, by a visit to Kaiserswerth. Oh, the doubts and fears! but I went, trying only to think of all I might learn, and what greater usefulness I might become capable of. 'For a month only,' as I said to Pastor Fliedner, protesting that home and poor could not be longer left. Home news seemed to say that sole charge of both was doing J. good, and day after day I remained at Kaiserswerth. In my second month there, I had much watching of a poor dying man; sitting alone by him in that little room, day after day, it went to my heart to hear some of his requests refused, and to see the food given him, so unfitted to his state. And I sat there and thought, 'If these be the trials of the sick in an institution conducted on Christian principles, oh, how must it be in those institutions in our own land where no true charity is in the hearts of most of the heads or hands that work them!' and I then and there dedicated myself to do what I could for Ireland, in its workhouses, infirmaries, and hospitals. And so I remained at Kaiserswerth, trying almost to steel myself against the fearful accounts of sickness and death in Syria, and the appeals for helpers. But at last the thought came,—for awhile you may be of use there, and yet return to Ireland; and I wrote to mother for leave to go to Beyrout. I took that letter to the pastor, 'May I add, you will let me work with your sisters when there?' He answered, 'If you wish to give your life and every energy to work for the sick, your own country calls you; Miss Nightingale has just written to ask me for a person to fill a position for which you could be easily fitted.' Next day came Mr. R.'s letter, saying that Uncle —— had advised him to ask me to prepare myself for the superintendence of Liverpool Training School for nurses for the poor, and would I go through a course of preparation for it? I found this suggestion and the pastor's were identical. Also came a letter from Mrs. Ranyard; since her eldest daughter's death, she so wanted me to come and be a friend and helper. Mamma also urged this; she would rather that should be my work, if I were not coming home; and to me, Bible work seemed the highest. Not so to Pastor Fliedner, 'Any one with an earnest Christian spirit could help there; in hospital-work there must be a special faculty.' I never forgot those words. I came to London, saw Miss Nightingale, who plainly put before me the difficulties of the work, the trials of the training-time, kindly, lovingly, and so sympathizingly, and yet I felt I could meet them. Then came the interview with Mr. R., and the feeling that I was far too young and inexperienced for anything of the kind. A year at St. Thomas's might give the mechanical skill in nursing, but the powers requisite for organizing, directing, superintending, whence were they to come? No, at the head I could not be, especially as I was told, my religious feelings and views must be kept in the background, till I was considered so invaluable an agent that such things should be tolerated, as it were for the sake of other things. What! was I to be this giant champion? I! who had so little to commend me. It seemed mockery, and yet I had not sought the position or the work. Perhaps in some other sphere there would be work for me. Then Mrs. Ranyard's invitation appeared much that would suit to prepare me; with her I could learn to superintend, learn what faculties I had in that way, and yet not in too responsible a position, so as to do harm by failing. It was not without regret I turned aside from 'nursing;' and had I not felt partly pledged to Mrs. Ranyard, before I visited St. Thomas's, I should have returned to my original purpose that very June, 1861. And yet I do not regret that delay; looking back, I feel I have been prepared by that work to meet many trials and difficulties which, with my previously limited experience of life, I could not have imagined. And that isolation which so tried me then, probably I shall have to meet again. There is no second home in the world,—no replacing of mother and sister. But I never forgot 'nursing,' and it often seemed I ought to return to it. When I was called to Rome, by S.'s bed, as before by Aunt L.'s, I felt as if I had somewhat of the nursing-faculty, but always the question came, 'Could I govern and teach others?' I went to St. Loup, and learned lessons there; lessons from imperfections. Riehen and Zurich taught me how God can make feeble women strong in such work,—can teach even weak ones, who seem so clinging as to need support, to stand and give guidance and help to others. At Strasburg, with Sister Emilie as with Sister Trina, I discussed the difficulties of a superintendent, and many of Sister Sophie's words came to memory from a new point of view, and so less tremblingly I came to consider the question, 'How could I help?' and I determined at least to try, to come to St. Thomas's Hospital, and to see whether in so great a work as that of training true-hearted, God-fearing nurses there were not some niche for me. If every one shrinks back because incompetent, who will ever do anything? "Lord, here am I, send me."

"And as to this dread of associates let me, more and more, remember Mr. Rathbone's words: 'Are you more above those with whom you will have to mix than our Saviour was in every thought and in sensitive refinement?'

What am I to meet and combat evil? I, so weak, so needing to be led and influenced aright? If I am in the way, as I trust I am, in which God would have me be, will He not care for that? May God go with me and help me."

While the question was still pending as to whether she would enter on a course of training for hospital work, or take up the Bible work under Mrs. Ranyard, in 1861, she had written to the aunt, to whom, of all her relatives, she ever opened most her heart.

"MY DEAREST AUNT.—I feel as if I could write folios, and not give you an idea of my present feelings; and yet in writing I can do so better than in words, for though I never write what I do not feel, I know I express myself so differently when I speak, that I often fear I must seem to deceive. I might write much of what I have seen and heard in this last week, and yet the outer has not been so eventful to me as the inner world. Still, so different am I to what I appear, that I am charged with indifference as to engaging in the Bible work, while it is what I could engage in gladly this moment, heart and soul; it is my old familiar work; it is what I have longed and do long to be wholly engaged in; it is a work I always feel God must bless, because it is His, not our word, and yet I dare not dwell on all its allurements. Look at it in externals: in lodgings, next door to Mrs. R., who would be always ready to help and advise, I should have the superintendence of the new girls' refuge and of its excellent matron, the training of some Bible women, and the conducting of a women's class,—a Bible work, a home, and my spare time my own. Could anything be more attractive? perhaps, to put it in strong relief, no contrast that could be chosen would do so more than my other opening path. God guide me, for it is a life choice, and yet I do feel one way or the other must be closed. I must not enter on a path half-hearted, often to look back to its starting-point and say: Oh, that I had chosen the other. Well, what is the other? If it be 'seeking for some great thing to do,' it is by going down, indeed, before beginning to mount, and I do feel, if my mother gives me leave to enter it, it is because God will have it so, and I will allow this to turn the scale. I have looked it in the face and there is no middle choice. Kindly and plainly did Miss Nightingale put it to me, 'Could I do so?' I have asked it myself, and I say 'I can;' I had so contemplated it before I left Kaiserswerth. If I wish to be trained for practical usefulness, nothing else will do, says Miss Nightingale, than a year's training in a London hospital. There are but two open, King's College and St. Thomas's. Well, if ever I contemplated the first, it was at an end when I found I must become a sister to do so.* And at St. Thomas's, I must be prepared to enter as a common nurse; my companions there, moral and respectable, but not, as a body, Christian women. Miss N. dwelt on all this, and yet I do not feel it would really lower me to do so. My motto for whatever my work or sphere may be is Psalm lxxi. 16. And might not God give me a mission to St. Thomas's nurses and patients? And then the training past, all this sanitary and nursing movement might find one at least who was not High Church, a trained agent to train others. Then, were I a skilful mechanical worker, they might let me be more of a spiritual one. Jesus became a servant, and why may not I be a servant of servants? I know something of that; though, as Miss N. said, where one had Christian communion it was easier. I did the most menial work at Kaiserswerth. You know I shall not stand alone; the Triune God will be with me."

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* This rule is not now in force.

This letter proves, if proof were wanting, that she fully realized all she was entering upon, when she left her lovely country home and immured herself for twelve months in a hospital in London. For the history of the time she spent there we have no journal, and only three or four letters to refer to. The first letter describes her arrival:—

"We reached London at 6.30, and I was fortunate about my luggage, so got off at once. I desired the cabman to drive to Surrey Gardens, and we drove on long through well-known streets, but when we passed the obelisk I came to new ground. However, not long after, we stopped, and I saw a great gateway, over which was in large letters, 'St. Thomas's Hospital,' so a bell was rung, and I said 'Nightingale nurse;' the gate opened and we drove on a little way and then saw a long half-covered way leading to a large well-lighted room. Up to this I walked; saw porter No. 2, and was admitted into a large warm hall, well panelled and partitioned, as all the house is, with well-planed deal, varnished its own colour, which looks so clean and light. I had a long wait while the cabman brought in the luggage, and then was conducted past the doors of some wards, in which I saw a few patients in bed and two nurses seated most comfortably at work at a table in the middle of the room; then we crossed a large space with trees, giving, as did all I saw, the idea and feeling of being far from any town; and though I have not yet been out, there is the perfect stillness of the country. But to go on and introduce you as I was. The porter led me into a kind of small hall, and instantly two nice-looking, almost deaconess-looking, nurses came forward and received me most kindly, saying Mrs. W. (the lady-superintendent) had been in several times during the afternoon and evening, and had just left, having given me up for that day. However, nothing could exceed the kindness of these nurses; their dress a kind of grey stuff, very neat, white aprons and caps, rather too round and coquettish I thought for sisters, but a neat pretty style of dress, which will, I am sure, be most becoming to Nurse Agnes. They brought me into a large, lofty, comfortable room, with tables, chairs, flowers, pictures, books, carpet, rug, fire, gas, like any sitting-room; off this, surrounded by the varnished boards, are the little bedroom cells; their wooden walls about ten feet high, not halfway to the ceiling, with a bed, small chest of drawers, wash-stand, chair, and towel-rail. The room was formerly a refreshment room, and is a very handsome and lofty one, lighted from the roof, and now surrounded by the nurses' cells, with the open space in the middle for their sitting-room, where I am now writing at one of the numerous little tables, with bright flowers and numbers of all kinds of magazines around me. Two things cheered me much to see: first, on entering the sitting-room, a picture of Kaiserswerth; secondly, in the bedroom, a large Bible on the drawers beside the looking-glass. I was taken to my room, provided with hot water, and after a little, called to tea, comfortably prepared in the nice light eating-room, quite separate from, but near our sitting-room. . . . There is a temporary church fitted up in the house, which all attend, but every second Sunday I shall have the whole afternoon to myself to go where I like. There are fourteen Nightingale nurses, besides sisters, and about 280 patients, when the house is full, which it is not yet, as this place was only opened a few days ago. I went to bed soon after tea, and was up for breakfast this morning at 6.30. Everything is so quiet that you more feel than know that others are moving around you. My nurse friend summoned me to breakfast where I had tea last night, and I found the whole party assembled;

a nice respectable-looking set; all amiable-looking, some pretty; the sister sat at the head of the table. Bread-and-butter and toast in plenty, and each person with their own tea-pot and sugar-bowl, which they wash and keep in their own room. Each cell has its own gas, and there is some general light which seems to burn all night, for I never woke but I saw it; I could read a large print Bible in bed by it. It seems to me as if, with God's blessing, I may have great means of usefulness here, both with nurses and patients, for one seems to have much freedom. God grant me the best influence, but He must keep my own soul very close to Himself. And now, darlings, do not fret yourselves about me, there seems to be every provision for comfort, and all I have yet seen or heard has given me a pleasant impression, and I feel at home already."

A month later she writes:—

"The patients often call for me, and sometimes it is, 'When you have time, will you me and talk a little?" I find I have little time for any but the one subject, or asking particulars about their illness, which we are required to know. Some of the children I get to learn hymns for me and teach those who cannot read, but I have not time every day for all. Sometimes I have an hour with the charge of my ward on me alone, when sister and nurse are at dinner, and when the porters' feet are heard bringing in some fresh case, I sometimes fear lest I should not know how to act; however, no very bad case has yet so come in, and I have always the sister of the next ward at hand to call. . . . I have put up one of the 'Silent Comforters,' like mother's, and think of her reading the same every morning. I fancy I am in the best ward, that is, the one easiest to get on in with the nurses, etc., but it is good discipline to have to meet all characters, and one has always power of appeal to Mrs. W., whose good sense and justice are proverbial. She is a woman whom one must respect. I love her already, and one hears on all sides of her kindness."

"*Christmas*, 1862.

"We have got our hospital *trousseau*, and are so busy every spare moment, I must finish my bonnet for to-morrow, and my jacket for Christmas Day, so shall have scarcely a moment. I have given out my dresses to be made, so am better off than most. We are obliged to go to church in hospital costume, but in our daily walks may dress as we like. . . . I often think how you would laugh if you could take a peep at me, for instance, when I am giving medicine to forty-two men; one amuses me—he opens his mouth for me to pop in a pill, and stops to thank me before he swallows it."

No date, supposed spring 1863.

"I am not only off night duty, but I am at Barnet. Are you not surprised? A bright thought struck me on Tuesday night, that, as I might be off night duty any day, it would just be the time for Barnet before going to a new ward, so I wrote to ask Mrs. Pennefather if she could have me, and received last night a most kind note, asking me to go for that night, if I could; if not, as early as I liked this morning, and stay till Monday, so I came by the eight o'clock train to breakfast. Mrs. W. was so kind about it, and said I need not go on duty till Tuesday morning, so might stay here late on Monday; after that I go to the male medical ward. It was quite a novelty to sleep last night, my first *night* in bed for six weeks. I thought the rest and change would do me good, and also that it would be better than breaking in on my work a few weeks hence. I was so tired last night, having been more than twenty-four hours out of bed, and without sleep, my own fault as you will hear. On Wednesday I got up at 4.30 P.M. to get my tea-dinner, and go to Mr. Long's lecture, and then returned to night duty from 10 P.M. till 10 A.M., as usual; took a long walk to see W. before she went to her new post, and returned very much heated by the close relaxing day. At dinner Sister . . . . told me that Mrs. W. had left a message for me, that I was off night duty, and was to go to the male medical ward next morning. Mrs. P.'s answer had not come, so I could not ask leave for Barnet, but felt sure the next post would bring it. I thought it so lazy to go to bed then, when I was to have it at night, so went off and paid some visits. All were out of town, so I began to think of some amusement; went to the Polytechnic, and saw 'Cinderella' in dissolving views; an innocent spree, was it not? I laughed at myself afterwards about it; returned so tired, found Mrs. P.'s note, but was too weary to think of much but bed that night, and came here this morning, receiving such a warm welcome, and now am going for a walk with Mrs. P. Am I not your happy Agnes?"

A day later she writes again: "I cannot tell you of all my enjoyment, sitting in this elegant drawing-room, now in among the plants in the window, looking out at the grass plats and hyacinth-beds; now in my cosy bedroom, with the opening Banksia buds peeping in, and the view of the church and fields beyond; now walking over the fields to dive into Hadley Wood, and revel among its beauties, the budding shrubs and beds of violets, sorrel and primroses beneath them. Now the vistas of green spots and cattle feeding; now the birds singing; now the woodman's axe, everything bringing before me new yet familiar associations, and the warm, bright sun, so like summer: I feel more like a gay glad child than ever in my life before. I am so amused sometimes at some such common things seeming so pleasant; last night getting into bed to feel soft fine sheets; I never thought before what coarse ones I have lately been sleeping in. But I cannot tell you the delight of Mrs. P.'s morning and evening kiss, it makes me think of mother,—my own darling mother. Oh! how good God is, crowning me with these His loving-kindnesses, giving me to find favour. Morning prayer, and a daily prayer-meeting are such privileges. I return by this evening's train, after a most enjoyable visit. I have had a great deal of quiet time to myself, but less talk than I hoped with Mr. and Mrs. P., who are very busy; but I have much enjoyed the atmosphere, mental and spiritual, so hope to return benefited in mind and body, and with new vigour, energy, and devotion to work. Yesterday I was at Mrs. P.'s delightful

Bible-class, of which I shall send you notes. I had a Sunday school class in the morning, and on Saturday one at the Rescue House, and have just spent nearly two hours at the Mission Home, being questioned about details of deaconess work and training, for the benefit of its inmates, and in their presence. I have been lazy about letter writing since I came here, spending nearly all my time out of doors. I came for rest and air, and have conscientiously taken both, and so enjoyed myself, but am glad to return to my happy work."

The following letter seems to refer to a later visit to Barnet, in July:—

"I have arranged to go to Barnet this day week, from Monday till Monday, so I shall have a rest before and after the Conference. It is really next best to going home; when that comes near, I think I shall be almost crazy with delight. In the end, I believe the holiday will be no lost time, but enable me to return to my work with more vigour. *My work,* I more and more feel it, for the worst things only make me realize how Christian and really good nurses are needed; and as to my nerve, I never knew I had so much. I don't say that I don't feel, but I go from the wards to my meals or bed, saying, I must eat or sleep, and so I do most obediently. With the heat, too, I often feel God thinks of me, for we never have more than two or three days and nights together very oppressive."

"*May* 19*th*, 1863.—I do not agree with you, that I should be more tied were I at the head of an institution; I could then have you and J. to stay with me, as well as be able to pay you short visits; however I do not want to make any plan further than this; in October to go home for two or three months, and then return to England for a year more of nursing,—my last English sojourn I hope, as Ireland is ever my bourn. But I should lose much did I not take another year at what you would call the drudgery of nursing, not superintending others, but myself doing it. I feel now as if I were just beginning to learn, to see a little what I ought to observe, and how I can begin to understand. It is just like a school-girl, whose first year teaches little more than her deficiencies, the second is one of progress. Besides, I do not say immediately after my second year, but I am sure God must have some work for me in which to use what I am now learning; I am so growingly happy in it, and so fond of my work. W. came to see us on Sunday, and was in great delight to be once more at the Bible-class."

This Bible-class Agnes had begun soon after her arrival at the hospital for the other Nightingale nurses, with Mrs. Wardroper's permission; it was a great interest to her, and she had reason to believe it was blessed to the souls of several of its members. A day or two after leaving the hospital she thus alludes to it in a letter:—

"I had a most painful and yet gratifying parting, many tears on all sides, and even from some of whom I did not expect it. I believe all were sincerely sorry, but best of all was the general testimony to how much they should miss the Bible-class; it was such a help, how could they do without it? How good God has been to me! The year has flown, and has been such a happy one."

During the spring she wrote to a young friend in Ireland, to whom she was sincerely attached:—

"My dearest C.,—It is so very long since I have heard anything of you, that I must write to let you know you are not forgotten. You are probably ignorant of my present position, so I must introduce myself as Nightingale probationer in a large London hospital, in plainer words, learning to be a nurse; not yet one, but 'serving my time.' There is such a field of usefulness in such a sphere. I only wonder more ladies do not enter upon it; the difficulties are great, strength and health and active habits and courage are indispensable, but the influence for good one may have is what can more than compensate for the comparatively small trials. I never was happier, and all who see me say, 'Well, you have found your vocation.' Even Mrs. R., who was rather inclined to be jealous of my leaving Bible women for hospital work, admits this, and through her I can keep up my interest in my former, and still much-loved, work. I trust and believe I am a Bible woman as well as a nurse, and I can sometimes see fruit which shows me God is blessing me here. My heart is ever in Ireland, where I hope ultimately to work; but I think thorough training for a special sphere of work more than doubles one's future power, and in a low as well as a high position one meets those to whom God may enable one to be useful. He gives work when He gives the will to do it. I often think dear, dear C., of that confirmation day, when we knelt together to dedicate ourselves to our Saviour. When we look back all those years, what an amount of neglected duties and lost opportunities, and yet what mercies one recalls; what tokens of a heavenly Father's love and guiding providence! I sometimes hear indistinct accounts of your active useful life, but should like to know more of your schools, etc. from yourself. . . . I had nearly three months at Fahan before coming here, but as all my old love of it remains, a visit is almost more painful than total absence. It is hard to say how far it can ever again be home to me, so many things have made this work so plainly *my* work, that I have to realize that it is probably to be my lifework. As every past step has been made plain, I can trust that the future will be so also. Home, position, society, and the refinements of life are pleasures, but where one has *work*, they are not necessaries. Perhaps later, I may be able to combine them more than at present. Excuse such a hasty note, and believe me, ever your attached friend, A. E. JONES."

"ST. THOMAS'S, *April 24th*, 1863.

"MY DEAREST AUNT,—Day after day I hope and wish to answer your letter, but it is easy to intend. One of our nurses is ill and I have a little extra duty, which I am glad of, as it is real practice, but one half-hour less time, one runs after all day and never overtakes. I come up to read prayers, too, now, which I am glad to do, as I can make more hear than the other nurse can. I am now the oldest probationer here, and from this, and also having gradually crept on to it, they all look to me for little helps—now to correct spelling, now to show them how to keep their books, and other information, and sometimes for advice and sympathy. Then my Bible-class needs much careful preparation, so that all my time downstairs is too much occupied for letters; and in the wards, as sure as one sits down, the cry of 'nurse' calls you from your book, or paper, or thoughts. I have had two pleasant letters from probationers who have felt grateful for my kindness, and all who have attended it have so thanked me for the Bible-class; indeed, it has been a most bright spot to me, and such an interest during the week preparing for it and holding it, that not only personally has it been a great delight, but God has given me also to know that it has been more or less useful to four, and decidedly blessed to one . . . When I feel how far short I am of what I ought to be, I fear to mar what God has begun; I do not think He will allow real harm to be done, but one may hinder, raise difficulties and doubts in the minds of those beginning the race, when they see persons they fancy advanced in the Christian course, so weak and inconsistent as I am." . . .

As the year at St. Thomas's Hospital drew to a close, an opening for further work presented itself to her; she heard of a Kaiserswerth deaconess being at the deaconess institution in Burton Crescent, and went to call on her, thinking it might be one she had known during her visit to Germany. She found that she had come over to assist the English sisters in adding the care of a hospital to their other occupations, but that she was on the point of returning home, and the heads of the institution in Burton Crescent were seeking some one to replace her. A few days later the chaplain called at St. Thomas's Hospital, and asked Agnes if she would come and help them; this, after some deliberation, she agreed to do. After a very short visit at home during the month of October, she returned to London and commenced her duties as superintendent of the small hospital in Bolsover Street. Later, the

Great Northern Hospital was substituted for this one. During her stay there she kept no journal, and a few letters are the only record of this period.

"*November 4th*, 1863.

"DEAREST AUNT,—I had a comfortable and unadventurous journey, with pleasant remembrances of the kindness of friends. I only dare look forward, recollecting past help and relying on 'Ebenezer.' I am so sorry my visit to you was not more quiet, yet it is very pleasant to be able to picture your work and present home. I have reason for apologies innumerable. To-day I took up my Bible to read Hebrews iii., and found words which came, indeed, home to present need, and which will, I trust, be my motto here: 'Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, even Jesus, Who was faithful to Him that called Him.' Oh, may I never forget God's message to me to-day, 'Consider Jesus,' and may I, like Him, forget all else and be faithful to my God. May He enable me,—alone, I cannot. And if I have difficulties, and if I be lonely, and if there be little warmth or sympathy, Jesus knows, and He will be as He has been 'friendly.' I can only look forward in the strength of, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me,' and 'The Lord will provide,' and may I never forget the connection between, 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you,' with 'And the peace of God shall keep your hearts,'" etc. Private paper of same date: "Just had a talk with ——; I feel the stiffness and coldness, the rule measure of everything, the warning against things which I should never be led to do, showing such ignorance of my motives and character that the words seem to jar; but how can a stranger know me? Lord, Thou knowest; keep me, too, from hard thoughts of a stranger. Lord, be Thou near, for trouble is near, loneliness is near. Of course it will be better soon, for I shall be at home with my work and interests, and now I shall get again into the way of no warm loving prayerful kiss from mother, sister, or friend. The bitterness is past, but the impression remains of that home parting,—that breaking of ties which seemed the work of my last visit to Fahan. As I rearranged my cabinet of collections, as I walked on the roads, or visited the cottages, a voice seemed to say, you are bidding these old interests and occupations farewell for ever. The voice was as a sword, and I could only send up a cry that if God saw fit to bid me renounce all, He would be to me my all. I dare not think of that last morning; must not others have thought me cold? Yet I felt it was almost an eternal farewell to Fahan, a final and deliberate renouncing of home, a going forth, indeed, on a way I knew not. I dared not think almost, dared not cry, and could only occupy myself with the present and meet the future with 'Lord help me.' J. says I brought sunshine home, which seemed to vanish when I left it; yes, I was happy, and yet there were times of agony. Mother, sister, home, when ever so dear? I never felt what a life home-life was before; the contrast with the other, and yet that other was very happy, and so I will only think of this and thank my God, Who has hitherto helped, and believe He, Who changes not, will surely continue to do so. How blessed His name of Unchangeable, amid all life's changes! and how especially a name for me to lean on, who have so many varying positions and circumstances! Another support is, the assurance of so many prayers being offered up for me to Him Who is so ready to help. 'My God shall supply all your need according to His *riches;*' the greatness of the need is only balanced against the riches of the supplier; He is pledged never to leave me, and so I can tell Satan not to mar my trust in His loving care."

"*November 9th.*

"MY DEAREST AUNT,—You will almost wonder I have not written sooner, but one does not think much beyond the present on first arriving to new duties. I think everything promises well except that I shall have little to do at first, but, perhaps, it will be easier to do that little, well; if I am not tempted to idle over it. Everything is so new to me; the contrast between rich and poor hospitals is indescribable. I am learning my own defects but hope to be able to correct these, partly by my own endeavours, and partly by circumstances; however, I certainly am fortunate in beginning on a small scale, inefficient as I am, and I feel as if I had been brought here. I was at church yesterday evening; Mr. C. preached a good but rather deep sermon on that beautiful text, Phil. iii. 21; on the whole I was disappointed; though the sermon gave some new thoughts on the resurrection of the body, there was not much practical, but the text was a sermon in itself, and the 'Who is able?' seemed the Sabbath message to me."

. . . "I seem to have little to do and yet not much spare time. I have just had a busy day and night with a poor little burnt child who died. Burns are such an anxious charge; they go off so suddenly, they never can be left. I suppose I shall not have my regular helpers until we move, and I wish the time would come. . . . I trust I am gaining a quiet influence with my patients; they are my great pleasure. I have more tedious than very severe cases at present, but any moment accidents may come in."

"*December*, 1862.

"DEAREST AUNT,—Your letter, my only one on Christmas morning, was a great pleasure; my home one came the night before. . . . I am not very busy in one way, but having the whole responsibility, and being the only nurse, am kept always occupied with my seven patients, though we have no very serious cases at present. . . . I was to have had a holiday, and hoped for a day at Barnet, but this is now out of the question. We had a very pretty little Christmas-tree, which gave great pleasure. I am able to go to Mr. C.'s every Sunday; I like his preaching, on the whole. Last Sunday he preached, as a motive to holiness, the view that believers' sins would be remembered in the day of judgment, as well as those of the wicked, not to condemn but to humble them. I had just been taking such pleasure in comparing texts in connection with the scapegoat on which I had given a Bible lesson, 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.' 'The sin of Judah shall be sought for and shall not be found.' 'I have cast all thy sins behind my back, into the depths of the sea.' 'I have blotted out,' etc., all these expressions seem to teach the contrary. . . . I had a kind note from Barnet, wanting me to go for the New Year prayer-meetings, but I cannot be spared from my post, and I know if it were good for me, the way would have been opened."

"*New Year's Day.*—We went last night to Mr. C.'s service, beginning at 10.30 ending 12.15 A.M., but the sermon was not very practical, and rather distracting than keeping one's mind on the beautiful subject, 'Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ for eternal life.' I am very happy among my patients, and often feel God has sent me here; I have two revival patients; one had found peace before she came, the other is seeking it, and to both I can talk. Then I have a poor woman with cancer, who likes me to speak of Jesus, Whom I believe she truly loves; so you see I am not without work. Two operation cases have much occupied me, as I have all the nursing to do at present, so few patients making it unnecessary to have more assistance than a servant can give. We are soon, however, to move to the larger hospital. I should often like to study the subjects of Mr. C.'s sermons, but I have not time for more than seeking daily food for myself and my patients in my reading moments."

The next letter seems to have been written after the large sphere of work on which she next entered had been proposed to her and accepted, and this letter is the last we have from London, though she remained there for some months afterwards.

"GREAT NORTHERN HOSPITAL, *March* 12, 1864.

"DEAREST AUNT E.,—You will think it strange I have not written sooner, but I can scarcely find time for all the letters which must go about this Liverpool business, of which I can scarcely think. I can only *feel* about it. I could not refuse; it seemed so decided for me, all doubt removed, so that my only real excuse was, my utter incapacity. Now, I can only think of the whole in connection with Jeremiah i., and feel that the same unchangeable God and ever living Jesus must speak so to me, as I believe I only seek to obey His call. From no one point can I see any fitness in myself; I can only say it is God's work, and He must do it. He can work by my inefficiency for success or failure, whichever He intends as the result. My patients keep me very busy, but I am glad of the work, though I should be glad to think more. However, the thought is as yet so overwhelming I can only meet it in the one way—the way was plain; I neither sought nor could I refuse the call. Mrs. Wardroper paid me a long kind visit on Thursday; it is so pleasant, she is going to give me some of my fellow-probationers; and does it not indeed seem, as I can see all my life long, that God has guided every step. May one follow the other in His own order, on which looking back I can see the plan and design. The very probationers I attached to myself, and whom I believe God led more or less to Himself by my Bible-class at St. Thomas's are those Mrs. W. offers me . . . Ought I not to trust for the future when the present is so lightened by the kindness of friends? Will you tell Miss Mason all? My poor little boy of seven, whose leg was amputated on Wednesday, requires much care, day and night, though he is doing beautifully; another operation case, and ten more or less anxious medical ones, but what are these to the proposed six hundred or a thousand patients? Oh! I trust my friends will pray much for me, that my heart and my life may be more and more wholly His who has now called me. I wish you would ask dearest Miss M., Mr. H.—M., and A. S. to ask God to prepare my heart for this all-important post of such extended influence for good or evil, and that He will make me more realize that He is my Saviour and I His child, for whom He has promised help and strength. If my own heart were only strong in Him, I should not fear; what I am afraid of, is the beginning at the wrong end with,—'Here am I, send me,' before He has sent live coal to touch my lips.

"Your own loving AGNES."

The last few months at the Great Northern Hospital tried her much, physically and mentally; for the first time she had the burden of responsibility, which, to her sensitive and conscientious spirit, was no light one; the number of patients under her charge was small, but the assistants she had were without experience in sick nursing, and on her, consequently, devolved much of the care and attendance. One peculiarly critical case she could trust no one to watch but herself, and for six weeks was seldom absent from the patient, night or day; this, with the heat of the weather, soon told on her health; she became pale and thin, and a slight deafness, from which she first suffered while at Kaiserswerth, increased to such a degree that she consulted Miss Nightingale as to whether it should not be a sufficient reason for her at once declining the great work in Liverpool, which was at this time offered to her. Miss N. advised her to have an aurist's opinion as to the cause of the deafness, and Mr. Toynbee declared it to arise entirely from nervous debility, caused by over-work. He prescribed immediate and perfect rest; but it was not possible for her to give up the hospital, of which she had undertaken the charge, until a successor had been found, and the long delay in finding a suitable person, kept her in London until the middle of August. When she arrived at Fahan, we were frightened at her state of prostration, physical and mental. Instead of hastening, the morning after her arrival, to visit her favourite spots, to gather flowers in the garden, and luxuriate in the lovely scenes around, she seemed only able to lie on the sofa, and listen to our conversation, though even this her deafness prevented her fully enjoying. A week passed, and as rest and country air seemed insufficient to restore her, my mother proposed taking her to Port Ballintray, a quiet little village near the Giant's Causeway, where the Atlantic breezes might brace her nerves, and sea-bathing restore her wonted energy. This plan proved successful, and in a few weeks we returned home, feeling that she was her old self again, though the deafness continued most trying to her. She remained with us all winter, and early in spring left for Liverpool, where a sphere of labour had been opened to her, which must be described in the next chapter.

During the winter she wrote to my aunt :—

" I do not like this irregular do-less life, but I don't mend matters by doing the little I have to do, and then there is a kind of dread of getting much into home-work or interests. Everything is so strangely familiar, I can often scarcely believe my long absence. And yet there are many changes, in some ways I am changed myself; I could be very happy here again. I believe I was really useful here ; when I look back, I know that several, now in heaven, God used me to lead there ; yet no one year here had as marked results as last year had. I do not, however, think it would be always good for me to know how much I have done; I always feel that behind the good there has been a contrary influence. At the same time, I think people overrate the self-denial I have to practise. Routine has great charms for me, and I can always be happy when busy; and, oh, if I could ever tell how my Heavenly Father daily, hourly, remembers His child! It is so wonderful and marvellous. One of the sisters, who used to like me to talk to her, said when I was leaving, 'You will be happy wherever you go; I never knew before I knew you how God's peace keeps those who trust in Him.' Many said to me, 'You are always happy.' But no words can tell how God helped me. I never was troubled, but He sent something to cheer me. He hath been mindful of us; He will bless us. As in the past, so daily will He teach us more. I am sure eternity will be too short for all the praise we owe; and the more we need, the more He takes care to give. His measure is our need. As thy day shall thy strength be."

Well was it for the loving heart that such sure confidence was hers; that she could feel certain every step was wisely and lovingly ordered; even now her feet were entering on a path in which every fibre of her sensitive spirit was to vibrate with pain—a path of trial so subtle that its history is fully known only to Him who sees the tears of His children, and marks their every sigh. Never again were the old familiar hills to be trodden by her—the cottage homes to be visited—the ferns and flowers to be sought in the wooded glen; she was bidding all a last farewell now, and her return would be, three short years hence, when loving hands would bear her coffin through the churchyard-gates, and lay her down to rest in her father's grave.

CHAPTER VI.

LIVERPOOL WORKHOUSE.

"With light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness . . .
. . . Many a languid head, upraised as she entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And as she looked around, she saw how death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever."

IN the present day of active benevolence and prompt investigation of wrong, all classes of the poor, oppressed, and sinful, seem to be brought under the eye of the public, and assistance, solace, and (as far as may be) remedy, are provided; not, indeed, in any degree equal to the demand, for as riches increase and luxuries become more and more necessaries of life, so in proportion does poverty increase and wretchedness and woe superabound. Of all misery in the mass, however, no department was so long overlooked as the misery of workhouse paupers. Jails have long been visited and reformed, so that the cry is rather of the over-pampering than of the neglect of the criminal that has been overtaken by justice; lunatic asylums have opened their long-closed doors to official inspectors, and the deeds of oppression and cruelty they once witnessed are now tales of the past; factory children have found their pleader, and the long hours of toil have been shortened; but who could say a word for the poor in workhouses? It needed the revelations of the Strand union, and of the casual ward in Lambeth workhouse, and other strange stories heard now and then, but too soon forgotten, to arouse the general public to investigate the wrong that might possibly be found even in an institution, with paid officials, watched over by a committee. But before the widespread interest had been awakened in the public mind, one actively benevolent individual, whose large heart seems to take in every need, and at once to suggest and work out a remedy, took thought of the sick poor in workhouse hospitals and inquired into their condition. I believe that in the Liverpool workhouse hospital, things were better managed than in many similar institutions; an active governor and efficient committee prevented any wholesale starvation or cruelty, but no general inspection can secure against individual oppression where the old system of pauper nursing prevails. Mr. W. Rathbone proposed at once to substitute for these ignorant and worse than useless women, trained paid nurses, and nobly undertook to bear all the expense connected with the experiment for three years, by which time he believed the success of the scheme would have recommended it to the Board of Guardians, and it would be adopted as the permanent system. As soon as he obtained the consent of the committee, he wrote to my sister, who was then, in the spring of 1864, at the Great Northern Hospital, asking her to undertake the post of lady superintendent of the proposed trained nurses. After much correspondence with Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Wardroper on the subject, she agreed to this proposal. The plan could not, however, be commenced for several months; many alterations were necessary to secure proper accommodation for the staff, and the nurses themselves had to be found. Miss Nightingale, who entered most warmly into the project, arranged that twelve of the Nightingale nurses trained at St. Thomas's Hospital should be sent to Liverpool, but the education of some was not complete, and others were in various positions from which they could not be recalled without some months' notice. Besides, Agnes was quite unable to enter on any work without a long rest, and Mr. Toynbee had given it as his opinion, that unless she had immediate and entire rest for some months, her deafness would become incurable. The experiment was, therefore, to be postponed until the spring of 1865, but in the preceding August, Agnes was requested to go to Liverpool to meet the committee, and give her opinion on various debated points relative to the arrangements to be made for her staff. She wrote to my aunt, "As to home, it seems as if I had so much to do first, I cannot realize it as near; and if the questions brought up for consideration in Liverpool are very important, I must return at once to London to see Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Wardroper. It is very formidable this going alone, but I cannot try to meet any part of the work in my own strength. The more I think and know of it, the more I feel my own incapacity. And now all who love me must pray that I may have wisdom given me for it."

It had been first arranged that during her visit to Liverpool, Agnes should be the guest of Mr. J. W. Cropper, at Dingle Bank, but just before she left London, she received a letter intimating that apartments in the workhouse would be placed at her disposal. At first this change of arrangements tried her much, and a letter written under its influence indicates great depression at the idea of finding her way, "friendless and alone in the strange place." Before long, however, she saw many advantages in the plan, which had, indeed, been prompted by the kindest feeling; it had been suggested that she would appear before the committee with a more free and unbiassed opinion if she was independent of any one member of the board, and the wisdom of this decision was recognized by her at once. The kindness and support she received from Mr. Cropper and all his family, she used to speak of with the warmest gratitude; almost her only hours of recreation were those she spent in company with her devoted friend Miss Gilpin, in their country home and its lovely pleasure-grounds, where she often found relaxation and cheer when heavy cares and arduous labours had depressed and saddened her.

After the lonely journey from London, Liverpool is reached at last, and she drives from the station to the workhouse; the large black gates are opened, but the porters hesitate to admit her; the name and business must be reported at the gate, and then a man is sent to conduct her to the governor's house; after a long business-interview he takes her to her rooms, the same she is eventually to occupy—ground-floor rooms, looking out on a small court and low wall; beyond this the fever hospital. Within, all is dingy enough: horsehair sofa and chairs, tables and stool, no ornament of any kind, while the dark colour of walls and wainscoting gives a look of gloom to the whole; yet Agnes's heart is undaunted, and she goes with the governor to visit the proposed nurses' rooms and some of the wards. Of these latter she says, "The beds are rather close together and the wards low, but all appeared fairly ventilated. There seemed care for the patients, too; a few plants and flowers, 'Illustrated News' pictures on the walls, and a 'silent comforter' in each ward, not the utterly desolate look one often meets in such places."

That night, as she sat alone in those dreary rooms, she could write, "I feel at this moment completely at home here, and the nervous fear I had in looking forward to all, seems to have left me. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'" Next day she writes, "I went to bed very happy, and with a kind of feeling that I had indeed adopted the work; whatever doubts I might have had before, seeing the place has made me feel I shall love it and be of use, I trust, if God blesses and helps me, to some of those poor lonely ones. I have to thank God for present help, and so little nervousness or timidity; I must ask Him to be with me hourly, enabling me to undertake all and to meet all, as for Him and in His sight."

A sleepless night and severe headache left her somewhat less brave in the morning, and a long delay in the arrival of the committee did not tend to brace her nerves. "I was awaiting them when Mrs. Cropper, sen., and Mrs. J. Brougham came in, bringing a basket of lovely flowers all arranged in a glass, and only needing water; it gave such a homelike look to my room, and the kind thoughtfulness of the gift made me feel again the good hand of my God upon me. They soon left, and I had a long time to wait, so I sat down to read; the Bible alone could have engrossed my mind, so ready to dwell on the nervous dread of the next hour."

The ordeal was passed, and no small weight removed from her mind by getting the first interview over; two days longer she remained, so as to become perfectly acquainted with the proposed arrangements and suggest a few alterations. One passage more in the very detailed entry in her journal kept during this week, I must give, lest any should imagine that she was fascinated by the greatness of the undertaking and overlooked its trials :—

" Mr. C. hoped to-day that all did not seem too *couleur de rose*. Does it ? Have I not again and again asked myself, Shall I ever be able to meet the dreariness, the loneliness, the difficulties, jealousies, restraint, disappointments, isolation? In my own strength, no, never. And yet, when I look back, I see how God has helped me, how in the darkest moment a something has come, sent by that loving Father—a little word, a letter, flowers, a something which has cheered me and told not only of the human love, but of that watchful heavenly Friend Who knew His weak child's need, and answered her repining or fearing thought by a message of mercy which bade her trust and not be afraid. He can and He will, I do not say, give success, that may not be His way, but if all fail to human eyes, if I do nothing, He will look with pity on His child, and say, 'She has done what she could.' May no fear of man hinder me in His work, but may He so give wisdom and prudence as to keep me in the middle path in 'His causeway,' with a single eye to His glory, and then I shall not turn aside to the right or to the left. . . . I have many things to think of and plan. I fear the nurses having too much leisure; I know they cannot rightly employ it as a rule. Perhaps, with uneducated minds, too little is worse than too much work: responsibility, too, weighs less on them. I am so glad I have been in the house; in everything I can now more realize my future position and its difficulties. But I have, as never before, a consciousness of power to bring sunshine to those poor creatures, as if I could, with God's blessing, make a little ray of hope and comfort sometimes enter their sad hearts."

Eight months later she returned to Liverpool, to enter on her new sphere of labour. The trial of this last separation from us all was much increased by our mother's health being less strong than formerly, and from her journals we can see that Agnes had much debating with herself as to the duty of remaining at home, and renouncing hospital work. After much prayer for guidance, and calm weighing of the subject, she decided on pursuing the course she had entered upon, and in which already she had been made the instrument of so much blessing. An allusion to this struggle in her own mind is found in a later paper :—

"Often these doubts and questionings arise as to whether this apparent call to hospital work be not a delusion, yet there seems a word even for that, now that I have entered on it. Jeremiah xxiii. 21, 'I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran' . . . verse 22, 'But *if* they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings.' Oh, what a hope! even if that first step were wrong, there is hope of forgiveness and promised blessing, if I be faithful. Thou, Lord, alone canst make and help me."

Below this is a note, added a year later. May, 1866 :—

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped me: He hath led me by a wonderful way, and given such power to work, that I cannot say I did wrong to come."

To my aunt she writes soon after her arrival in Liverpool:—

"Your letter this morning was a great comfort and stirrer up. Oh, how I have asked not to be allowed to forget God in this work! I cannot write all my doubts and fears and difficulties. I can only look at Moses and Joshua, and how they were helped when sent to so great a work, and say to myself, over and over again, 'Only be thou strong, and very courageous, for the Lord thy God is with thee,' and I try not to fear, but to meet everything as it comes. No one can conceive how cut off I shall be from any human help in many ways; so many important steps must be taken alone with God, if He gives wisdom."

In order to brighten up her rooms, and give a homelike comfort and elegance to them, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, sen., Mr. and Mrs. W. Rathbone, and some members of Mr. Cropper's family filled them with various articles of furniture, which acquired more and more value in her eyes as her personal feeling of regard and friendship for the generous donors increased with longer acquaintance. At first she was almost overwhelmed by such unexpected, and, as she thought, undeserved gifts. In writing to tell us of them, she says, "I felt half inclined to cry when Mr. R. enumerated the presents, all so handsome and useful. I was so humbled I could have sunk into the earth. I suppose the feeling is partly pride, the extreme dislike and sensitiveness I have to any obligation; but all this makes me feel as if people expected so much of me, this repaying beforehand of what I am expected to be and to do, and to which I may never attain. Supposing, what is quite possible, I turn out incapable of conducting the scheme, and have to be replaced, not for any fault, but merely for want of the necessary governing and organizing power, I shall feel like the originator of the South Sea bubble, for allowing people to be deluded by false expectations. I should equally dislike any future testimonial, but I could bear it more patiently had I been at work and done something. When anything goes wrong, I shall look round on my furniture as if each thing were an accusing ghost."

No materials exist, either in letters or memoranda, which will enable me to give a history of the work which Agnes attempted and accomplished in the Liverpool workhouse. Her life there was too busy a one to allow time for much writing, and her home-letters dwelt on the little details which she knew would interest us, and give no idea of the greatness of her undertaking, or her plan of operation. The hope, therefore, entertained by those who originally suggested the idea of this memoir, that some history of the results of her work, some suggestions as to the way in which it was conducted, some idea of the general organization might be obtained, which would serve as a help to others treading in the same path, must be renounced. That she had thought over the subject, and formed very decided opinions as to the relative merits of different organizations and administrations, we know, but she never had time to express these on paper; her letters and her diary, both hastily written, (for time was very precious during those three last years,) give no idea of the immense work she organized, or of her practical ability and great business powers. It has even been thought and suggested, by one for whose opinion I have great respect, that the deficiency which must arise because of this, is a reason why this memoir should not be published, and that it will tend to "lower the vague but yet high appreciation which does exist in the minds of many as to what she accomplished in the Liverpool workhouse." I trust that the existence of her work, recognized by all who take an interest in the subject of workhouse-nursing, will obviate this danger. The memoir has been compiled, not for the benefit of poor-law boards and boards of guardians, but for Christian women, who, reading the story of her consistent walk in paths of no ordinary difficulty, and moved by the example of unwavering devotion to her heavenly Master's work, may go and do likewise.

One of my aunts wrote, about this time, to ask Mr. Falloon to call on her, knowing how she would value his visits. Agnes writes in reply:—

"I am so grateful to you for having written to Mr. F., as I had been longing to see him, but did not know how to introduce myself, or let him hear of me. The fewer visitors I have the better, but I want one or two choice ones to help me in the best way, and if he will kindly sometimes think of me, it will be a great privilege. I now spend about three hours daily going my rounds of the wards, which does not give long to each; and as I have not yet assumed the reins, I cannot do anything, not even sit down to read to a patient, but I get a few words to most, and I think already many look for me. There is so much that is very sad which one realizes more when inactive in the way of remedy, but, I hope, we shall be able to lessen many evils in time; slowly and gradually it must be. I hear few complaints, and I have very few requests, these chiefly for paper and stamps to write to friends, and I receive many respectful nods from my countrymen. There is one very large ward entirely Roman Catholic, and on my first visit, I had so many questions to answer, 'Are you a Catholic?' etc. etc., as no other visitors are admitted. I see many, in various directions, reading their Bibles, and have met several who seem indeed to rejoice in them. One dear bright little child especially, who is one mass of sores, always looks so happy, and his large eyes dance with delight as he repeats hymns, etc. He speaks so imperfectly that I cannot ask him much, indeed my deafness makes me lose a good deal. There are many poor blacks here; one has died since I came; severe colds are so fatal to them. One man from Manilla is dying, and only one of the patients can understand his language. There are many idiots and old people in their dotage; one keeps a birch rod under his pillow which he daily presents to me, with a long speech; others cry, if spoken to kindly. I feel daily more and more glad of the work in prospect; it is such a field of usefulness, if God only bless us in it, and I feel sure He will do so. Few have had such a very happy life as I have, and it is happier every year. Now mother's health is an anxiety, but I try to feel the *keeping*, both for her and me, while we are absent from each other, and yet it is such a blessing to feel I have such a loving mother, even far away.

April 18*th*, 1865.

"ISAIAH xlii. 16.

"I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
With a child-like trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend by my side.
The only thing that I say to Him
As he takes it, is, 'Hold it fast,
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last.'

"As when some helpless wanderer,
Alone in an unknown land,
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,
And leaves all else in his hand:
'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach,
He Who guides us may choose the way;
Little we heed the path we take,
If nearer home each day."

"I am learning this hymn, it seems so suitable to me. To-day in one ward lay a poor black man; the dews of death were on his face, and his poor parched lips and gasping breath told the same tale. Oh: how I longed to go and nurse him. I was able to say a few words to him of Jesus. He said he was so weak, but I told how Jesus could tell the secret of the heart, and accept the weakest longing. Oh! the loneliness of these sick-beds. Oh! the many, many wants. How we shall need strength and hope and faith in God! Then the thought which every one repeats, that 'nobody ever comes into a place like this but by their own fault,' meaning idleness or sin. A hospital is sad enough, but a workhouse! It almost seems as if over so many of those beds 'no hope' must be written with reference to this world. Friendless, hopeless. If in this life only ye have hope, ye are of all men most miserable. How we shall need the love of Christ to constrain us in our work, to be as He would have us be with those poor sufferers, not as man would have us! To-day I was only in the medical wards. A Frenchman, who does not speak English, much enjoyed a talk. He so brightened up and made me such a French salute as I moved on. I gave him paper for writing, and he seemed quite joyous with the thought of the answer. An Italian was much cheered by my telling him I knew Naples well. Oh! if God gives me power to bring a little brightness to some, what a blessing it will be! I had some talk with a man who seemed to feel his need of Jesus, and yet was confused about the way. I gave him two thoughts, 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world,' and 'Jesus died for me.' I was rather horror-struck to hear that a policeman goes every night through the wards to keep order. The feeling remained of the class of insubordinates one would have to control. How earnestly I desire they may be the better of our coming here! Six hundred patients dependent for comfort on me and my staff! 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.' 'Our eyes wait upon Thee, O Lord.'"

"*May 3rd.*—Yesterday I was in bed all day with a heavy cold. No one but Mary came near me all day, but she was most attentive. At times I realized the isolation of my position.

Yet the great Friend is ever near, nothing can separate from Him. Strength seems more given me to leave off looking at the work as a great whole, at the issue expected and hoped for—success in the eyes of man,—and I see more daily of the benefit we cannot help being to individuals in many little things. I trust that He Who of such little things says, 'done unto Me,' will accept them; and if it be His will, build these little single bricks up into a vast edifice, of which He will be the foundation and top-stone, and all to His honour and glory, and for the good of the thousands who, from these sad, sad workhouses, cry day and night to Him. And thus He can give us success, and will it not come more surely than if I carry that burden of care? How will men see this? How will it succeed as a whole? Shall I not go on far more joyfully if I receive from Him the daily little joys of these small comforts to many single sufferers, thanking Him for being enabled to do a little, and yet in His strength doing all I can?"

During this interval of waiting for the beginning of her work—for the trained nurses had not yet arrived—Agnes wrote the following letter to Mrs. Pennefather, which is interesting, as giving her views with regard to sisterhoods, a subject so widely discussed in the present day, and involving a question of such vital importance to unemployed and lonely women. It must be remembered, however, that she is not here planning a new institution, but recommending the modification of one already established. She, therefore, touches on one or two points only in the existing arrangements where she thought alteration might be beneficial.

"LIVERPOOL WORKHOUSE, *May* 11*th*, 1865.

"DEAREST MRS. PENNEFATHER,—I sit down to answer yours at once, as I have time now which I may not have again for weeks: We have not yet begun. I have been living here nearly a month, but have weekly to put off my staff, their rooms not being ready. We hope decidedly to begin on the 16th. I go daily to the wards to see the poor patients, and am on the spot when wanted about arrangements; this, and preparing a lending library, is the extent of my work at present. I do not feel the time lost. I feel quite at home here now, and am pretty much so in the wards, though not able to do anything, not being in office yet. It is more trying work, however, than if I felt something were doing. I see so much that needs a remedy, and can only sometimes give a little hint how to make a sufferer easier, or do it myself. But the scenes of various kinds, and the many deaths, are very sad, and I feel very much the absolute prohibition to say a word to the Roman Catholics. My question about the separate wards for Protestants and Roman Catholics, has been decided for me. One of the guardians, whom I asked, thought it would involve endless difficulties. Thank you so much for wishing to help me in it. I look often to you; on many points it seems as if I could ask no one else, and your letters always help me so much, if only by their sympathy. It often seems strange that I, who have so little self-reliance, and would like every step directed, am obliged to take such an independent position; and yet I have been so led on that I could not help it, and I only trust I may be more and more led to look to the guidance of the Ever-present and All-wise Heavenly Friend. But perhaps to no one are letters such a boon. So cut off from personal intercourse with my dearest friends, I cling to their letters, and often a letter has been God's messenger to bring me brightness when all seemed dark and trying. I have so often to thank Him for letters coming just when needed. To any one here I must be very reserved about my work and difficulties, even had I any one who could enter into the work heartily so as to understand, but a great deal of mischief might be done by repeating what I said. I did not sit down to write about self, however, but about Deaconess work. I feel more and more anxious that you and dear Mr. Pennefather should see an opening for your having some training-school for Christian women of all ranks. Many circumstances make me increasingly feel the necessity of some such institution. I believe there are many women of all ages longing for work, who cannot from position or character seek it for themselves. Many need guidance and direction: all want training and help. I know at —— many came to seek it, and of those who remained, some felt much that while they found work and certain help, they did not find heart-teaching and help heavenward. I believe in other High Church sisterhoods there are many such, and yet where can earnest women go? There is no Evangelical home: your name would attract many. There could be no suspicion as to the religious party. I had some talk with —— the other day. He thinks the way the Deaconess work will best take root in England, is from some one centre institution, which will train workers and send them out. I agree with him that many separate institutions are just battling the question over and over again without result, and the fruit of one where the question had been practically worked out, would be the best answer to prejudice. But I do not agree with him that —— is fitted to be that head. I believe the head of such an institution must be more decided than he is (as appears to me) in religious views. I believe no untried worker, however earnest, would do, and no one whose religious character is not of the highest stamp. One who is firm in his religious views, and yet not narrow-minded in anything, with cultivated and practical mind and unlimited power of sympathy. But while there must be a certain liberty of opinion in minor points, I cannot ever think too 'liberal' a head will do. This seems to me so often the expression for those who have not made up their own minds, and therefore cannot certainly direct those of others. But what I feel so much is, how many there are who want some place where they can get teaching for their own hearts and souls, training for and direction in work for others, sympathy in that work and their difficulties in it, and a home where in their leisure hours they may have more or less association with others. I believe many older people want this as a home, and many younger, who would go for a time for training, which they are anxious to have for work near home. I have learnt two things which make me most anxious about this, Learning from real workers helps one very much, but not before one knows the work. When you have tried and felt your weak points, and when you are working and daily meet difficulties, then a few words with some sympathizing worker are a great help, and sometimes throw a new light on the whole subject. Many want their powers drawn out; they feel a power they fear to try, and require advice and direction.

"But there is another and a very strong point—the shrinking many have from coming forward even in good works. I think this needs to be carefully dealt with, there is such mischief in any combating it. I believe that feeling is a great safeguard, if only kept in its place. Association of workers will help to do this, and so will working under direction; but, as I know painfully, no one can tell what a woman exposes herself to who acts independently. I never would advise any one to do as I have done, and yet I can feel I have been led on step by step, almost unwillingly, certainly not as I should have chosen, had I not seemed guided, and I believe have been, and so kept. But there is much one shrinks from, and while often much to humble, yet a great deal to puff up, much to which a member of a body would not be exposed. When one seeks training in other than a Christian home, there is in public institutions so much to keep back, and so little to foster spiritual growth. To learn to work in any way, one must now in England go where there is no teaching, no help outwardly; cut off from every human teacher and friend, and the want of every refinement in surroundings, and of every source of knowledge of even the good going on in the world around. All this makes one's own world so narrow, that in spite of deep interest in the work, there are times when one either feels alone, or as if very self-denying. It makes a cause for trial which takes another form in a community, but is not the same. The temptations in communities are to jealousy and envy, and yet perhaps one more feels both one's own power and what one lacks, than in independent work; but I do not think there is the same daily and hourly difficulty about what is one's duty and work, which many shrink from and meet by doing nothing. Those who persevere learn in the school of mistakes,—an invaluable school, but slow training. All these things you know far better than I; but as I daily and hourly feel them, I long for a more 'royal road' for many ardent and weak ones, many who for years perhaps are kept back from doing anything; many who die without ever going beyond the wish to do something. I know parents whose young people want work for God, who would gladly send them somewhere for a time to be trained; I know grown-up women, not far advanced in Christian life, who would like to do a little under direction; and I know some who have gone, almost against their principles, into sisterhoods because they cannot get what they want elsewhere. Surely all these want help. I always so feel you could give it, if the way were opened. I do not know what you think of deaconesses. I think the reality might be had without the dress or name. The difficulty is the real submission of will there must be. I believe this is *the* valuable part of the training. It is hard to get it, but I believe it could be given to a really superior head: this makes it so needful, that the character of that head should be in every way above those governed. I believe all I owe to Kaiserswerth was comprised in the lesson of unquestioning obedience. I tried to do everything I was desired, no matter how impossible it seemed, and found often less difficulty than I anticipated; or if I did not succeed, the pastor's lesson on the failure, its cause, etc., was most valuable. I am sure I should never have obeyed this call, if I had not begun at Kaiserswerth; and so I believe many characters might be moulded in many ways; not, perhaps, for years of work under your institution, but for work in their various homes and neighbourhoods. My idea, as you ask it, is not to begin with a sisterhood, but a home for ladies who must submit to certain rules and government. . . . I used to think people could work on for ever; now I am sure a certain amount of quiet and recreation is needed, and makes one work better with less strain. I think, with very slight variation, your present system would suit; and then, if after a time any wished to devote themselves more entirely, the question of deaconesses would arise. In your large parish you could have a great variety of work; more distinct nursing, or other training, would come later. My idea of beginning is more the work any lady might have in her own neighbourhood on her return home after a time with you. I really must apologize for this letter. I have written on, often interrupted, and forgetting what I had said, and so it has grown. My only excuse must be my deep feeling of longing for more labourers, and wiser and better ones. I so deeply feel how few get training for that work which, of all work, needs it. I often think of Dorothea Trudel's last prayer for and with me, 'that I might be a polished stone, fit for the Master's use.' He must polish and use us, but I believe He uses means of fitting, and wills us to use them as given. How many unhewn stones there are which seem to need but a little fashioning, and shall we offer to Him that which costs us nothing? It is such an honour to be used by Him,—should we not seek it, not to add to our own crown, but His? It seems a new hope that something will be done for training workers, which I so often long and pray for. I shall always be so glad to hear of anything being attempted. Pray for me, dearest friend, as I do often for you, and with deepest gratitude for your love and sympathy.

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"AGNES E. JONES."

In a letter to my aunt of the same date, she writes:—

"I am much amused at every one endeavouring to impress me with the magnitude of the undertaking, as if I had not rather to struggle against the realization. I am trying and succeeding more and more in fixing my eyes on all the little things we shall be able to do. I believe in this is our safety, doing the daily *littles* as opportunity is given, and leaving the issue with God. It is the *individual* influence we shall have, the individual relief and the individual help for mind and body, that will be ours. If it is His will, He can make others see the many littles as one great whole, or they may see nothing done, while we have the comfort of the littles we know have been done. I always feel any work seems more trying to outsiders than it really is. We can talk of our trials, but all the little helps that so comfort us, and come as sunbeams, however transitory, just when we need them, these we only keep as our own, and go back on them in memory when clouds are thickening again. These help me now when I look forward. I know God will send what is needed. Some lovely flowers have come from Greenbank, just when I was thinking I must throw out those I brought from New Brighton; so even this want is met almost before felt. Certainly, it is wonderful how God cares for me in the least thing."

And now at last all was ready, and the day arrived on which the nurses were expected. An anxious one it must have been to her, and not without its special trials. She had been very careful not to lend any tracts or leaflets in the wards, as she felt that to begin with what might be objected to before her position was established, would be unwise; but a friend had given her some books and magazines for distribution among the patients, and she had gladly carried out the wishes of the kind giver. This morning of the 16th May, however, it was intimated to her that she must lend books henceforth only through the chaplain. The order fell chillingly on her eager desire to give some new pleasure and interest to the poor lonely ones in their hours of dreary sickness, but of course she had no choice but to submit. The party of nurses arrived from London a few hours later, twelve Nightingale nurses and seven probationers. The next afternoon the work began in earnest. One of the great difficulties of the first year arose from the character of the ex-pauper women who were brought into the hospital from the other departments of the workhouse, to be trained under the nurses. Rough, coarse women they were, and apparently incapable of receiving instruction; besides, their habits of intemperance led them astray whenever the slightest liberty was allowed; so at last, after some months of uphill work and continual disappointment, the plan had to be given up. On the 22nd May Agnes wrote home:—

"We are getting on delightfully so far, and I am very well, and scarcely tired, though I have had and have heavy head and leg-work, which will, however, get lighter every day. I have no time for letters or for reading,—just one verse at night. That on Friday, our first day, was so appropriate (Nehemiah ix. 21), 'Yea, forty years did Thou sustain them in the wilderness, so that they lacked nothing; their clothes waxed not old, and their feet swelled not.' I was at the moment wondering how well my poor feet felt after about fifty ascents of seventy stairs, which I had had in the hours of placing my staff; each set to be put separately into their charge, and I had to run up and down with each. I arranged for them to come up in parties; but brainless people make such stupid mistakes, I found in the end I had to come down myself. The whole thing seems now really manageable to what I expected. Clouds are rising, but as 'Hitherto' the Lord will help. Mrs. R., whom I met at Barnet, called to-day, chiefly to tell me she had heard from a poor woman in her district how nicely her husband was getting on here, and how comfortable everything was since the London nurses came. Our poor little boys, too, are so happy, before, they were often maltreated by the attendants."

"*June 5th.*—I had a very pleasant Bible-class yesterday afternoon for my nurses, delightful to me, if not to them. To-day I had a visit from a Roman Catholic lady, who was very cordial; she said she so rejoiced in our work, and wished us every blessing. She is a lady visitor here, I find."

"*June 22nd.*—I sent half of my party to-day to New Brighton—the invalids and night nurses; they enjoy it much, and it does them all good. The submission of the patients now is most amusing. If I give a lecture in a ward for disorder of any kind, I soon get a message they are 'So sorry they upset the Lady Superintendent;' and with medicines, dressings, etc., they may rebel, but if 'the Lady says so,' they submit at once. I have not to be summoned so often as before, the threat is enough; and yet patients, as well as nurses, feel they can have redress of any grievance by an appeal to me. I had such a grateful message from the poor infirm, for getting them good bread. I am so sorry to be able to do so little, but they are surprised at my being early and late among them."

Her day was, indeed, no idle one. At 5.30 A.M. she went in her dressing-gown to unlock the doors for the kitchen-women. At 6 she rang the bell for the nurses and probationers; at 6.30 all assembled for prayers in the nurses' sitting-room. At 7 the breakfast began. Often she made a round of the wards at 6; and if there was any anxious case, she would be up two or three times in the night. After "a race round the wards to see that all the breakfasts are correct," she came to her own at the head of the table, where nurses, probationers, assistants and scourers were seated. At 7.30 she gave the orders for the day, and then made another round of the wards. Then giving out stores occupied her till the first dinner began at 12. She was always present herself, carved for the nurses and probationers, and dined with them. When we wrote to remonstrate with her for not having rest and quiet even at her meals, she answered that the moral influence of her presence in such a mixed community, she considered not the least important part of her day's work. Besides, she felt there was much for the superior nurses to bear, on first coming to a workhouse hospital, where the class of patients was much lower than those they had been accustomed to; and she wished, wherever it was possible, by sharing their labours and identifying herself with their life, to help them through the trials and difficulties of their new position. Occasional visits to individual patients, giving out stores, and attending to calls innumerable, occupied the afternoon. After presiding at tea at 4, she returned to the wards, to see how the dressing was done. And here her practical knowledge of nursing-work enabled her to direct the nurses and teach the probationers, and gave her weight with both, which was invaluable to her authority. At 9 o'clock the night nurses went on duty, and she visited the wards to see that each was at her post. Prayers were at 9.30, after which the day nurses went to bed; but another round of the wards was still before Agnes, and it was generally after 11 before she could go to her own room, and feel she might lie down to rest with her work for the day done. There was a great deal of illness among her nurses during the first year, fever and small-pox; and the anxiety about these cases pressed often painfully upon her. The responsibility, too, attached to so vast an undertaking, at times weighed down her spirits ; the depressing influence of a workhouse in its outward, and still more in its moral aspect, the isolation from friends and relatives, and all the pleasures and comforts of social life, and besides all this, difficulties in the work itself, and opposition and trial from some who might have been expected to uphold her authority and strengthen her hands. It is wonderful to see how brightly, as a rule, she looks upon the work; at times, indeed, we find expressions in journal and letter indicating extreme depression; but this was as much physical as mental; and as they occur more frequently in the third year of her labours in Liverpool, we may well believe that they may be generally, if not always, traced to over-fatigue of mind and body. In the end of October, 1865, my mother and I spent a few days in Liverpool on our return from the Continent. As we drove through the gloomy gates and up the narrow road between high walls which led to her apartments, the contrast to her sweet country home, with its lovely scenes and pure mountain breezes, and all that had been such a delight to her, struck us painfully; but once in her rooms, where she greeted us with a face more radiant than ever, it was impossible to look at her and pity her. She was the picture of happiness, and evidently delighted in her work, finding pleasure in every proof, however small, that through her or her staff, more of physical, as well as moral and spiritual good, had been brought to those under her care. Early in the summer she began Sunday evening readings in one of the wards where there were none but Protestants. She could not be ignorant that Roman Catholics did attend; but as they came uninvited, she did not consider herself called upon to exclude them. This class she continued to the end. I shall never forget the one at which I was present. We came into the ward where about twenty patients were in bed, a few minutes before the appointed hour. Agnes passed at once to her seat at the top of the room, and sat quietly reading her Bible until the clock struck. In the meantime the room had filled; on each bed men were seated closely packed together, others standing by the wall or grouped around, and there they stood in almost painful silence until the end. I never saw more attentive listeners. She began with a short prayer; then read part of a chapter, on which she commented in very simple but striking words, closing with a practical application and earnest personal appeal to the hearts of all present. After reading a hymn she again prayed, and so ended the class. As we left the room, the respectful demeanour of the men struck me very much; and during the reading I saw one or two who came in late, had taken off their shoes lest they should disturb her. She had also every Sunday a Bible-class for her nurses; the notes of her preparation for both these show great care and thought. Nov. 10th she writes:—"We are feeling the approach of winter, for our wards are filling fast. On Wednesday I went out to Dingle Bank at 5, and drove in with the C.'s to Mr. Birrell's lecture, where I met my nurses and returned with them. We had a beautiful sermon on the fruits of the Spirit, and last night Mr. Lockhart's address was most helpful on being 'rooted in Christ.' I do not know when I so enjoyed two lectures; sent, I am sure, to make up to me for my Sunday, which seemed lost. I had a bad headache, and could not get out in the evening, the only service where I can hear. I had eighty at my Bible-class, but it was all I was equal to for the afternoon. We are very busy, having more people than room. I had forty children under twelve sent in to me one day, and we had to clear a large ward for them; but they are over-crowded, twenty-two being the licensed number for the, room. You can fancy the nests of them, two beds being put together, and two children at the head and two at the foot. The children have only sore eyes, and you may imagine the spirits and noise of a healthy set of forty boys. However, they are very good considering all things, and I have provided slates and books to amuse them. When I appear there is a general cry of, 'Please lady!' They now know they must obey; as one morning, finding they would not keep quiet till 7 o'clock, I kept back their breakfast till ten; but even when only quietly talking, the noise of forty tongues is great."

A few days later:—

"I have now sixty children under twelve, so I have turned them into an empty ward. You should hear the singing and rejoicing; after many days in their beds, such excitement at getting up."

"I am almost distracted between sickness and anxiety and drunkenness. I have one head nurse in great danger, and much anxiety about her sister, who is with her, and almost worn out with sorrow and watching. Then these ex-pauper women whom we are training, were paid their wages on Friday, and the next day five came in tipsy. It is so disappointing; some who had done well for six months, and of whom I had hopes. How little I can do! yet the hewers of wood and drawers of water had an office in the work of the sanctuary, and so, perhaps, may I."

In the midst of all this pressure Christmas came, and Agnes found time and leisure to devise and arrange some little treat for all, nurses and patients. It was one of the characteristics of her work that she never overlooked the individual in the community, but cared for the pleasure of each, as if they stood alone. She had great faith in the softening influence of happiness, and her tender heart went out in active sympathy for those who, immured for life in those hospital wards, had ceased to expect that brightness or gladness could ever come to them. One of her nurses writes of her :—" She was so thoughtful of our comfort in every way. If flowers were brought to her, she would be sure to supply us before she thought of herself, fond of flowers as she was. Every Saturday she went round every ward, and took suitable books for the patients to have to read on Sunday. I often think how closely she followed her Saviour in leaving her home, where she might have had so many comforts, and yet she left it to associate with the poorest and lowest of mankind. I feel it was the greatest honour the Lord could have conferred on me, when He led my steps towards her. It was my happy lot to receive from her my first lesson in nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital, and I shall never forget her kindness to me then. She seemed to have sympathy for every one, especially for those she knew had just left their homes. When we came to Liverpool, we did not expect to find her as we had found her at St. Thomas's, although we had a very great desire to live with her, feeling sure we should be with a just person and a Christian; but we soon found we had not half known her before. You know we entered here amid great difficulty, but with her help and love we were able to surmount it all. Before she took us into the wards, she commended us all to God in prayer, and besought His blessing and help in the work. That was the secret of her success in everything. She took all to Jesus, and always exhorted us to do the same. During the first year, when the staff was smaller, she made a practice of visiting our rooms every Saturday and Sunday evening after prayers, for the purpose of speaking to us about Jesus. If she had had occasion to scold us in the week, she was sure to remember it, and would say, 'Do not think I don't love you because I scold you; if I did not love you so much, I should not take that trouble with you.' She never would allow the smallest fault to go unreproved. If ever she made a mistake (she would not have been human had she not done so sometimes), she would come and beg our pardon, as if we had been over her, instead of her over us. It has often surprised me, the thought she had for all. There seemed not one forgotten. If there were several of us sick, she would go into the wards as usual and be busy with her work, but she would not forget to keep running down to see if the invalids were having all they required. Often, if she had nurses on duty she did not think quite up to their work, she would get up and go through the wards several times in the night. She was so anxious always to bear burdens for us. I have often told her that I believed we were a hindrance to her; for instead of holding up her hands, we were hanging on her, and bearing her down. She was so fond of bearing our troubles for us, as far as it was possible, and I think she fell under the burden of them. If she had brought us a letter in the morning, and saw us afterwards looking sad, she would take hold of our hand so affectionately, and say, 'I hope you have not had bad news, child.' If she thought one looked ill, she would say, 'You are not well,' or, 'You look tired, child.' If we went to her in trouble, we could not come away from her with the same feeling we went in with; she would always take the opportunity of pointing us to the Burden-bearer. Often, when I have gone to her with any complaint, or something I have told her I could not do, she would say, 'Have you told Jesus so?' There lay the secret of all her love and care and thoughtfulness. She never thought she had made a sacrifice in coming here, as she said she had never been so happy in her life. I feel it will be the greatest honour the Lord can confer on me, if He permits me to finish my course in the work she loved so well. I fear I often err by being impatient to wait the time till I shall see her again."

1866 dawned amid new anxieties, but the trusting heart ever turned to the never-failing source of strength and comfort. A few extracts from her journal will show how she delighted to trace God's loving hand in the little pleasures which now and then came to cheer dark and lonely days. Her delight in flowers was very great, and many times did she learn a lesson from these silent preachers. The kind friends who from time to time sent the treasures of their gardens and greenhouses to brighten her rooms, will find in the day when a cup of cold water, given to one of Christ's little ones, is remembered, that they shall in nowise lose their reward. To a friend who was very dear and very helpful to her, she writes:—

"Your lovely flowers have been telling me all evening that God is love, and that He loves me. They have been His messenger and yours. They seem almost too pure and lovely for earth, and yet they will fade, but He is unchangeable. This is such comfort. I could not tell you what ——'s death has been to me, and I scarcely knew how rebellious I was against Him till my flowers told me. They began, 'He careth for you,' and taught me the rest of the verse. I could not have borne even from you the flowers' soothing and sympathy, for I could not tell you all. It seemed to me at times yesterday as if He were blowing upon my work, but now I think it is not mine, but His. If He blow upon my part of it, He will keep His own, and

He put me here. The Psalm last night at prayers was indeed for me,—Psalm xxvii. I have not learned all my flowers' lesson yet; but when I am busy, I think of them as dear friends waiting in my room to help me."

Again:—"I have had such delight in some mosses and fungi Mrs. James Cropper sent me from Kendal in a little box by post; they are so like my own mountains, as well as so lovely in themselves. I wish I could show you my saucer of beauties; you never saw a more perfect little collection to lie on half this sheet of paper: the leaf moss, the cup moss, a few fronds of tiny fern, and some bright fungi; so exquisite, you could fancy yourself alone on the mountain-top with them. I have had some very great trials as well as pleasures lately, but I was trying to balance to-day, and I am sure the latter preponderate. Clouds and sunshine so alternate in my life, that you could scarcely sympathize with one before a change comes. I have now more than a hundred at my Sunday class, and really if I lift my eyes, their earnest looks and fixed gaze almost overcome me. It is a great responsibility. I was so amused at the old men the other day calling themselves my children. Many of the patients look on me as a kind of house-surgeon. I go to see and direct the dressings with the worst cases, and sometimes do the thing myself to show how. The other day a man asked me to come every day and dress his foot; it had been 'so much better since I had been at it.' I have a reading for the probationers every week on medical subjects, but it is a great anxiety to me to think how little they know as yet. This morning I have been much with a poor dying thief who is in the agonies of lockjaw. He seems to try to pray, and to like me to speak to him. I think he would tell me his history if he could; but speaking is difficult, and the paroxysms come so frequently. We have all great enjoyment in the Thursday evening lectures at Hope Hall. Mr. Lockhart is so earnest and simple. On Good Friday I read aloud in the evening to the men in one of the wards, and they seemed to enjoy it so much, that I promised them an hour every

Friday evening at six. Last Sunday I gave them a lecture on swearing, taking Psalm 139, and dwelling on the verse, 'Thine enemies take Thy name in vain.' Upwards of one hundred were present, and most attentive."

March 31st she wrote to my aunt:—

"DEAREST AUNT.—This day last year I arrived in Liverpool. I cannot believe it; time has flown and yet much has happened. The review is one of a varied kind. I have not done all I hoped, and yet my brightest visions of earthly success have been more than realized. While I have done little for God, He has made my way prosperous. It has been a wonderfully smooth way, when I consider all there was to contend against. But how much I might have done, how much I intended to do, and never even attempted, is known only to God. I believe there is ground for my justly claiming man's approval, but how very differently would a report be drawn up for God's work here! Even our outward work is not all it ought to be; but, as I said before, there is much cause for thankfulness. There is a wide field for usefulness and need for sympathy around me; in this respect the castles built last year are in ruins now. The materials still lie scattered around, save what has mouldered away while awaiting the worker. I am sure I ought to make more time for the only lasting work. Sunday work is all that consecrates and redeems my work from being wholly worldly. I often wonder if you will see me changed when you come—an old mother with nearly six hundred children. How many to present to the Giver? Only one that I know of . . .

"Your own loving
"AGNES."

"*May 2nd.*—The last fortnight every care has been lessened by the thought of a week with mother and J. in Dublin. It has seemed to me a lesson of what the Christian's hope ought to be—powerful in making all present trial light."

"*May 8th,* 1866.—To-day and yesterday the prospect of leaving seemed most uncertain. A cholera case was brought in, for which we had to clear No. 4 Medical Ward. Notice was given that more were expected. The first case was a Dane emigrating with wife, baby, two little children, and a boy of nine. He died last night, and the poor widow is sad indeed."

"*May* 10*th*.—Notice yesterday to clear another ward, and before night we had the wife and children of Petersen the Dane, two Dutchmen with their wives, babies, and four other children, and a poor man whose wife died here of cholera, with an infant and two little children under five. He is in great distress, as is also the other father, whose child died; the meeting between husband and wife was most affecting. He was so grateful for a little milk for the children. To-day all sat round the table for dinner, but none would begin till the father asked a blessing."

"Last week we had two cases brought in by the police, who visited occasionally day and night to see how they got on. One man said he was so surprised to see so many young women about; 'for, indeed, I must say they're a rough lot you've got in here; many of them are well known to us.' A pickpocket with £4 on him, was brought in last night, known by his coat, the pockets being so made that his hands seem to be in them when they are in reality engaged in stealing."

A few days later Agnes was able to leave Liverpool, and join us in Dublin. Much as she required rest and change after a year of such continued strain on mind and body, no personal consideration would have induced her to take a holiday, but my mother's health rendered it necessary that she should try German baths in the summer, and the doctors wished her also to winter abroad. We were therefore most anxious to see Agnes, and under these circumstances she consented to come. She arrived at midnight on Friday, and returned to Liverpool the Monday week following. My mother wished that she should have as complete a change as possible, and therefore proposed that Agnes and I should spend a few days at Killarney, though it was rather early in the season; we started on the Monday after her arrival, and returned to Dublin on Thursday. The day after we reached Killarney was one of incessant rain, and any excursion was out of the question. In the afternoon, however, we put on our waterproof cloaks, and set out on an exploring expedition to the beautiful demesne of Muckross Abbey. Mountains, lake, and sky were alike veiled in heavy mists of rain, and to me the scene was cheerless enough, but Agnes was in raptures; every graceful tree or picturesque rock she paused to admire, and before one bank of fern and wild flowers she stood long in silent delight; then turning to me, "Oh! what would I give to take that back with me to Liverpool; what a treasure it would be to have anything so lovely to look at!" The next day was bright and clear, and greatly did she enjoy the drive to the head of the lakes, and the return in the boat among the wondrous and varied beauty of that enchanting scenery. Yet the full enjoyment of her visit was somewhat damped by her anxiety as to the spread of cholera in Liverpool; and though she had daily letters to assure her that there was no cause for uneasiness, she was hourly expecting a possible recall. She looked so bright and well, that we felt relieved about her health suffering from her exertions, and her characteristic unselfishness made her at all times conceal from us the frequent headaches and weariness which often made exertion so difficult, and her much-loved work a burden.

The first entry in her journal after her return is as follows :—

"*May* 18*th*.—This day last year we began our work. It has been indeed a year of mercies, and its review with the only record I can make, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped,' leads to the resolve 'I will trust and not be afraid.' St. Paul's list of the results of trial has been much on my mind. Patience is the first link in the chain, and yet I fear it is a lesson still unlearned. How I feel the need of patience! The two following links I seem to know more of—'Experience' and 'Hope.' How wonderfully I have been helped! God's watchful care so marking just what I was able to bear, and I seem to have been able to trust Him more the last few days, and truly I have not been disappointed in my hope. One great comfort I have had in all my trials since coming here has failed me now; it was, like Jonah's gourd, most refreshing shade in the heat of many a fiery sorrow. My gourd is withered now. I must seek more to the Rock. The fig-tree does not blossom, many another resource fails; I must therefore only rejoice in the Lord, and stay on and joy in the God of my salvation."

"*May* 31*st.*—God sent me a great pleasure to-day. A little Polish Jew was dying. We could not find his mother when we sent for her, but to-day she came. As I passed through the ward I stopped as usual at his bed, for he seemed always to look for a word; and then told her she might stay with him all night, as he was so near death. She took my hand and seemed so to crave for sympathy. Not long after, I returned, and found the screen round the bed: he was just gone. She made me go inside with her, and so clung to me, I could not leave her until she went away. Her gratitude was most touching; she kissed my hand

and said she would pray for me, for the Scriptures promised blessing to those who were kind to the Jews."

"*June 2nd.*—I must give you some of my brighter scenes. A poor man who has long been with us, has been in a dying state for days, and often wished me to come and talk to him. He has been long a Christian. When I went to him to-day I thought he was asleep, but he sent for me, if I could spare a moment. He wanted help to keep his eyes fixed on Jesus. As I sat by him, his eyes closed, and he seemed to sleep. I repeated a verse from time to time, and the last stupor came on after he had told me he could indeed trust His Saviour. So you see all is not work. Is not God loving to send me to speak of Himself when I was overwhelmed with much serving? It was as if He had taken me those few moments aside to sit at His feet."

"*June 6th.*—Troubles and difficulties and perplexities seem to multiply, but 'my God thinketh upon me.' I try to trust Him with the future, and He gives me work for Him—cups of water to hand to His dying ones, which

He will remember long after I and all my shortcomings here are forgotten. There is one poor man who looks for me daily, and folds his hands for prayer when he sees me. He cannot speak, but I take it as a sign that he wants a word about Jesus. Should not such work make all else light? It is such a privilege to be allowed to help on one whom Jesus loves."

"*July 1st.*—Thursday's Committee, before which I was for an hour and a half, tried me much. I feel so alone with no adviser. It must send me more to God, the wonderful Counseller. I slip over smooth surfaces away from Him: the rugged path makes me ask His hand."

"*July 8th.*—Weary—weary. I seem to understand the word now, for I am weary mind and body. I have been trying to use it as a plea, and to accept the invitations to the weary, and have been selecting the passages with the word. Isaiah xxxii. 2. 'As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Isaiah xl. 28. 'The Lord fainteth not, neither is weary.' Verse 31. 'They that wait on the Lord . . . shall not be weary.' Isaiah l. 4. 'To speak a word in season to him that is weary.' Is this part of my lesson, the part that concerns others? 'For myself, it is to send me to God Himself.' Jeremiah xxxi. 25. 'I have satisfied the weary soul. The promise and the exhortation.' Galatians vi. 7. 'Let us not be weary in well doing, for in *due* season,' in His good time, 'we shall reap, if we faint not.' Judges viii. 4. 'Weary yet pursuing.' But what helped me most was John iv. 16. 'Jesus being wearied.' Hebrews xii. 3. 'Consider Him that endureth such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds.' 2 Corinthians xi. 27. Paul brings in weariness in his long list. How much trial he had which I have not! and yet to me as to him is the word, 'My grace is sufficient for me. My grace is made perfect in weakness.' I have that title. What are my trials and weariness to what Christ endured? Oh! if all this will but make me shelter more in Him Who has fulness of sympathy for all. I may come to that source and draw on it for ever."

"*August* 12*th*.—Yesterday I spent at Poulton

Hall. I went there at eleven and did not return till seven. Much enjoyed the entire change, getting completely into the country; but this evening I had a far more cheering sight. A large number were collected at my Bible reading, and as we sang 'Rock of Ages,' A. and B. joining in almost overpowered me. True, it was but outward, yet it is a step. Those mouths, once so full of cursing, those men noted as bad, even in this wicked place, now singing God's praises. No, I have not spent my strength for nought."

"The Old Testament characters which I am going through with my class much interest me. There seems such wonderful home-teaching and experience, the very same every-day temptations, trials, and difficulties that I know. Isaac's history to-day; no great incident, but so like me. God promised and gave great help, safety from famine and yet Isaac could not trust Him in the little thing of keeping him and his wife. Placing great things in God's hand and trying to manœuvre ourselves for the lesser; making Him our God and not our Father,—is it not too often so? Again, Isaac was tried by the claims of others to what he felt his right. He and his father digged wells; theirs was the labour, and was not the land theirs by promise? What a trial to faith when one and another was claimed, and yet were not his patience and forbearance rewarded? Was it not in this his enemies saw that God was with him, helping him to bear? Then his gratitude when God gave him a well. He would not suffer his servant to be tried too long, a promise that seems just for me,—tarry, wait for it, it will surely come. Then God renews His covenant, not as Isaac's but as Abraham's God. How much surer, not with Isaac, or he might doubt whether God were only his God while he was faithful. So are the promises 'all yea and amen in Christ,' and we are 'heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.' The strong lesson is this, the testimony to Isaac's walk; to us it appears inconsistent, but his enemies acknowledged God was with him. We as disciples want men to take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. What was Isaac's secret? We read of his meditating in the fields at eventide; in the entanglement of his thoughts within him. Joshua i. 8, seems very similar. God made a promise to him. He would be with him. He commands him to meditate in His law, and if he does so God's presence with him should be recognized by others. We see again with Moses. First we have Exodus xxiv., he and others seeing much of God's glory. In the 33rd chapter he prays 'Show me Thy glory.' In the 34th comes the answer, 'I will make all My goodness pass before thee;' and we have a revelation of God's character, and then follow the second forty days on the Mount, and the marvellous result of the face shining. 'Let your light so shine before men.' The same process is needed. We know of God's glory, His power. We need to know more of His love, to know Him as our Father, and then there will be such close and constant communion that men will see we have been with Jesus, in spite of our inconsistencies."

"*December* 11*th*, 1866.—I have felt very much to-day a patient's death. He has been a great interest to me lately, though I could not make time to read to him often, and he never was sure of me but on Sunday. It must have been about a year ago that I first noticed him, and I believe God taught me to teach him; he greatly delighted in my going to read and pray with him. He was suffering from aneurism, and greatly dreaded the death from it, and I too feared it for him. Such a timid fearful disposition as his was. He could not speak loud, and seldom tried to speak to me, but as I read and talked to him I used to see the quiet tears streaming down, and of late, his look and pressure of my hand told his loving gratitude. He never would allow me to be sent for, even when he longed for me, but he told the nurse, 'the lady can never know what she has done for me.' On Saturday he said, 'Oh, nurse, I wish no one but you ever came near me, no doctor, no one.' 'Not even the lady?' she asked. 'Oh, the lady, oh yes! I think I am in heaven when she comes.' Last night I was very weary, and my voice all but gone, but I am so glad I did not yield to the disinclination to go to him. I told him much of the promises of Christ's help and presence, as I knew he so feared death, and even as I spoke, I dreaded the last struggle for the poor timid one. I gave him the draught I always prepare for him earlier than usual, and when I passed on my night rounds he seemed under its influence. To-day I saw him when I went up at 6 A.M., I stood beside him, but did not speak as his breathing was oppressed. On finishing my rounds as I was ringing for prayers, the nurse ran in—'Taylor is dead.' I cannot tell you the overwhelming feeling of God's faithfulness and loving care for His weak ones, letting him go off so quietly."

I cannot exactly ascertain the date of the following letter, but the visits of the Kirkdale training-school girls took place, I think, every three months, and for the first year and a half it was her delight to provide some little feast or amusement for them on this occasion; it was a great sorrow to her when their quarterly holiday was put a stop to.

"We had all the Kirkdale Training School girls here yesterday, thirty-five girls, who always seem so grateful and well-behaved, and really their greetings when they arrive are quite affectionate. Those who have friends here go to see them in various parts of the building, and those who have not, come to our sitting-room and look at pictures, etc. When the tea was laid, I read them a story while the rest were gathering. The table was laid out with flowers, bread-and-butter, rhubarb tarts, and pots of jam, a large basket of cut currant cake at the top, and several plates of sweet biscuits. After the feast they went to play while we were at tea. The day had been wet and gloomy, but cleared up, and our yard was dry for games, so all went there; and as it was very mild I sent for all the ward children, and we had twenty ranged against the wall, fourteen in blankets; these and some elder boys and the patients who crowded at the windows watched the games. They went away at 6.30, each with a nosegay of flowers, which so delighted them.

"*January* 5*th*, 1867.—Last night I had a letter from Fahan, telling me of old Nancy ——'s death. I often think of the change it is for the poor friendless, poverty-stricken ones, though great and glorious it is even for a king.

Dear, dear old Nancy, how often the thought of her prayers for me and my work at Fahan helped me on!"

She thus alludes to this same death in her journal. "It is indeed a change, a going home; when shall I be there? I am not weary of work or life yet; I want to do more for Jesus first. The very, very few happy deaths here are great help and comfort to me."

"*February* 1*st.*—To-day I was thinking much of the poor infirm patients, who have much to try them. It is a marvel they are so quiet and forbearing; one poor young man told me so sadly that he was often so irritable, he could scarcely bear himself, and he was sure at times others could scarcely bear him. He was a painter, and five years since, he and some others fell from a scaffolding; some were killed, he injured his back, and has suffering which must be life-long in head and spine; besides he is fast losing his sight. He said, 'It is not as if I were an old man.' I have begun daily evening Bible readings, which are such a watering of my own soul that I trust to be able to continue them."

"*21st.*—Few know all we have to contend with here, the sin and wickedness, the evils so hard to check, the struggle to keep any order or rule enforced, the drudgery and the thanklessness. We have here, not only the trials of hospital work but also of a reformatory, into which men are thrust against their will, and against all the rules of which they kick. You give a man a pint of porter to drink, and stand by to see it swallowed; a confederate speaks to you, and while your eye is for a moment removed the full can is put behind the back and another, provided on purpose, substituted. You order them to table to their meals, they go to it, and the moment your back is turned they return to the fireside bench; so with pipes, etc. It is not the uphill work of the first start that tries one, but the month after month, year after year of the same discouragements; the feeling that if you relax your vigilance for a few days all goes back. Sometimes this seems like the land no man careth for, and yet God sends His dew. His love is ever as the sun shining out from behind the darkest cloud."

"*February 4th,* 1867. — In the desperate weather when the people were said to be starving, and we were almost left without bread, while bakers were busy day and night for those outside the walls, I was one day coming in at the gate and admiring the beautiful bread and plentiful supply, when, just because a bit of crust was burned,—I should have liked it to eat,—a woman began railing against the food provided. So is it often with our patients,—there have been some fearful scenes in the oakum sheds lately, rivalling the prison matron's revelations. You remember our visit there and the woman who accompanied us. On Saturday the women in the sheds attacked her, threw her down, tried to run hairpins into her eyes, and when assistance arrived were pounding her all over. She had made herself unpopular; and an active part she had taken in the seizure of a woman who had attacked her fellow-officer the day before, was the cause of this; and one woman who ventured to say it was a shame, was severely beaten. We are expecting the death of another female officer who was attacked by a girl, thrown down and scratched; it did not seem serious, but the shock to her system made the wound inflame, erysipelas has ensued, and she is dangerously ill. We need not complain, for we scarcely ever get hard words, much less blows. More and more I come to the belief that these large institutions grouping together such numbers, are the ruin of the inhabitants. One would blush to tell the knowledge and practice of the vilest sins among the children; girls of seven escaping, to be brought back from the vilest houses. On Wednesday we had a patient brought in who had gone out well a few weeks ago; he looked more like a wild beast than a man, he said he had not had his clothes off for three weeks, nor 'seen his legs,' deeply ulcered as they are. He had been drinking freely, and was on the verge of delirium tremens, of which he died that night. I sometimes wonder if there is a worse place on the earth than Liverpool, and I am sure its workhouse is burdened with a large proportion of its vilest. I can only compare it to Sodom, and wonder how God stays His hand from smiting. Then, so little effort is made to stem the evil. All lie passive, and seem to say it must be. The attempt at introducing trained workers has certainly not met with any sympathy from clergy or laity. In the nearly ended two years of our work, how few have ever come for the work's sake to wish us God-speed in it! I do not mean to say that I am discouraged. I believe we have had the blessing of the poor; I never regret coming and I never wish to give it up."

"26*th.*—I went over to Claughton on Saturday, and though I had not time for a long visit, I much enjoyed it. S. and E. told me a great deal of news, and it was pleasant to know a little of friends and of the world outside these gates. The climax of my enjoyment was the drive. E. kindly ordered the phaeton to take me down to the boat. We drove first up above the house over a road which was bordered with heather and pines, with a fine view of the sea. Had the view been clear and the heather in bloom, I think I should have been wild with delight; the pleasure even of the dark burnt heather and murky view was so great. It blew away many cobwebs, and so I returned to my work wonderfully brightened up."

Few ever enjoyed nature so thoroughly as Agnes did, and the rest and refreshment of a day in the country always gave her new vigour. Many friends in the neighbourhood of Liverpool urged her coming frequently to their country-places, especially Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone of Greenbank, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Rathbone, whose continued kindness and thoughtfulness in procuring her comforts she would never have got for herself, were among the many blessings which she so often alludes to as reminders of God's loving care;—too seldom did she avail herself of their repeated invitations to breathe a purer air for a few hours, and rest from her work, and only at Mr. Cropper's, where she generally went for an hour or two on Saturday, did she allow herself the recreation which was so essential for her.

On the 7th March, 1867, the sub-committee of the Workhouse Committee presented a report on the working of the system of trained nurses. This was so favourable to their employment, that the vestry determined to adopt the system as a permanent one, extending it to the whole of the Workhouse Infirmary a year before the period fixed for the trial of the experiment had expired. Mr. Rathbone sent her a copy of the report with the following note :—

"I send you the Committee's masterly report; it could not have been better done to do as wide-spread good as possible. It will strengthen Miss Nightingale's hands and rejoice her heart. The success would have been impossible had it not been for your cheerful firmness and faith. I do most warmly congratulate you on having been so faithful a servant to Him to Whom you look in a work so truly His own."

April 7th, she writes :—"The governor took me to see the female hospital, my new dominion. It was much more extensive than I expected, apparently larger than this; more surface, because the wards are only at one side of the passages. I had a bright death-bed to-day to cheer me; poor ——, though at one time he said, 'I am in such agony I cannot tell you,' at another it was, 'I am so happy, so very happy,' and his whole face beamed. When I said he would soon be at home, he so brightened up. 'Yes, home, home with Jesus,—I want to be there now,' and again and again he seemed to return to the thought of home. An old man died suddenly this morning in the same ward. I knew he was suffering last night, and was much struck by his quiet peaceful look. His last words to the nurse were 'I am happy, for He said, I will never leave thee.' Earlier in the day she heard him say to another patient, 'Remember what the Apostle says.' 'What?' was asked. 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' was the reply."

"*May 23rd.*—We have many deaths just now; on Friday last one was dying during our meeting for evening prayer; it seemed so solemn. To-day I went to speak to old ——, in the infirm wards, who was very ill. He at once took my hand and said, 'I want to take leave of you,—I never told you before, but do you remember speaking of the "gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord?" I got that gift then. This is the truth. The Lord strengthen you, and may you live more and more to His honour.' He spoke much more, quoting many texts, and though at times half-wandering, one could not but feel his anchor was within the veil."

"*June*, 1867.—Yesterday I had in succession the committee, the matron, the storekeeper, the governor, and clerk of works, and had a busy morning explaining the size I wished the sheets, suggesting improvements in the cut of the shirts, planning closets and rooms, kitchen arrangements, etc., drawing out lists of what I want in furniture from bed and bedding down to tea-spoons for my new party, and tables, chairs, and forms for the wards. I have been contrasting that one death so stilling all at ——, and here all going on in ordinary routine with seven deaths between Sunday night and this (Tuesday) morning. I have written to get another grant of books, or rather £10 worth for £5. The books are so prized, but I cannot rob the men's hospital, so shall not have any to spare for the female. I am always taking away bad literature, so I want to provide good, which I find banishes the other."

To an invalid friend to whom she was very much attached, she writes:—

"*January 23rd.* DEAREST,—You will really think I have forgotten how to write, and now I am not so overworked, but when I have not necessary work I go about talking to the patients. I have not as much time for this as I should like, though more than I use faithfully. We have so many Roman Catholics and such charges of partiality to Protestants, I often excuse myself from more than the usual inquiries for health, comfort, etc., all round the ward, only giving more time for reading to those who express a wish. Since the commencement of the year I have had a little evening meeting in a small Protestant ward. It began as for evening prayers, reading a chapter and prayer, but at the men's request it is now a Bible-reading meeting. The men of the ward take a great interest in it, set the table and forms in order, Bibles and hymn-books, and generally I find the book open at the hymn they want to sing. Then they read in turns the passages I refer them to, and explain the connection, and end our half-hour with prayer. It is to me a very interesting little meeting varying from twenty to thirty; some come in from other wards. Their attention and interest is great, and each takes his part so well. We take John iii., and I prepare each day a few well-chosen references. The men wash their faces and comb their hair before they come, no small thing, and they afterwards tell the nurse if there is not as large a number as usual present. It is quite their own meeting, and they seem to take an interest in it as such, and being God's word honoured, I look for a blessing.

"I have several times thought I must try to give you sketches for your tracts. I often think of 'She hath done what she could,' as applying to the power of the least talented to do good. There is a poor deformed cripple, repulsive in appearance, unable to speak plainly, and scarcely able to walk or use his hands, and scarcely able to feed himself. He is in a ward of bed-ridden patients, and has constituted himself their pipe-lighter. I often watch and admire his efforts and patience. He makes an old poker red-hot, and they having filled their pipes, he goes first to one and puts his poker into the bowl, the man whiffs away, Dick stands patiently watching, by a strong effort holding his shaking hands quiet with the poker, or laying it over his arm ; no calls will move him till the pipe he earnestly watches is quite alight, then he moves on. Dick's pains, and the attention and care to complete one duty at a time, often teach me a useful lesson. I would go from one to another, perhaps satisfied that I had tried to help them.

" I have been waiting for the death of a dear old man to tell you of a very interesting conversation I had with him, but he still lives, and I must tell you a little. Old David has long been a great favourite with us all. He had been a carpenter, and whatever was required in that line he was always glad to do, often when almost unable. He has lately been very ill.

One night I repeated to him the hymn 'Begone unbelief,' ending 'And then, oh how joyful the conqueror's song!'

"Next day he told me that these last words had been on his mind. It almost seemed as if it were his, that 'conqueror's song.'

"He said, Satan had tried to shake his faith and trust. 'But I said, Lord, I am weak, weak, but Thou hast said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and in Thy power, in Thy power, I say it now. And then I saw Jesus' love to me. What a wonderful thing it is that He so makes known that love! I knew it before, but not as since last night, and I am only beginning now to know it. That surpassing love, I cannot tell what it is. It is infinite; and what is infinite but Jesus? And is it not eternal? Jesus is a Rock, a fixed Rock: nothing can shake Him, and so His love can never fail. I feel now I have such a firm grasp of that love, I can never again let it go. Only His love made it known to me. His Spirit taught me, not man, for that man could not do. I so thought of your words when I felt Satan go, and that love laying hold of me. Oh, how joyful the conqueror's song!'

"Dearest, I have no time for more.—Your own Agnes."

Another letter to this same friend, though not written from Liverpool, may be given here.

"My writing to you seems almost hopeless; good intentions are so often frustrated. Lately I have been very, very busy; now there is a lull. How many letters of yours are unacknowledged! and yet they are a peculiar pleasure to me, for I want to know more of the invalid's trials and pleasures, as I often regret that I have not the sympathy that experience alone teaches. Since your last I have heard of your sufferings. I have lately watched two lingering restless deathbeds, and these seem to give such force to the assurance, 'There remaineth rest;' and yet, though of both I had hope, I longed for a more sure and certain hope. Dearest, I need your prayers. My present position is most difficult—exposed to much jealousy, very isolated, often scarcely a moment alone, and at night feeling every spare moment must be given to sleep, as often I have to watch instead. No religious advantages of any kind, and not much teaching when I can go to Church, besides being shackled in every way by those with whom I am working. But withal, I can feel I am of use to some, and though not as free as I should wish with my patients, I know they cling to me (many) for teaching as well as nursing. And I can feel how this discipline, though not what I should have chosen, is perhaps, indeed must be, the best training for the difficult but important position to which God seems to be calling me. Of this you will have heard. Will you pray much for me, that by a fresh baptism of the Spirit, I may go to that work, making mention of Christ's righteousness only, and in His strength. Much is hoped from me, and I feel so incapable, I can only cast all on God, and tell Him as He has chosen, so He must fit me for the work. If I succeed, to Him must be all the glory; if I fail, may it not bring dishonour to His cause. All is not yet decided, so I am not yet quite sure of the position. I almost dread it, and yet I cannot ask it may not be mine; so it seems as if I must lie passive in His hands. I can say, 'Forget not all His benefits,' for so often when I seem unable to bear more, relief comes; or when I need a change of ideas—you know what that is—something comes. In my home life, which people used to consider so monotonous, I never knew this want; now, not often, and then, more by the relief than the felt need. Of God's loving tender care I trust we are both learning deeper lessons; that unchanging love which seems so to mark every need, and supply it, answering almost before we call. It often makes me feel how much more experience should work in us hope, and even more full assurance, but I at least am such a slow learner. How blessed that He changes not, and that our times are in His hands! May we grow in the knowledge of His love.

"Ever your affectionate and sympathizing friend,

"AGNES E. JONES."

The old man alluded to in the first of these two letters is noticed in her journal about the same date. He did not die until July, 1868, five months after she who had cheered his dying pillow had herself joined in the rejoicing strains of the "conqueror's song."

"Last night I went to poor old David Salisbury, and in a strong earnest voice he told me of all the joy with which his heart was filled in the experience of Christ's love to him. He then went off to speak of his mother's death. Her last words were, (she could scarcely speak from weakness,) 'for ever and for ever.' The night before she died, he sat up with her. He had been reading, but dozed off, and when his father woke him, he said, 'I had such a dream; I heard the words, "Give her the remittance of her sins, for Jesus' sake.' To-day he said to me, 'I am so glad to see you; I want to tell you He is my Rock, my Refuge, my strong tower. He makes known His love to me more and more. Oh, He is good, good, good. Is He not love, so to teach me of His love?' In the evening I read to him Rev. vii., and spoke to him of the wonderful thought of how, even in heaven, the care and the ministry of Father and Son for the sons of God does not end. 'The Lamb shall *lead* them by fountains of water.' God, the Father, 'shall *wipe away* all tears.' And then I went back to the first beginning of His work for us. We sinners, unfit for heaven, made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. He said he should not last long. I said, 'You will not be sorry for that, for you know you can say, "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." "Jesus went to prepare the place."'

"Yet there seems a fear of the last struggle sometimes. He begs for prayer with him, and bespeaks my coming, and yet is lovingly careful to add, 'if you can get time.'

"What a field there is here for soul work! David S. speaks of Satan as still trying him at times. 'He catches me unawares, but it is only for a moment; I am so weak: "Nothing in my hand I bring, but simply, simply to Thy cross I cling."' Then I could hear little of many muttered words, after we had prayed together, except, 'The matchless love and mercy of God.' 'Seek ye the Lord: He is near, very near.'

"It is no mere form of words that many patients value the care they receive,—new indeed to them. A very old man said, in answer to a question, 'I never had a friend in all my life till I came here. You are my only friend; I never had any before.'"

"*24th.*—David seems to be sinking. He said to-day, 'Oh what a precious Jesus—precious, precious!' And when I said, 'You are going home.' 'Going to Him, yet I will wait His time; I will not ask to hasten it; He knows best.' In answer to my inquiries this morning, he said, 'Weaker and weaker, but nearer and nearer: it is a blessed hope.' 'Do you want anything?' 'Nothing on earth, but only His will, His will.'

"How often, when weighed down under the sense of responsibility, God sends me work to do for Him! To-night I stood by a deathbed.

A young man who buried his wife a fortnight since, and came here to die. One child has also gone; two remain, one of whom is dying. All consumptive, their end hastened by want. They had been respectable people,—he earning, when in health, £200 a year. Much was wasted by a drunken step-mother, who even pawned for drink a sheet from about her daughter's corpse. Cole's wife died trusting in Jesus, and he too looked to Him. I scarcely believed him conscious as I stood by him, but I repeated in the dying ear, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Here he interrupted me. 'Yes, He is my Saviour.' 'Shall I pray?' I asked. He put up his hands, and I knelt and asked Jesus to be very near, and put the children in His care. His face was so calm and peaceful then, and when I saw him next in his coffin. Oh, what love in God, to let me with all my unfaithfulness give a cup of cold water to His disciples!"

"*October 22nd.*—Our new wards are a great strain at present. You could not imagine such a set of women as the mothers of the sick babies. They have nothing to do but nurse their children, and they will scarcely do that. To get them up and their beds made is a task in the morning; and then to get the beds kept tidy is no less difficult, as they get in and out all day. Then the noise, quarrelling, dirt, etc. There is a little improvement already, however. They are so astonished at having nurses who do not swear at them."

"*December 16th.*—Christmas preparations for 1400 people keep me busy; 70 wards to adorn with evergreens, besides the nurses' rooms. The two hospitals are so far apart we must have two Christmas-trees this year; and as I cannot possibly be in two places at once, I think we must have the second on New Year's Day. Work never was harder than now, for great changes are going on, and the whole place is upset. I have one bright spot, however. The 'wild beasts' I told you of in our class sick nursery mothers are taming wonderfully, and I hope their fights, like the men's, will soon be matters of past history. A great many children die, and I can scarcely be sorry when I think of what might be; but it is often sad to see them dying. They look so pretty in their little coffins, and we lay them out very nicely."

"*December 27th*, 1867.—Now that Christmas is well over you must have a letter. You ought to have had one before, but it was really impossible, for I scarcely know how mind and body stood the strain and anxiety. Greenbank and Ardmore contributed evergreens; Mr. Rathbone and Emily sent me oranges, apples, and money. So I had kindly help. The putting all together, supplying the innumerable wants, planning the nurses' supper, the trees and amusements for both hospitals, cakes for 120 scourers, besides all the usual work and extra forethought required to provide for the few days when no one will work here, you may think how thankful I was when the day was over without any fighting and little drunkenness. Of course the smoothness was not unruffled, but I was very glad to have so much. The sick nursery mothers were a great care, but we got them safely through the day by giving them a tree and magic lantern show to themselves. The men and their scourers behaved admirably; one female patient and some scourers on that side were rather the worse for the liberal ale allowance, which is a great temptation; but for 1277 patients, 130 scourers, 60 nurses, and 20 carriers—a total of 1487—to give no trouble, was a great triumph. I was glad to get all to bed on Christmas night. It was twelve before the nurses finished their games, and my back was breaking. I was very tired yesterday, but as a headache sent me to bed in the afternoon, I had a long rest, and am all right again. Kind Mrs. Cropper sent me such handsome volumes of Trench on the Parables and Miracles, with such a kind letter. The evergreens from Ardmore were such a pleasure; lovely branches of laurel, so smooth and clean. Those from this neighbourhood were black and sooty, one was for ever washing one's hands after working with them; those from Ardmore so clean, not spotting a handkerchief. The patients were almost as delighted as I was, as most are Irish. Not a bit was broken up, but the branches were planted in pots, each ward claiming a 'tree.' Wreaths were made for my room, and on Sunday they sent me into a day dream, as I sat and looked at the bits of variegated holly, Chinese barberry, laurel, and laurestinus. The delight of the women with the tree was so great. 'To think I should have lived so many years and not seen the like: I'd have walked five miles to see it.' We carried several helpless ones to see it, and all who were well enough to enjoy it came to look."

Many were the little treats and pleasures of this kind which Agnes from time to time provided for the patients and nurses. Books, flowers, illuminated texts, bright pictures, all these had a humanizing influence, and she considered them essential to the softening and civilizing of the hardened rugged characters among whom her work lay. For the nurses, too, she was constantly planning some variety, a day in the country, a walk to the botanical gardens, an excursion to Birkenhead or New Brighton. Thus would she vary the painful routine of their life, and give a fresh turn to their thoughts, which found little pleasant to dwell on within the walls.

But while thus caring for others, she forgot herself; the strength which was above the average, indeed, was yet not superhuman, and the long-continued strain on mind and body told at last. The journals tell of painful depression; her ever-sensitive conscience, which at all times led to a habit of introspection, resulting in almost morbid self-condemnation, made her judge herself and her work only to see defects. It is evident that nerves, spirit, and strength were all over-taxed. The added care of the Female Hospital, with its unruly inmates, and new revelation of sin and unnatural conduct, was a burden too heavy for one already weighed down with care and overwork; and the beginning of 1868 was one of unusual sickness, the hospitals crowded far beyond their allotted numbers, and fever attacked several in the house. The very last letter she ever wrote is as follows:—

"*Saturday, February 1st.*—I fancy it must be a very long time since I wrote, but I really cannot keep count of time, which flies. I have had much and serious illness among my staff; indeed the weather is so close and unhealthy, it is no wonder. My work has been tremendous; we have had constantly upwards of three hundred patients above our proper number; extra beds on the floor, ten or fourteen in large wards, five to seven in small; but when about six weeks are past we may look forward to a diminution. . . . We have had a series of stirring and tragic events lately in our wards. One wretched woman was brought in, who, as soon as her baby was born, cut its throat. As soon as well enough, she goes to her trial. We have had the policeman constantly in the next room. Another poor baby was brought in found in the streets, almost frozen, with a cord round its neck. It was only twelve hours old, but we were able to revive it. It is in a place like this, one learns what wickedness there is on earth. I woke this morning feeling as if all night I had been repeating—

"And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best."

And later on came the remembrance of the line—

"That I from self may rest."

It is what I need to learn: to trust all to Jesus; leave off from my own doings, and leave all to Him."

It was wonderful how in the midst of her work she found time to send a line of sympathy to those who were in trouble. Two letters may be given here to show how she had learned to comfort others with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God:—

"DEAREST C.—You have been so constantly thought of for the last few weeks that I must try to write to you. But if it was difficult to express sympathy in the anticipation of trial, what is it now? I can only pray God to comfort you. Dearest, I know the many aggravations of what is always a bitter grief, and I have stood with orphans by a similar deathbed; and while I pray that you may have the 'strong consolation' God alone can give, I ask that your minds may be kept from regrets respecting means used, and staying on His own ruling Providence, which ordered all for the best for *her*, and knew the end from the beginning for *you*. There is bright light in the clouds, for she is free from pain and sorrow, and for ever with the Lord she so loved, waiting to welcome you all. But oh, the clouds are very dark for you. Perhaps few know this better than your and dear E.'s most sympathizing friend,

"AGNES JONES."

To another friend at an earlier date :—

"MY DEAR M.,—I have had so many thoughts of writing to you, and have gone on from day to day undecided as to what it was best to do, but now I hope you will receive it as meant as some slight token of how much I feel for you all in your deep trials. I have so often thought of our last walk together, and as near the end you spoke of Miss G. and showed me the house, I remember wondering if you did not even then fear a similar trial? And now that it has come, dear M., I trust you may be enabled to see the love of Him who holds the rod. My words can scarcely tell you how much I feel for you, and what can I speak to comfort? I will tell you of a few verses from which I have been lately learning much myself in a different kind of trial, Job xxiii. 6. I think this may show one end of affliction. When wave upon wave comes, so that we exclaim, 'Will He plead against me with His great power?' how blessed it is to see the object of all to be 'No, but He would put strength in me.' Then, though we cannot see His hand yet (verse 10) 'He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.' Here is His purpose, again, to purify and refine. Then we see His training too in all (verse 11), 'for He performeth the thing that is appointed for me;' the "needs be" may be dark to us, but He knows it. In this connection Job xxxvii. 11–13 comes in so beautifully,—'Also by watering he wearieth the thick cloud.' The cloud is dark, and He may even seem to darken it more, but it is that He may scatter His bright cloud. From Matthew xvii. 5, where we find the voice from the bright cloud testifying of Jesus, we may, I think, take it as the manifestation of the presence of God; this bright cloud will be scattered, its rays penetrate even the thick clouds. Both alike are ordered by Him to do whatsoever He commandeth them.' Then come the reasons for the thick cloud (verse 13),—'He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for his land, or for mercy.' There are depths in each expression, but specially beautiful is the 'for His land.' The land on which no human eye rests, He yet beautifies for Himself; rain falls there as on the most favoured spot 'to satisfy the desolate and waste ground'. The barren unfruitful soil is to be *satisfied*,—a Bible word, full of man's emptiness and God's rich supply,—and not only this, but also 'to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth.' Here is the end of the whole matter. God sends the thick cloud, the rain of trial, on His land or people in order to bring up into more healthy and perfect form the seed which He Himself sowed, that that which was before but a tender herb and 'a bud of the tender herb' may spring forth into one of the trees of the Lord's planting. Dear M., I hope it may be thus with you. How cold is the warmest human sympathy in such a trial as yours! Such as mine is, it is offered to you and yours by

"Your affectionate friend,
"AGNES E. JONES."

To a friend on her birthday:—

"If love were the measure of words and wishes, you would receive none more earnest and warm than mine. I cannot wish you *many* happy years, but I can most heartily wish that this new year may be one of growth in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus,—one of more simple devotion to His service and one of greater usefulness. How you shrink from much required of you, He knows! I realized it when I felt your hand after speaking to-night. Dearest, did not those answering looks and tears help you? It was good seed; may He nourish it till it bring forth much fruit,—sown in weakness, raised in power. In your loneliness, in your need of sympathy, in your trembling in the way of duty, in your weakness and discouragement, in your sleepless nights and hours of weariness and pain,—may He draw near and be with you, or rather open your eyes as those of the prophet's servant to see Him near with His riches of grace and strength to supply and meet your need. We want more to realize this His nearness, not only with tenderest sympathy, but with a treasury of healing,—with the very help suited to the special need. How strong and happy should we be did we realize this, and were Jesus the God-man all He wants to be to us!"

Agnes did indeed draw strength and comfort from this source. We have spoken of hours of depression and records of heart-sickening disappointment and anxious, wearing care, but no trace of this ever appeared in her face when she went through the wards or among the nurses. "Every one tells me I am looking so well and happy" was her constant assurance in her letters home, and all her friends who went to see her, remarked on the beaming look in her face. "She is like a sunbeam," was the frequent expression used in speaking of her. But she needed rest, and she was to have it now. We have spoken of the increase of illness, and especially of fever. A young nurse who had been suffering from bronchitis showed symptoms of typhus when too ill to be moved into the Fever Hospital, and Agnes, with her usual thought for others and forgetfulness of herself, gave up her own bedroom to the sufferer and slept on the floor of her sitting-room. The last letter to us was written when illness had already so overpowered her as to make her feel it impossible to leave her room, but she gives no hint of pain or fatigue. From the entry in her journal of January 22nd, it would seem that she was under the influence of the fatal poison which seems in typhus fever so often to seize upon one after another victim. My eldest aunt, who had been at the deathbed of a brother in the Isle of Man, came to Liverpool on her way to Dublin on the 6th February; she had not heard of Agnes's illness, but was met with the news on her arrival.

Some years before, in writing to one of my aunts, Agnes said:—

"I have just heard of dear Lady Macgregor's sudden death; it was a joyful summons. I have been thinking much of that poem 'What is the happiest death to die?' J. says, 'An illness beforehand, not too long, but to allow of speaking dying words and so being of use.' Mine would be either illness taken in the performance of duty, or sudden, in the very act of speaking of Jesus to a lost one."

This prayer was indeed granted. We need not look at second causes, or judge as men judge of the reason for this crushing blow. Faith looks higher and sees another side of the picture,—a brighter, truer, more comforting one. The Heavenly Father who had watched over His child so lovingly through the thirty-five years of Her earthly pilgrimage, Who had accepted the early offering of her heart given to Him, before the world with its many alluring pleasures had wooed her affections, Who had kept her by His grace ever true to her early faith and love and led her by such a wondrous path of service and self-devotedness, He had willed that His child should rest from her labours. It was enough ; her place was ready in His presence, and He said to her, " Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It will perhaps be best here to link together the history of her life with the short story of her deathbed by inserting a letter of recollections from one who was to her, friend and sister during her three years in Liverpool.

Miss G. writes :—

" I must try if I can find time to write down my remembrances of my precious friend, Agnes Jones. Before she came to Liverpool I had heard of her, and felt intensely interested in hearing of her devotion to her Master's service in the care of His poor and sick ones. When it was decided that she was to come to Liverpool to take charge of the Workhouse Hospital, where I had been a visitor for thirteen years, my interest deepened, and I thanked God with a joyful, hopeful heart. I shall never forget my first meeting with her. I made a short call, for she was much engaged, but her quiet, ladylike, self-possessed manner particularly struck me. This call was followed by one or two more, but we did not get below the surface (probably from reserve on both sides) until about the fourth call I made, my darling friend threw herself on the ground at my side, and begged that I would pray for and with her, for she felt 'in great need.' We almost always met twice every week. I went to her on Thursday, and she came to Dingle Bank (whenever practicable) on Saturday. It was surprising to me to find one filling such a post, possessed of such extreme sensibility and deep feeling. I often wished she felt less keenly, but then as she said, 'if she did not feel pain keenly she would not feel pleasure,' and there certainly never was a heart so quickly made to overflow with gratitude to God and to man for small mercies. A note, a flower, a kind word would make her exclaim, 'He careth for me.' She was most considerate for the nurses under her care, and when some were ill with small-pox she visited them daily, as she considered herself proof against infection. Most touching to me is the remembrance of her kind thought for the sick; all sorts of little cheering attentions and alleviations; one wondered how she thought of all. I believe no one will ever know what she did for the patients,—making it easy for friends to come from a distance to visit the sick and dying one, and then being near with a comforting word when all was over. She would not often allow me to be present at her Bible readings, but I shall never forget one at which I had leave to remain. There must have been nearly a hundred men in the ward; every eye was fixed upon her, and the attention was profound. Her subject was simple, very well prepared, and spoken without any difficulty or the least hesitation; just a simple and most forcible (from its simplicity) setting forth of the Gospel, and then a most earnest prayer that all might be led to accept and embrace it. One felt it was just the teaching required, and again I thanked God for sending her. She had keen enjoyment of the country, and sometimes when I persuaded her to leave her heavy duties and take a drive she always enjoyed it, and would laughingly say we had 'had a spree.' I now feel her labours were far beyond her strength, yet when I spoke about it to her, and urged, as I often did, more rest, she would reply, 'These busy two years have been the happiest of my life,' adding, 'you must not think because I tell you all my troubles that I am unhappy, for this is not the case; I am generally very happy, only I like to tell you these things,—I have no one else to speak to, and then you know how to pray for us.' This she very often said, so that in reading her manuscripts I have hoped that the clouds were painted there, but that there *was* sunshine. On Saturdays we almost always read and prayed together, and sometimes on Thursdays too, and these seasons were most precious. In January of this year (1868) some friends met in her rooms for united prayer, and I believe we shall none of us forget the part dearest Agnes took, and the unction and power with which she prayed. It was the last time I ever heard her pray. On Thursday, the 30th January, I noticed that she seemed much depressed, and we had a long talk, and it seemed to me so much of a physical nature that I felt sure she could not be well, and said so. She would not admit that much was the matter. I stayed tea with her, and she rested with me in her room for about an hour. She then went her usual evening rounds, and returned to me, saying she would go to Hope Hall. I tried to persuade her to rest instead, but she said, 'It is the greatest rest and refreshment I have.' I did not oppose it further, and we went. On Friday we were extremely anxious about Mrs. James Cropper, who was dangerously ill, and as I had often seen our loved one just as poorly and tired, I hoped all was well with her, and my anxiety was centred on another object. On Saturday we expected her as usual, but the cabmen had struck for higher fares, and we supposed this had prevented her coming. On Monday dear Mrs. J. C. died, and on Tuesday, Feb. 4, I met Dr. Gee, who asked me if I knew that Agnes was ill. Most certainly I did not, and wished to go to her at once, but he said he had left her 'settled for the night,' and that she had better not be disturbed. After a troubled night I set off very early to my loved friend, and went into her room (Wednesday, Feb. 5). She looked flushed, but was perfectly herself, greeting me with 'What brings you here so early in the morning?' and added, 'What business has Dr. Gee to make my friends anxious about me?' She was so bright and cheerful, my fears were lessened, and after a little time of prayer together (our last time, Wednesday, Feb. 5), I left her, as she wished to be 'quite still.' The next day (Thursday, Feb. 6), the disease was declared to be typhus, but the doctor gave us good hope that she would get through nicely, and gave directions that she was not to be spoken to or roused to speak about anything. I was with her most of that day, and arranged about her being nursed as she wished to be, and did many things for her to keep her dear mind easy, for just at that time she was full of thought and care about little matters, and she would then send for me and confide to me her wishes (which chiefly referred to her work). In the evening we had the sitting-room nicely prepared, and she was removed into it on Friday morning (Feb. 7). You know the room. Her bed was placed between the windows, which were slightly darkened, and then by means of the window opposite the door and the fire we were able to preserve the most perfect ventilation. The doctor who was called in said, 'We could not have a more perfect sick-room.' The darling was greatly pleased with her change, and looked up to me with a sweet smile, saying, 'I am so comfortable!' On Friday evening (Feb. 7) your dear aunt came; she will have told you the rest, but I incline to continue my account. We went on very hopefully for a week, the darling sleeping most of her time, and when not asleep, not seeming inclined to speak. She asked sometimes 'Is Miss Gilpin here?' and said, 'She should not come every day, it is too great an exertion.' Once or twice she sent for me to write a note on business for her, but very soon there was no connected thought. She would talk unconsciously about her wards, her nurses, and her work; and when the alarming symptoms came on, she fancied herself a third party, and suggested alleviations for the difficult breathing. On the Friday week (Feb. 14) after she was taken ill, she was thought in danger, and another medical man was sent for. On Saturday (Feb. 15) we had a little more hope. Sunday (Feb. 16) was a terribly anxious day. I met the nurses for prayer, and a most solemn time we had. There was much prayer for her both in the workhouse and out of it, and I could not believe she was to die. When the doctors said 'It will be a miracle if she lives—the power of man cannot save her,' I replied, 'A miracle will be wrought then,' so fully did I think she must live. But God saw otherwise,—the work was more fully done than I had thought, and the 'well done' about to be said to one who had indeed toiled all the morning and rested at noon. All hope was given up on Tuesday night (Feb. 18): the pulse at 150—no power to subdue it. And so 'the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken,' and the purified spirit of this self-sacrificing earnest worker returned to God, to find to her surprise and joy and gratitude the battle fought, the victory won, and the rest attained (February 19, 1868, 2 A.M.)."

The first tidings of my dear sister's illness reached us on the night of the 11th February, when a telegram arrived (which should have followed, not preceded a letter we received the next morning), telling us she was progressing favourably. The shock was very great; for though we knew she was ever exposed to infection, the anxiety we had felt on this point when she first entered on hospital work had in great measure passed away, and we had a kind of feeling that as she was doing God's work, He would preserve her from all evil. Day after day passed, and telegrams and letters brought better accounts, and we hoped all might yet be well. My mother's state of health and the season of the year which would have made a return to England most dangerous for her, prevented our thinking of hastening to Liverpool, and this enforced absence added in no small degree to the painful anxiety then and the bitterness of our grief afterwards. It needs to remember, and to go over and over again what our faithless hearts are so prone to forget, that all these circumstances are ordered for us, arranged by One, Who never wills unkindly, and therefore must be submitted to as His dispensation, to which we must bow as trusting, though sorrowing children. On Wednesday, the 12th February, it was supposed the crisis had passed; and though a slight inflammation in the right lung caused some uneasiness, it appeared to yield to remedies, and she was so far better that she tried to write a few pencil lines to my mother, in which the feeble writing and incoherent words brought to us more forcibly than anything else, the extreme state of weakness to which she was reduced. One sentence only, except a few words of love was entire, "I felt when this illness began that it would be for the glory of God." The general anxiety was very great. Miss Nightingale, whose affectionate interest in Agnes had been continued through the five years of her hospital work, wrote to my aunt in a letter of anxious inquiry. "I look upon hers as one of the most valuable lives in England in the present state of the Poor Law and of Workhouse nursing." On Friday, the 14th, my aunt writes, "The fever has been a very severe one, and her progress is slow but gradual: Wednesday the pulse was 134; yesterday morning 120: last night 116; to-day 108; the very slight tendency to inflammation on the lung quite subdued; in fact every thing favourable, but we must wait patiently on the Lord. I am the happiest of you all, though not allowed to be much with my precious one, but always near. She is calm and patient, always sensible when roused, but sleeps a good deal, and is dull when awake, but always rational in her answers; yesterday, Thursday 13th, she spoke to me of going to Southport when able; indeed she has the best care, and were she Dr. Gee's child he could not be more anxious; he does not much look for a very marked crisis in such cases, but since Tuesday, the 11th, the fever has been abating."

The very night of the day on which we received this, a telegram came to say most alarming symptoms had set in,—inflammation of both lungs, and we felt there was scarcely a hope. On the 19th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, another telegram brought us the tidings that all was over twelve hours before. Two days later my aunt wrote the following particulars of Tuesday night, the 18th. "She looks so lovely: the calm yet almost bright expression, so like herself and so little wasted. I think I told you yesterday that the doctors did not wish any one but the nurses to go near her, for fear of setting her mind to work. I was often listening at the door; in general she was quiet, but the breathing rapid and laboured. I could not hope; and when at 7½ P.M. the doctors said the pulse was above 155, it was impossible to anticipate amendment. When Dr. Gee, who for four nights had not left the hospital, lying on a sofa, came at near eleven, he could give no hope, but begged I would go to bed. I had not been long there when Walker called me; her own nurses with a few others were there; there was no mistaking what the breathing then portended, but when liquid was offered she swallowed it. One of the nurses whispered to her, 'You'll soon be with Jesus.' She said, 'Yes, I'll be better then—.' After some time she opened her eyes, no dulness then; they looked bright and beautiful; she looked round as if she knew the faces, then on me with such a loving expression, and 'auntie' was her last word. The breathing became slower, then longer intervals between; at last it ceased, and she was with Jesus, Whom she so loved and so faithfully served. Her countenance is the most beautiful I ever saw after life had departed—the bright sunny expression—truly perfect peace; more than peace, joy."

I return to Miss Gilpin's letter of recollections:—

"It is impossible to describe the grief I witnessed at the hospital the following morning. The dear remains looked very lovely, and the room was full of nurses and probationers, who had come in to look at the loved form once more. All was quiet, solemn grief,—I had rather dreaded the removal of the coffin, fearing some want of solemnity, but I need not have feared. It was removed the following

Friday. I got to the workhouse as early as I could. Mr. Rathbone had sent some men for the necessary work, and all was done so quietly that your dear aunts and I, who were in the little room close to hers, could not hear a word. A beautiful oak coffin, with a great deal of silver about it, and a lovely cross of white camellias fastened on the top. I asked leave for a short time of prayer when all was ready. All the nurses came in, and in that dear room, surrounded by her furniture, pictures, etc., where she and I had so often knelt together, we bowed down before the pitiful Father, Who had recalled our dear one, and Who had caused us to mourn. Your dear aunts prayed, and I prayed, and indeed all hearts I do believe joined in prayer; it was a time never to be forgotten. The coffin was carried out into the hall, and we all stood round while it was placed in the case in which it was to cross the Channel. All was very still, even grief was hushed, and though there were many tears there was no sound. I looked up just as the arrangements were complete, and to my great surprise, but great interest, I saw landing and stairs lined with people. The poor patients had come out of the different wards, and were looking down on the coffin which held the remains of one who had lived and moved among them as an angel of mercy, comforting body and mind. They felt, and we felt, that they had indeed lost a kind and generous friend who sacrificed her life to her zeal in the cause of God. The workhouse road was also lined with people, but all silent, though many were in tears. It was so solemn, I ceased to regret that the precious remains had been removed. It was better to lay her in her father's grave; and if her purified and happy spirit had been looking down, it feels to me as if she would quite approve. The hearse and coaches disappeared, and all was gone of our darling, and we returned to her desolate rooms to weep and pray. Oh, it was a comfort to me to have your dear kind aunts for a while, and I thanked my Heavenly Father for this mitigation of the trial. Now they are gone, and no one knows how empty that crowded hospital is to me.

How often I catch myself fancying I see her at the turn of the stairs or in the wards! But I am reconciled,—I would not have her back. The darling is at rest, and rest for ever, serving her God without weariness."

Close to where the waters of Lough Swilly ripple to the foot of the Ennishowen hills, the little churchyard of Fahan lies in one of the many lovely spots that gem the shore of the lake of shadows. The Gollan rises with its rounded cairn-crowned summit close beside it,—the woods of Glengollan and the Rectory grounds surround it on two sides, and below, the high-road passes, separating it from the sunny meadows of the old much-loved home of Fahan House. Eighteen years before, the father to whom Agnes had been so fondly attached was laid in that churchyard, and his grave was re-opened for her on the 25th February, 1868.

Immediately behind the grave rises the east window of the old church, now a most picturesque ruin, veiled with glossy ivy. A few old trees partially conceal it from the road, and cast their long shadows over lowly graves around—the graves of the poor—many of whom she had comforted in sorrow, assisted in poverty, visited in sickness, and encouraged in the hour of death. It seems indeed the fit resting-place for her. The mourning in the parish when the news of her death came was great indeed, and few were missing from the crowd, who met the funeral procession as it came from Derry. The schoolmistress, who was most sincerely attached to her, wrote to me the following graphic description of the scene.

"We have just returned from the last home and resting-place of our precious, loving and much-loved friend. It will in a measure gratify you to know that all the people of Fahan, far and near, came out to show and give our last tribute of gratitude to our dear, dear Miss Jones. All the young and old men went to meet her; the women gathered in the graveyard near her grave, first the children, then all the young girls of her class, next middle-aged and old women; your dear friend Mrs. C. at a short distance leaning on her husband's arm. When the solemn toll of the bell struck the ear, it was fearful; it caused one bitter sob through all there. The hearse came forward to the gate with its heavy plumes; all was solemn stillness, then came the coffin with our dear one, carried on the shoulders of the young men of your evening class; there was one suppressed murmur, 'Oh dear.' Then followed a number of clergymen,—then her uncles and cousins, etc.,—then the people. Mr. King read the service; a beautiful wreath of snowdrops and white primroses twined with ivy and yew from your own old garden was put into the grave on the coffin, with a lovely bunch of violets; then the little children scattered in snowdrops, monthly roses and spring flowers,—no stranger was allowed to do anything; the young men of the place put in the clay and gently covered all up. The sorrow and mourning and bitter lamentation are great, but softened by the intense gratification that she is laid here."

Miss Nightingale concludes her beautiful sketch of my dear sister with these words:—

"Let us add living flowers to her grave, 'lilies with full hands,' not fleeting primroses, not dying flowers. Let us bring the work of our hands and our heads and our hearts to finish her work which God has so blessed. Let her not merely rest in peace, but let hers be the life which stirs up to fight the good fight against vice and sin, and misery and wretchedness, as she did,—the call to arms which she was ever obeying :—

'The Son of God goes forth to war,
Who follows in His train ?'

Oh, daughters of God, are there so few to answer ?"

I have sometimes feared lest the memoir which I have so imperfectly prepared from some of her letters and journals should in some measure jar against the trumpet note sounded in that eloquent paper,—lest some who were thinking of putting their hand to the work should draw back discouraged at a nearer view of the difficulties to be surmounted, and the battle to be fought. For those who would seek ease and pleasure and enjoyment, this is indeed no path;—it needs what Agnes had, the single eye to God's glory, the steadfast will to follow His leading, the yearning desire to use every talent He had given in His service. The battle was indeed a hard one—painful to flesh and blood—every nerve quivered, every tender feeling was wrung,—mother, sister, home, these had all to be renounced, and for what! To live among the lowest and most degraded of human beings, to seek to do them good, physically and morally, and then to die, —as some would say, before her work was done,—never to see success, or what she would call success on earth. But if a name written in heaven—written on the heart of hundreds of God's poor—written in the annals of all that is most self-sacrificing and self-devoted—written on lives that will ever bear the impress of companionship with her, if this be worth having she had this; and better still, she had what was the only thing she cared for, God's approval and blessing; and hereafter, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

In October, 1869, a tablet was erected in Fahan Church to her memory. It is thus noticed in a local paper.

MONUMENT TO MISS AGNES ELIZABETH JONES.

(*From the* 'Londonderry Guardian,' *October* 21, 1869.)

"A very elegant monument is in course of erection in the Parish Church at Fahan, to perpetuate the memory of the late Miss Agnes Elizabeth Jones. That pious and philanthropic lady was the daughter of the late Colonel Jones, and spent her youth at Fahan. She subsequently removed to Liverpool, where, actuated by feelings of noble and Christ-like compassion for the sufferings of her fellow-creatures, and disregarding the comforts which her position in life afforded her, she bestowed much of her time in tending on the sick in the hospital, and affording consolation and comfort to the afflicted and the dying. Intrepid and indefatigable in her labours of love and kindness, she was seized by fever herself while ministering to the wants of some poor fever-stricken patients, and cut off all too soon for her noble work, and while still comparatively young. She died in Liverpool on the 19th of February last year, and was interred in the quiet rural Burial Ground of Fahan, in the neighbourhood of the picturesque scenes amongst which her earlier years had been spent. A notice of her life and labours, her death and burial, appeared in our columns shortly after her lamented demise. The people of Fahan, revering her memory, and wishing to perpetuate it by some enduring monument, subscribed for this purpose, and the result is that a very handsome monument is now in course of erection in the Parish Church. Had additional subscriptions been required they could easily enough have been obtained elsewhere, but the people of Fahan wished to defray all the cost of the monument themselves. It consists of a tablet of pure Carrara marble, supported by brackets, and capped by a moulded cornice, which bears the following inscription:—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee—John vi. 28. Erected by the Minister and people of Fahan, and their Bishop, in memory of Agnes Elizabeth Jones, formerly of this Parish; Born 10th November, 1832; cut off by fever, 19th February, 1868." The Scriptural quotation is in gilt letters, the rest of the inscription being in black. Over this, in bold relief, leaning on a broken column, is a female figure representing grief. The background is of black marble, which, from the contrast, gives a fine effect to the pure white statuary marble. The design and execution of the monument were entrusted to Mr. Robert Kell, sculptor, of this city. Underneath the inscription already quoted are the following beautiful lines, the composition, we understand, of the Lord Bishop of Derry:—

"Alone with Christ in this sequester'd place,
Thy sweet soul learn'd its quietude of grace;
On sufferers waiting in this vale of ours,
Thy gifted touch was trained to finer powers.
Therefore, when Death, O Agnes! came to thee—
Not in the cool breath of our silver sea,

But in the city hospital's hot ward,
A gentle worker for the gentle Lord—
Proudly, as men heroic ashes claim,
We ask'd to have thy fever-stricken frame,
And lay it in our grass, beside our foam,
Till Christ the Healer call His healers home.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX—(A.)

KAISERSWERTH, THE TRAINING-SCHOOL OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

THE morning in June, 1853, which we had fixed upon for our excursion to Kaiserswerth, was dark and louring. We rose early, however, and when about 6 o'clock our friend and guide, Mr. G., entered, breakfast was nearly over. The usual salutations were succeeded by a discussion as to the prudence of making our proposed journey on such a dubious morning; but we finally concluded that as the rain had not yet come on, we should set out. Soon afterwards we were in the train on our way to Cologne. To visit this ancient town was not our object; still, while waiting for the Düsseldorf train, we visited the far-famed cathedral. Suffice it to say, that in the building itself we found much to interest, in the interior much to sadden. Soon afterwards we crossed the river, and started for the next station. Here, on our arrival, we did not find the omnibus we had expected to meet, and therefore were obliged to accomplish our journey on foot. This necessitated a shortening of our inspection of the institution described beneath; but the details supplied respecting it were partly gathered on the occasion of a subsequent and longer visit.

Before we enter the Deaconess Institution of Kaiserswerth, let us speak of its origin and object. We had become acquainted with both but a short time previously, while spending the month of May in Paris, where annual religious assemblies are held, something of the nature of the Dublin April meetings. We had attended several of them; amongst others, one on behalf of the Paris Deaconesses, held in the institution, in the Rue de Reuilly. A subsequent visit to this so greatly interested us, as to inspire the desire of seeing the parent institution at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine.

It was founded about thirty years ago by the Pastor Fliedner, its present head. At the age of twenty he had been appointed pastor of the little weaving village of Kaiserswerth. A subsequent failure of the proprietor of the place involved the whole population in ruin. Penniless themselves, they could no longer support their young pastor, with whom they would willingly have shared their last morsel. He was reluctant to leave his post, but his only means of support having failed, he had no choice. Followed by many prayers and blessings, he left his people in order to seek, in Christian liberality, help for the little flock. Germany was traversed, and an unseen agency led him to England.. Here was to be sown the seed of that work of faith, the Deaconess Institution, which now shakes its blossoms over many lands.

Mrs. Fry spoke to the pastor, of poor female prisoners. He heard of her efforts among them, and his heart yearned to imitate her example. Soon afterwards he returned to Kaiserswerth, bearing to his people the gifts of their fellow Christians. The lesson learnt in England was not lost. Such an opportunity as he sought was soon afforded him. Two young women having been discharged from the neighbouring prison, their friends would not receive them; their former employers also were turned against them. In the hearts of the pastor and his wife alone did they find sympathy. In the pastor's garden was an old summer-house, and here he lodged his penitents. With their own hands, this faithful clergyman and his wife conveyed to them their food; and under their own eyes employed them to work in the garden, safe from contaminating influences, and protected from the temptations of poverty or scorn. When the numbers of such penitents increased, a friend came to assist. Then arose the thought that if others would but help, an important work might be done. In the early ages of the Church, pious women had thus devoted themselves to God's service, not as a means for their own salvation, but to bring forth the fruits of faith.

Kaiserswerth was, in former times, an island, which derived its name from having been a gift of the Emperor Charlemagne, as the site of a monastery.

The few houses it contains were taken one by one as required. These are now, the pastor's house, (for long ago he relinquished his parochial charge, and devoted himself to the Institution), the orphans' and teachers' schools, lodging-houses, halls and kitchens. An addition in the rear towards the garden and river, is the present home of the penitents. When the fame of Kaiserswerth reached royal ears, the late king granted a building opposite, (formerly a home for retired soldiers) for an hospital. At a little distance, in a garden, is a new building, the lunatic asylum. The Institution, as a whole, contains upwards of three hundred inhabitants. Of these, at the time of our visit, about twenty were deaconesses and thirty novices, but the numbers necessarily vary.

The deaconess comes to the pastor with high certificates as to character. He examines her motives, discovers whether any duties require her presence at home —for to these he always gives the first place—and even the deaconess must, at the call of her parents, return to them. Should no such claims exist, however, she is received as a novice. As such she goes from one department of the work to another. Under the superintending deaconess, she spends a short time in the orphan-house, the training-schools, the hospitals, and the asylums. Thus she learns the duties of each department. She has also learned meanwhile something of the compounding of medicines, sick cookery, the general management of the Institution, and the *art* of visiting the poor. All are taught to feel that it is not the amount or the greatness of the work done which meets with the approval of their Heavenly Father, but that His eyes are open to the most trivial action done out of love to Him. This is the spirit of the pastor, and he seeks to instil it into the hearts of all.

Perhaps his personal character and that of Madame F. should have been sooner alluded to. In many of the rooms we saw a print representing a dying female, with the inscription underneath, " Rien que le renoncement." These were the dying words of the first Madame Fliedner, the foundress of the Institution

The pastor married again. Madame F. is a wonderful woman. Who could guess that the kind, motherly person you saw walking about. with her knitting, or sitting in the garden, shelling peas for the evening meal, knows the history, character, disposition, and taste of every individual inmate of that great establishment. Every deaconess comes to her for counsel and direction; every difficulty is submitted to her, from the question whether potatoes or beans are to be the staple vegetable for the ensuing week; what means are to be used with some refractory or neglected orphan; what deaconesses are best fitted to establish a branch institution in some other and distant region. Never is she or her husband found bustling through the various departments; the quiet evening walk with the pastor, the short consultation with Madame, unfold the characters and reveal the feelings of the community. Both have a peculiar talent for government; the former has quick insight into character.

A very remarkable feature in the Institution is the chain of responsibility. Each deaconess is supreme, and apparently despotic in her own department. Each is trained to be capable of establishing and governing a similar institution in any part of the world; yet each experiences the controliing influence of a master mind, and steadily adheres to the rigid discipline of sovereign authority. The novices are the pastor's peculiar care. Twice a week he gives them a course of instruction, which he also pursues when they become deaconesses. "To persons in such a state of mind, what passages of Scripture are most applicable on such occasions?" etc. Thus he questions. In his own practical and simple manner he enforces their duties and suggests the true motive. Thus are the novices trained for a period extending from one to three years. Then, if there be an unanimous testimony to their zeal and love, and if the pastor and Madame F. approve, they, on an appointed day, in the presence of other deaconesses, dedicate and devote themselves to the service of God (as in our confirmation rite). They bind themselves as deaconesses for a period of five years. They are, nevertheless, at any time free to leave the Institution, paying, however, a certain sum for expenses incurred while there. They are free at any time to marry; and, if required by parents, etc., the pastor himself urges their return home. In any of these cases, however, they are expected to do good, as far as in them lies, to the souls and bodies of their friends and neighbours, bearing in their lives and conversation, the impress of those who have devoted themselves wholly to the service of God.

Kaiserswerth is the parent, but it is not the only deaconess institution which exists. As opportunity has afforded, the pastor has sent forth deaconesses, two and two. One hundred and twenty deaconesses are thus dispersed throughout Europe, and some parts of Asia. There are large and flourishing institutions at Paris, Strasburg, and Jerusalem; and in many other places there are smaller establishments of the same kind. One at Smyrna has been lately founded. The French residents there wished to have educational advantages for their children. Two deaconesses were sent from Kaiserswerth to perfect themselves in French at the Paris institution. There we saw them. At Kaiserswerth, some months later, we found preparations making for their departure, and have since heard of their arrival in Smyrna. They would begin by opening a school for those whom they came to instruct, occupying any spare time with the care and education of the native women. After a time an hospital would be added, and thus step by step would they advance. If, then, helpers at Smyrna were not to be found, Kaiserswerth would send other deaconesses to assist. Their labours are not, however, always so onerous. In France, where the sphere of the Protestant pastor's work is often too extensive for the powers of one man, a deaconess is sent to assist him. To her charge are committed the schools, the sick and the poor. Pastor Fliedner's training, with regard to visiting the poor, is very striking. "If you enter a wretched cottage," he says, "only to leave a tract, offer a few words of advice or read a chapter of the Bible, your words may be heard, but they will not often sink deep into the heart. But enter the cottage to help the wife and mother to add some comfort to her home, or to show her some better method of nursing the sick husband or child, then will the few words of warning or comfort find their way into the heart otherwise hardened against the story of peace. In the one instance you come only as the teacher, in the other as the friend and sympathizer."

It is time that we should enter the house. A few steps lead to the door of the pastor's dwelling. We are admitted into a small parlour ornamented with garlands of flowers. Louisa Fliedner, the pastor's eldest daughter, receives us. These flowers are the orphans' love-token to their beloved pastor. Should we like to go over the Institution? Louisa can speak a little English; she will be our guide. She speaks of the family love of the community. We go first into the orphan-house. In Prussia, eleven orphans are the wards of the king, and receive, if necessary, a certain allowance for their support and education. This, when they are received into any institution, is paid for their maintenance. The orphans all receive the same training as children. At fifteen they have to take a prominent part in the responsible household duties—cooking, waiting on strangers—everything except washing, which is done in the penitentiary. At seventeen their powers are known; they may be received as novices, be sent forth as servants or apprentices, or received into the training-school in order to become governesses. When ready, situations are found for them, and they are sent out well provided for. Many, after a few years, have returned, and of their own free choice have become deaconesses.

Behind the orphan-house is the penitentiary. Here few visitors are admitted. The washing of the establishment is chiefly done by these women. But what is found to be most peculiarly beneficial to their character is, their outdoor employment, of which they become very fond. One of the deaconesses, herself a peasant, used to country labour, has trained them in the care of the dairy, garden and farm.

The "seminariste," or training-school, is peculiarly interesting. Hither, from all parts of Germany, come young girls to be trained as governesses and school teachers. A clever governess, not a deaconess, superintends their education. They must, before they come, have attained a certain degree of proficiency. A portion of the day is allotted for their own instruction, the remainder to that of others. A village school is attached to the Institution. Its teacher has most wonderful energy, and the art of fixing the undivided attention of the children on the lesson before them. The seminarists listen to her teaching. Each, in turn, on her appointed day, repeats to the children a lesson which she has herself received from the tutor of the establishment, and rehearsed before him. He listens, and afterwards points out to her, in private, how she might have made this point clearer, or that more interesting. At the play-hours of the infant-school children, the teachers join in the games. They give lessons in botany, history, and geography to more advanced classes. They also teach reading, writing, and arithmetic to children in the hospitals. In the one large building are contained, in various departments, men, women, children, and infants, suffering from every disease, principally scrofula and consumption, in various forms. A little dispensary is attached to the building. The deaconesses are all skilled in the compounding of medicines; but the dispensary sister was regularly apprenticed to the business. A physician visits twice a day, but neither he nor the assistant pastor resides in the Institution. There is also a kitchen for the preparation of sick food exclusively. On a large board is marked down the number of meals of each kind of food required for the day. Each hospital has its own superintending sister, assisted by novices; and, in the men's hospital, by male nurses also. The cleanliness and the comfort which reign here, cannot be described. Every deaconess gives part of her spare time to reading to the sick, besides the morning and evening general reading and prayer, and the frequent visits of the pastors. But the most delightful thing of all is the infants' hospital, where the poor little sufferers receive all the care a tender mother could bestow.

Under the same roof with the hospital is the church of the institution. Large windows opening from some of the sick wards afford to the inmates opportunities of joining in the services, which they much enjoy. It is a most affecting sight to look up and see the sick and anxious faces which crowd around them.

The lunatic asylum is not far distant. Here are received the rich, who pay as in other institutions, and the poorer, who pay according to their means. As the asylum is self-supporting, the number of poor received is regulated by the overplus from the payment of the others. Everything to soothe and alleviate is here provided—a garden, musical instruments, books, etc. At the head of the asylum is Louisa Fliedner. Though only about twenty-two years of age, she has a peculiar talent for the management of the patients, of whom she is extremely fond. There are several deaconesses under her. Occupation and amusement are the principal modes of cure. Those who wish have lessons in music, singing, languages, etc. Every day the patients go out to walk, either together or singly, with a deaconess. Singing is much used to soothe and quiet them when excited. Every birthday and holiday brings some special amusement. They much enjoy a picnic party, one of which we witnessed on our second visit. They all walked out to a little farm, where tables and benches had been placed for them in the garden. Many of them assisted in the preparations for the repast, during which cheerful conversation was maintained. The deaconesses were apparently occupied with their own amusements, but every movement of the patients was closely watched. Some of the party went out in a little boat; others walked along the banks of the river. On one occasion a girl attempted to drown herself by jumping into the river. Louisa Fliedner said, quietly, "The water will spoil your clothes," and walked on apparently unconcerned. The girl immediately came out and followed her home. The day we saw them, all were quiet, and seemed to have great enjoyment of their little expedition. Our visit to the lunatic asylum over, we returned to the house.

Having finished our inspection of the establishment we re-entered the little parlour into which we had first been ushered. Here we found the pastor and Madame Fliedner. Their simple and earnest manner pleased us much, though at our first visit we had not the opportunity afterwards afforded us of becoming intimately acquainted with them. They had coffee, black (rye) and wheaten bread and syrup for us; real coffee for the strangers, the usual repast being rye coffee only.

The pastor had but that morning returned from a tour in England; but though much fatigued was full of energy, desirous to excite all to some active exertions in the cause of God. But it was already late, and we were obliged to shorten our visit. We had seen enough, however, to convince us that the spirit of love which animated the whole establishment was deeply rooted in the hearts of those who originated, and who now conduct the Deaconess Institution of Kaiserswerth.*

PAPER ON SISTERHOODS IN 'ROUGH NOTES.'

"Every little helps" is a proverb, the truth of which one daily learns. Could one only extract from each individual with whom one comes in contact the "little" in which one could learn from him, what "help" our intercourse with others might be! But as some do not know how to give, or others how to draw forth the particular thought, or experience, or fact, by which they might be mutually helped, so is it when we seek to guide or influence public opinion with our pen: we scarce know how we may best frame the machinery which will most powerfully act on those many minds. There are no universal points of contact between different minds, but there are some few almost universal sympathies in human hearts. A writer's aim must therefore be to make as many familiar chords as possible vibrate, so that when he would send into any heart a new and hitherto unheard whisper, there may not be discord but harmony—a new chord struck, and yet resolving itself into familiar notes. Perhaps for benevolent women there are in the present day few such vexed questions as is that of Sisterhoods. Would that each worker in a sisterhood, or female community, could contribute her "little" to that help which theorists require in forming opinions on the subject. And in this case it must be practical experience which alone can mould theory.

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* This was written in the summer of 1853, and appeared in the April number of the 'Dublin University Magazine,' 1859.

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Religious Institution at Kaiserswerth.

Dr. Howson justly says, "If we were to single out one religious peculiarity of Kaiserswerth as conspicuous above the rest, it would be the close and discriminating study of the Bible."

In this respect I had several disadvantages during my stay at Kaiserswerth. When I first arrived, my ignorance of the language prevented my following more than the general scope of preaching or teaching. The deafness I suffered from latterly was a great hindrance after I became more familiar with the language, and the absence of Pastor Disselhof during the greater part of my stay, put a stop to his most instructive classes.

There are, however, by rule, three Bible-classes weekly, and two prayer-meetings, besides the two Sunday services and the catechetical class held in the chapel. Pastor Stricker, the chaplain of the institution, holds two Bible-classes, in which the same subject is studied, that all may have the opportunity of attending. Nor is their attendance optional; everything is by rule at Kaiserswerth, and the roll-call gives occasion to inquiry into causes of absence. Pastor S. also conducts the Sunday afternoon catechetical class. The week-day subject is the Augsburg Confession proved from Scripture; the Sunday teaching is on the Epistles, but comparing Scripture with Scripture is the principle of both. Pastor S., though very earnest and devoted, and one who is universally respected, is not an interesting or attractive teacher or preacher. His peculiar manner and intonation make it difficult even for Germans to follow him, till accustomed to his voice and accent. He speaks low and rather thickly, so that great attention is required. He is a Calvinist; Pastor Fliedner, a Lutheran; and both Calvinists and Lutherans are found in the Institution. High Lutherans are, however dreaded, as our Ritualists would be, and if any such tendency is found in a sister, she is at once removed. Pastor Disselhof, when at home, has also these duplicate classes, taking the statutes of the Institution as the starting point, and following each part through the Scripture teaching on the subject. These are most interesting and instructive classes. Pastor S. is very strong on the vital doctrines of Christianity; Pastor D., on the duties of the Christian. Pastor Fliedner's rare but valuable addresses are on the privileges of the Christian; these the others rarely, if ever, touch upon. But every word of Pastor F.'s addresses and prayers seems weighty; there is a depth and spirituality about him one does not find so much in the others. As a preacher and teacher, Pastor D.'s manner, voice, language, and suggestive ideas, are very delightful, but Pastor F.'s words seem such food for the soul, such strengthening words. His chest affection, however, in winter, almost wholly prevents his even appearing in the chapel for months together, nor does it allow him sufficient use of his voice to permit his teaching much. He held but one of his classes while I was there, but that one made me feel their value. The Psalms are almost his text-book of the Bible, and with them and their hymn-book he expects the sisters to be quite familiar. What psalm and hymn suit such frames of mind or conditions of body? or times of joy? or trial? And at once you must specify both number and verse. Madame Fliedner has a most valuable class for the Probationer sisters during the last six months of their probation, which is spoken of most highly. For this I was not, however, eligible. One of the head sisters has a class for novices and deaconesses who from any cause have not been sufficiently prepared beforehand to profit by Pastor D.'s class. Every fourth Sunday evening the sisters meet to read over the Institution rules, and once a month there is a large meeting in the Hall of all connected with the Institution to hear the report of the month's proceedings, both in the parent home and in its outposts; extracts from all letters received being read. Here also probationers who have come during the month are publicly received, enrolled, and welcomed, the sisters singing the appointed hymn of welcome.

Religious Privileges.

The Scripture to be read during the day by each Sister is arranged in the "Bibel Lese Tafel." The morning portion is read verse about by the sisters around the breakfast table, by the head sisters in each station or post both at home and abroad, a hymn having first been sung. All then stand, and a sister prays.

This at the breakfast and supper-table devolves on an elder sister, but every one must be prepared to offer an extempore prayer either when conducting family prayer in her ward, or when as novice or deaconess she is with individuals during the day needing such help. The psalm for the day, and the text or motto which seem to sum up the lesson of the Old and New Testament lessons for the day, are read after dinner, to which is added, once a week, a portion of some memoir. From 3.30 to 4 daily the chapel is open for the "Stille Stunde," the invaluable half-hour for prayer and meditation which every one is expected to attend at least twice a week. The chapel is chosen not so much as a sacred as a quiet spot. A verse of a hymn is sung, and then solemn stillness reigns while each, according to her inclination, divides the time between her Bible, prayer, and meditation. The blessing pronounced by one of the elder sisters marks the close, and with fresh energy all return to work. Two evenings in the week family prayer is replaced by the prayer-meeting in the chapel: singing, prayer, and reading a portion of Scripture, without explanation, occupy the hour. All the branch establishments and special cases are mentioned. On these occasions only, the habit of kneeling in prayer was observed; standing was the position usually adopted in prayer and in the receiving of the Communion. It was the same at Strasburg. Most interesting were the special prayer-meetings in time of special need, and the subsequent thanksgiving-meetings; also the daily Litany used the week before the consecration of deaconesses. The celebration of the Communion was monthly, and was necessarily a long service. An appropriate hymn was sung almost continuously, and allowed of all taking part who felt inclined. Your Bible and prayer might occupy you before and after receiving, without the singing being any interruption. First all the males connected with the Institution received, then the deaconesses, then followed the novices, standing in semicircles round the raised dais, where stood the pastors. At Kaiserswerth the Holy Communion was administered as with us; at Strasburg, where the doctrine on the subject seemed as pure, the wafer is used. But in all the deaconess institutions an English person is struck by the partial Sabbath observance. Sunday is the day for letter writing, for receiving visitors, for special excursions, even for commencing a journey, if late in the day. Time is allowed for longer walks, not for longer retirement and privacy. Indeed, for those in charge of the sick, it is a peculiarly busy day. No one who has not been at Kaiserswerth knows what the extra work is on the day the sick receive their visitors. You are also to devote yourself specially to make the day a pleasant one to your charge; and when these are children, toys are brought out, with which you must amuse them, but you must prevent noise. Then the extra work of preparing those who are able for the services, having them and yourself ready for the 9.30 service; arranging the afternoon meal, service, and visitor time, to make all fit in, and then be ready for evening prayer at 8—all is calculated to make Sunday a bustling day, rather than one of rest; and it would not be possible to perform all duties, were not the wise and helpful arrangement made that some of the pupils in the training-school should give voluntary help when required, under the direction of the superintending sister.

Instruction of Deaconesses and those under their charge.

The deaconesses themselves are of course more or less educated; as novices they learn to read and write; I believe no deaconess is consecrated before she can do so; those who like may continue to attend the evening class held by one of the teaching sisters. From among these latter and the pupils in the training-school are chosen those who can hold classes in the hospital wards and lunatic asylum. The children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, also Scripture history; the lunatics learn music, singing, languages, in fact a variety of things, also fancy needlework.

The head sister of each ward conducts family prayer night and morning; reading the portion appointed; giving a few words of practical comments adapted to her hearers; the customary hymn is sung and the service closed with extempore prayer. For this and for her remarks on the chapter read, the sister is expected to take thought beforehand, in order to be appropriate and concise.

During the day each under her charge must have teaching according to their circumstances. The head sister appoints to her novices, a certain number thus to look after; sometimes directing the subject and portion of Scripture, sometimes leaving the choice free. They are always liable to be called on by the pastor or chaplain for an account of these teachings; their selection and reason for it; the special subject of prayer with this or that patient. If any die, a very minute account is required of the knowledge they had of his or her frame of mind; their reasons for the opinion they have formed. Only once was I called upon for this, but I felt it must be invaluable when repeated. The chaplain himself being constantly with the patients can verify the report, and form his conclusions as to their judgment and teaching.

Training of Probationers.

They are divided into two classes—the "newly arrived" and the "further advanced;" these are under separate superintendence, but both classes are specially looked after by the sister appointed for the duty, besides the superintendent of the department in which they work and the general supervision of Sister Sophia Wagner, whom we may call superintendent-general. The "newly arrived" have their apartments separate from those of the other probationers and deaconesses; they have their own table, and their meals and walks are taken with the sister near whom they sleep. When a probationer arrives to begin her noviciate, the pastor knows part of her early history, as this, together with certificates from a medical man and clergyman, she is required to furnish him, with a short sketch of her life and the motives which have led her to Kaiserswerth. The probationer on arriving is kept very quiet in the suite of rooms belonging to her class; she reads and writes with her companions, who may have come at the same time, and the superintending sister, who thus becomes acquainted with her character; she learns the rules—gets some general idea of the order of the house, but her duties consist chiefly in punctual attendance at the different classes, prayer meetings, etc.; and how much some have to learn in this way, and what patience even this preliminary training requires in their superintending sister!! You meet one of these novices flying along in the wrong direction, carrying an armful of books which she is always letting fall. She has heard a class is to be held, does not know if it is hers; —then you see sister E. coming in search of her; she is not where she ought to be at that hour, or she has perhaps seated herself in a wrong class. The rule of assembling all classes a quarter of an hour before time is most necessary,—the sister goes round, sees who is there and who is not, and has time to seek the absentee before the teacher arrives; also those who are to be taught have time to collect their thoughts, arrange note-books, etc. For six weeks or two months the novice is thus watched; perhaps after the first few days, her head-quarters are the work-room, where, as all the deaconesses' clothes are made in the Institution, there is plenty of employment, besides every deaconess must be a good needle-woman, and the beauty of their work is very great. In this room are always staid elder sisters, also partial invalids, but its atmosphere is elevating; the almost constant singing of the workers makes the novices acquainted with the tunes and hymns of the Institution. But all this time the most minute points of character and conduct are attended to; at first great failings are attacked; untidiness in dress, unpunctuality, etc. with hints rather than general directions on other points, for there is gentle kindness on this subject, not always reproving, but striving by degrees to mould the character and by love to beget love. Sister E. is most loving, and yet very firm; quick-sighted and discriminating, yet able to make allowances, but above all, herself such an earnest Christian and devoted deaconess as to be a valuable friend and pattern for all. The change a few weeks effects in these novices is marvellous. You are no longer struck with the harsh voice and manner and heavy foot; a half-subdued eagerness only now and then revealing what has been, and so this two-month-old probationer is placed under the care of Sister Anna and begins the real active Institution life, having special duties assigned to her.

[Here this paper ends abruptly.]

ST. LOUP, LA SARRAY, VAUD, SWITZERLAND, LANGUAGE, FRENCH.

This Deaconess Institution is very peculiarly situated. It lies in the country between Lausanne and Yverdun. A very rough road leads from the Edessiers railway station, and a most primitive post-chaise brings you to the neighbouring village of La Sarray. This, small as it is, is the post-town and important shop emporium of the district. It has its free and established churches, and the schools in connection with both are attended by the children from the knots of houses which scarce deserve the name of villages, and lie scattered over the surrounding country. These have mostly their churches, though the pastor of each can hardly have 100 souls under his care. Leaving La Sarray, a very lovely road leads the visitor in about half an hour to the first of these village spires. The one street has its fountain, where the women are washing; little ragged children, pigs and poultry, dogs and general untidiness are unlike the usual Protestant cantons. You pass on up a slight ascent by a river and among trees, to a very curious rock-encircled spot, where, above the village and commanding the whole extent of country, stand three or four detached buildings. Here again, is a fountain, at which a female in deaconess attire is busy. She cordially welcomes the stranger, and will seek Monsieur le Pasteur. A narrow passage leads you past the kitchen to a good-sized sitting-room, which, opening on a small but homelike garden, has an air of comfort even in its simplicity. A few flowers and fewer books; portraits of reformers and remarkable pastors; a few photographs of sisters, and you have all the adornments. A large number of chairs, several tables, with a very old-fashioned sofa, are all the uncarpeted room contains. Soon the daughter of the house appears, and in a very French manner receives her former friend; old Kaiserswerth memories are revived; Julie is full of regrets at the absence of her father and mother, the heads of the Institution, but the visitor has spent the last twenty-four hours with them at the residence of their lately widowed daughter. Their representatives are soon introduced; Monsieur and Madame Henri Germond, who have lately given up their home to assist his aged parents in their almost too heavy charge of carrying on the work begun in days of greater vigour. The first impressions of these future heads were deepened on further acquaintance. Madame is a young and pretty woman, earnest and conscientious, but too much absorbed in her children to make the

Institution her first care; perhaps she is too newly come to feel her responsibilities with respect to it. Her husband is a naturally reserved man, a deep thinker, fond of study and of teaching, more suited perhaps for the training of young men than for guiding women. A great deal of quiet humour and a store of appropriate anecdotes make him a pleasant person in general society, and he seems always to try to have some improving and suggestive idea. Could he have chosen to follow his taste in every way, I am sure his life would have been spent in deep study; he would have written much and ably; given lectures on religious and philosophical subjects, and perhaps taken some of the head classes in the colleges or had young men to read with him; and yet, hear him in family prayer, in his weekly lectures, and those in the wards, and those more especially for the sisters, and also in the more general Sunday services; talk to him about the difficulties of the work, its snares for individuals, its general results, or consult him as a friend respecting your own future, and you feel there is an earnestness of purpose about himself, a power of sympathy with others, a perception of character, and also of duty, and above all, a simple seeking to know and to follow God's way and the leadings of His providence, and of bringing everything to His footstool; so that what Monsieur Henri Germond says is not so much what impresses you as that where he seeks wisdom, you too may find guidance,—all this makes one feel that he has much that will in time adapt him for the responsible work he has undertaken. As yet he is not wholly given to it; as yet his quick temper is not perhaps sufficiently under restraint; as yet he is more the chaplain of the Institution than its head. Perhaps while his father and mother reside there he does not, even in their long and frequent absences, sufficiently feel himself the responsible person. During my visit the Institution suffered from this; there seemed no one to regulate those minute and daily varying details, which, insignificant as they appear, are in fact the school in which the deaconess character is moulded. Neither were there over each department the disciplined elder sisters, whose quiet influence and deportment so insensibly form the younger members of the community. Too many of these had been draughted to outposts, and the Mother House seemed altogether to be in the kind of normal state one might imagine a newly-established work would present, The order and regularity, the clockwork precision of other institutions, were wanting. Very glaring defects in novices seemed scarcely perceived, or rather perhaps one ought to say, there was none of that close supervision of them in their work by which the character is so thoroughly discovered. A novice, for hours left alone with her patients, may give way to temper, impatience, and indolence, without being suspected of these failings, for even among Christians we find too many eye-servants. You often asked yourself,—Has Kaiserswerth more sterling material to work upon? Is the German more solid than the Swiss character? and yet when you visited St. Loup deaconesses in other districts, you felt their training had been different from what those in the house during my visit were receiving. Still there was a something wanting. There is a refinement, a courtesy, a quiet self-possession about Kaiserswerth deaconesses, I have not found elsewhere as a rule. Elsewhere you find it in individuals; at Kaiserswerth, it stamps the community. There are, nevertheless, many exceptions. Pastor Germond and the mother are the most warm-hearted and genial of any of the "Heads" I have seen. They have benevolence beaming in every feature, and as they enter a ward, old and young look to them as to parents. Ever with a cheerful and cheering word for each; a look or a shake of the hand which makes the most complaining feel they have some one who sympathizes, and for the day every one who has seen either M. or Madame G. is cheered by the remembrance of their visit. Ask any one what did they say to you, and you feel heart spoke to heart. "The sun always shines the day they have been among us," is the usual expression, and you scarcely feel it exaggerated when you witness the genial effect. On one distinctive feature of this Institution, Pastor Germond prides himself. At dinner and supper, all the workers meet at a common table. At the head sit the Pastor and the Mother; any strangers next, and then the elder sisters, novices, convalescents from among the patients, and then the farm servants.

There is little conversation, but usually during the meal the Pastor or Mother tell some news of general interest, or relate some anecdote respecting a Reformer, or some other remarkable character.

Morning and evening prayer is conducted as follows. A hymn is sung, a portion of Scripture read and explained, then an extempore prayer is offered, in which the different branch institutions are specially remembered, and any particular cases are mentioned. The Pastor visits the sick daily, taking a certain number, but never passing those who are very ill without a few words of prayer and a text or two, followed by some simple words.

The sisters are expected to read and pray with the patients, but I never could find that they had much special teaching to prepare them for this. The Pastor gives a weekly lecture in each ward, and I think when old Madame G. was at home, she used to come every afternoon to read a chapter, followed by a simple explanation. On Sunday, all who are able, go to La Sarray to the curious "upper room," where the Pastor conducts the Free Church services for all who choose to attend. For the afternoon service his dining-room is thrown open to the public. Here, too, is held a kind of weekly lecture for the sisters. This is varied according to circumstances. When several elder sisters are present, it is a kind of "conference," and bears that name; when otherwise, a portion of Scripture is read which seems specially applicable,—some duty inculcated, perhaps some reproof administered, which the past week has shown to be needful; but I did not hear of any catechetical instruction, of which there is so much at Kaiserswerth. As usual, one is struck with the very partial observance of the Sabbath. On a Sunday afternoon I first explored the place, and may therefore here describe the situation of the house. It stands on an eminence, in fact the ground is curiously cut away in front, so that house and garden seem to be on a high terrace; below is a little village, and a noisy stream winds among shrubs and trees to the left; a vast expanse of rather flat ground stretches before you, rich fields, a few trees, and scattered knots of houses, and then, far away, but beautifully distinct in clear weather, Mont Blanc, in his greatest magnificence, and all the snowy Alpine range. I never saw Mont Blanc as I have seen him from this neighbourhood. He indeed stands forth the "monarch" from amid his attendant "guards." Nor is the prospect less imposing when partial mists leave much hidden grandeur to the imagination to picture; then there is often a solemn majesty in the scene, unfelt when unclouded sunlight reveals it in all its dazzling splendour. Behind the house, enclosing its apparent domain, or rather fields, is a very curious semicircular wall of rock, about 50 feet high, from which there is no apparent egress; from the summit the Alpine panorama is complete. In the part nearest the house is the apparently excavated cavity where the "Patron Saint" of the district led his hermit life. I suppose from his lofty eyrie St. Loup saw somewhat of human misery, for he descended to erect, where the Institution now stands, a home or refuge for the sick. Thus St. Loup is an ancient establishment, and as at Kaiserswerth, we find a modern work on a very ancient basis.

The art of nursing is not in very great perfection here. The sisters seem to have no routine of work; they have their appointed posts, certainly, but not the Kaiserswerth organization; in fact, no other institution of the kind that I know, has. Nor is the daily walk the rule as there, nor the midday half-hour for private prayer, nor the after-dinner portion of the Psalms, nor the appointed Scripture lessons for morning and evening reading, nor the connecting daily text, all of which are the Kaiserswerth links between its widely scattered members. A St. Loup sister goes daily to hold her school at La Sarray, and is most admirably fitted for the post. Here novices can be trained in this branch of the work, the mother house consisting merely of a hospital. At La Ferrière, about three miles distant, four sisters have an orphan house and Cripples' Home. At Lausanne, three sisters manage a children's hospital, and at Vevey others are engaged in the same work. In fact several Swiss towns are their spheres of labour, and when one sees them thus, one is more favourably impressed with the general stamp of the character of St. Loup deaconesses than by those one has found at the parent Institution. Certain family circumstances in late years probably account for this. Perhaps also, now that there is more religious freedom in Switzerland, those who would be earnest workers do not so much feel the need of an institution to give them shelter and support. The days are past when, in a Protestant Canton, Pastor Germond was imprisoned for venturing to assemble a few friends in his own house for reading God's Word and prayer. The Free Church, though not sharing all the privileges of the established, is equally tolerated, but its ministers and members are not so much the chosen band they used to be. I saw the Institution at St. Loup under most unfavourable circumstances; the real heads were little there. I saw a good deal of them, but not much of their actual work. The Gospel appeared to be simply and fully taught, and God's word to take its proper place. Much good has been done by this unpretending Institution, and much more we trust may arise. God's blessing upon it is so earnestly and constantly sought, that doubtless He will not withhold, but shower down rich grace on its sisters.

REIHEN, NEAR BASLE; LANGUAGE, GERMAN.

This Deaconess Institution is more exclusively under female management than either St. Loup, Kaiserswerth, or Strasburg. Its president is not a pastor, and though, when in the neighbourhood, he is constantly consulted, the detail of the work is entirely in the hands of Sister Trinette, or Trina, as she is commonly called. She was selected for this work by Monsieur Spittler, who, as she says, almost forcibly carried her from her father's house to take the conduct of the embryo hospital, into which patients were *bribed* to enter. The physician tells most amusing stories of the rate of payment which certain cases required to induce them to trust themselves to the gentle sister. At Reihen the educated element among the sisters is quite the exception; when I was there, but one could help with correspondence or accounts, and this she did not always choose to do. The sisters are chiefly of the peasant class, and nursing is their sole occupation. The medical man visits daily: the institution is his pride and hobby, and he looks upon it as his child; but he takes more the philanthropic than the Christian view with regard to it. Such is not, however, the case with Monsieur Bischoff, the president, who tries to deepen and consolidate its Bible foundation. A pastor from Basle comes weekly to instruct the sisters, but neither his teaching nor the ministry they attend struck me particularly. In the neighbouring Deaf and Dumb Institution they have very helpful Sunday afternoon services and the heads of that institution maintain an elevating Christian fellowship with the sisters. There is great simplicity in all the arrangements; the usual deaconess cleanliness and order pervade the institution. The physician, who is also a surgeon, takes much pains in training the sisters and novices in the nursing department, and his quick eye detects the slightest disorder or irregularity, on which he does not fail to remark. Sister Trinette is the most simple and humble-minded Christian, and has gentle, winning, affectionate manners. Perhaps as head, she ought to exact more respect, and yet she can act with great decision. One or two elder sisters are rather self-willed, which is of course bad as example to the younger; but over the latter the gentle firmness of Sister Trina seems to have the proper influence, and perhaps the beautiful humility with which she submits to the often troublesome elder sisters more strengthens her position than would the absolute assertion of her rights. Here again, the workers at outposts show the results of the training more than do the unformed characters found at the parent institution. This is so small, that the head requires no medium sisters between herself and the novices, and she keeps up the correspondence with those at outposts. Basle has Reihen sisters in its town and children's hospitals, and also in its prison. Reihen is also the parent of the Deaconess Institution at Zurich, of which more can be told, but I believe Reihen sisters have never yet gone out of Switzerland. They are placed entirely under the control of the heads of the hospitals, etc., in which they work, and conform themselves to their rules, and thus differ from the Kaiserswerth sisters, who must always work in the Kaiserswerth groove, and submit to no direction or guidance but that of their own pastor. On no account must they modify the rule in which they have been trained, without very special and rarely granted permission. The Sabbath is more observed in Reihen than in any other similar institution I have seen, and this may be traced to Monsieur Bischoff's acquaintance with and admiration for English customs. A committee of ladies meet occasionally to advise Sister T., but this is only nominal, the meeting being more to hear of the work. The president usually lays before the ladies the most important occurrences of the past few months, and Sister Trina consults them upon any domestic arrangements, as the necessary renewal of linen, blankets, etc. This is, I believe, their only real business, as Sister Trina is so trusted that advice to her, or sanction to her proceedings, is given only when she herself seeks it. Some idea may be formed of the un-English simplicity of Reihen when we picture to ourselves the Committee-room containing two beds. They are certainly not in constant use, but being the only spare room in the house, it serves a variety of purposes, and amongst others, it is the sleeping apartment of strangers or sisters who may return temporarily. The Deaconess Institution at Reihen and the missionary training-school at Crischona were once in close connection, and had union prayer-meetings (though the deaconesses never prayed publicly). Too many marriages, however, were the result of this intercourse, which has now been entirely stopped; not that marriage is forbidden, or discountenanced, in any of the deaconess houses; it is rather looked upon as the necessary and providential discipline of some characters, though the impression generally seems to be, that if a deaconess marries, she will have some special trials, and certainly a number of cases are enumerated of deaconesses who have been soon left widows, or have had struggling lives with large families. In three cases I have myself known where I have seen the sister at her work, and after six or eight years found her as a married woman at the head of an institution, the care of husband and children has seemed to be almost all-engrossing, and I do not think she is able to attend to both family and institution duties. Madame Fliedner combines both in a wonderful manner, but overworks mind and body. So much devolves on those in responsible positions in deaconess houses,—the intimate knowledge of the peculiar character of every sister and novice, what each is best fitted for, how the defects of each are to be counterbalanced and their strong points of character developed. How every part in the machinery is to be formed into a perfect whole requires such attention to detail, as well as to general effect that the concentrated energies of one highly endowed individual would not suffice. Wisdom from above is daily, hourly needed to combine the jarring elements, and to draw forth the union and harmony which are the difficulty and yet the aim of such work.

ZURICH.

If we go back a few years in the history of the Reihen Institution, we shall find that some important matter is under long and serious discussion. Many prayers are offered up for the only sure wisdom and true guidance. Among the sisters there is one whom nature seems to have endowed with extraordinary powers of government, but to whom submission to authority seems almost impossible. She has many sterling qualities, much that is so truly excellent and estimable, that but for this one thing she would be invaluable. A sincere and earnest Christian, and yet marring the work. No Institution can have two heads; her influence is injurious, and yet are all these powers to be rejected? Can they not be put to good account even in deaconess work? Sister —— returns home for a while, and prayer is made by many on her behalf that the will of the Lord concerning her may be clearly discerned. Soon comes an appeal from Zurich; can Reihen give a head for an independent Deaconess Institution? It is the very work for Sister ——, and she goes to Zurich to take her position in the small newly opened hospital at the end of the town. Nor does she go alone; this strong masculine character has attracted the little clinging Sister Julie Kleinst, who appears to have no decision of character, and may be led and moulded by any one to whom she is attached, but would never venture to offer or almost form an opinion of her own. It seemed as if she could only live in Sister ——'s presence, and, to use her own expression, she followed her like a dog, lay at her feet by day as she sat at her desk, and slept in her room by night, ready to help Sister —— in anything, but too shy to work with others, almost shrinking from meeting the sisters at the common table, even when protected by her guardian friend. Only one thing seemed at all to rouse her to independent action. Sometimes Sister —— was ill, and then, as her representative, the little shrinking Julie appeared in a new character. In less than a year Sister —— lay on her death-bed saying to her friend "You must take my place,—you alone know how matters have gone on hitherto; in the Rock of Ages is everlasting strength, my child, and underneath are the everlasting arms." But Julie scarcely heard or heeded; but one thought was hers, alone in the world without her friend she could not live,—the same grave would surely hold them both. The blow came, but it was not crushing; it seemed more as if the prophet's mantle, as of old, had fallen on her successor. She seemed to feel as if God Himself called her to the work, and spoke to her as to Jeremiah of old, and, therefore, when the committee elected her as head, she seemed to accept the post almost unquestioningly. In a few months more the president, founder, and father of the little institution was laid in the same plot in "God's acre" as that which contained the now mouldering form of Sister ——. Julie seemed truly left alone; by those graves she stood and felt in her inmost soul a deeper assurance of her heavenly Father's presence and unfailing strength. And by these graves we stood as she told me this touching story. All was not bright, however; it needed the constant heavenly whisper, "I am with thee," perchance more the simple hearing of His voice, for with it perhaps was too much mingled the feeling as if the guardian angel of the last few years was still with her, though invisibly. Perhaps the jealous God would teach her to think only of His love and care. What had not the poor little shrinking Julie to suffer from the jealousies of the sisters, that that child should be put over them, that she who had hitherto needed constant guiding even in the minutest details of life should now guide them! Oh, the lessons to be learned of weanedness from all creature help! oh, the bitter tears shed in that secret chamber when learning the salutary lesson, "The Lord is friendly!" (Der Herr ist freundlich, the German translation of "The Lord is good"). No earthly friend, no earthly adviser, but an ever present omnipotent and compassionate heavenly Friend. Months again passed over her, she had trial in her work but joy in her Lord. Then sickness came, severe dangerous illness; and with the startling conviction that they might soon lose their gentle timid head, there came to the sisters' minds a conviction of all their evil conduct towards her, and one vied with another in their care of her, and in united prayer they asked of the Lord forgiveness for their past neglect, and a token of that forgiveness, in their now dear sister's restoration to health. Long and tedious was her recovery, but now that bright and happy sister feels, amid all her work and trials too, that the Lord Himself has trained and is training her; and in this strength she goes on in her daily work, though the natural timidity sometimes peeps out, still she is happy in her position, and happy in the sisters' love. Sister Trinette at Reihen is not more respected than is the young Julie at Zurich, and there is more of harmony and real union and communion to be found in the institution governed by the latter. Here I first learned the inestimable value of our authorized translation of the Bible; no one can imagine who has not tried it what difficulty and confusion in a Bible-class results. when its members read or repeat texts, one out of Luther's, another out of Zwingle's Bible. Some•times in the social evening readings at family prayer, these slight differences threw great light on some passage, but this is when you have the Bibles open together; it requires great familiarity with both to be able to refer to texts so differently quoted, and I was surprised to find such ignorance of the Bible among the deaconesses of the various Institutions I visited, compared with those of Kaiserswerth. The study and familiarity with the Bible there inculcated and required is a very important and necessary point of imitation. At evening prayer at Zurich, the appointed portion is read verse about, and then the thoughts suggested by any passage are mentioned by any present; the head sister selecting a text from the chapter as the thought for the night. The sisters take it by turns to pray.

MULHAUS

Is a branch of Strasburg, but is a larger offshoot than are many independent deaconess homes. The work of the sisters here is threefold: first, the government hospital is under their care they conforming to certain regulations. It is a large well-organized institution, and I think it is one of those whose internal arrangements, as far as the plan of the building goes, are quoted by Miss Nightingale with approbation.

Secondly, an old man's home under the care of an elderly sister.

Thirdly, parochial deaconesses. These live in a separate house under the control of their own superintendent sister, and are quite distinct from those in the hospital. A few spare rooms are given up to form a small invalid home, but the business of these sisters is with the poor of the district.

Mulhaus is a large manufacturing town, but the heads of the factories seem to vie with each other in providing for the comfort of their workpeople. The inhabitants are almost exclusively Protestants. Each sister has a certain district allotted to her; she is under a committee of ladies; the owner of the factory, among whose people she works, pays the rent of a small house for her in her district, and she has the charge of the fund allowed for the poor and sick of the quarter. In her little house the parish doctor meets his patients; she receives his orders respecting them, and compounds his prescriptions; she also accompanies him in his visits, and attends to the carrying out of his wishes; in cases of necessity she sits up at night with her patients, but on account of her heavy day-work this must not be too often. The deaconess has her appointed hours for visiting; at certain times her poor know they will find her in her mission-room, and there they come to her for counsel. She cuts out and gives out cloth to be made, which is afterwards sold at cost price. She has her servant and her garden,—the servant prepares the soup, which on certain days is given to those who have tickets, and at other times is specially made for invalids. When the sister is in her district, the servant receives any messages which may be left for her; she also assists the sister in the garden, which is expected to provide the herbs and vegetables necessary for the soup. At night the sister returns to the "Home," though the house furnishes a bed-room, where in severe weather or under special circumstances she spends the night. The model sisters' house is that built in connection with the remarkable "Mulhausen Cité ouvrière," a most perfect provision for all the wants of working-men.

Each little house has four rooms, and is divided between two families, each having their own small garden. A most comfortable eating-house, also bath and washing establishment, provide cheap comforts and save the women both labour and expense. The arrangements seem so perfect that it seems were such "Cités ouvrières" more universally provided, the poor would almost cease out of our land, but even in Mulhaus all the poor are not so well provided for. As many of the parish sisters as are able return to the Home to dinner, and before again returning to their work the little band kneel to ask that God's blessing may accompany them. The sisters here seem more one's ideal of trained Bible women than anything I have seen abroad, but the mothers' meeting might be advantageously added to their system, and will probably soon grow out of it, for they are naturally interested in the 'Missing Link Magazine,' extracts from which constantly appear in one of their weekly missionary periodicals.

APPENDIX—(B.)

ANOTHER GONE BEFORE.[*]

"And when one soldier falls, let ten pursue his way."

ON one sad day in last February a very dear friend of our Mission took leave of earth for Heaven—"sweet Agnes Jones," "Dear Agnes," admired and loved by all who knew her, died of typhus fever in her rooms in the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary, where she had for three years voluntarily secluded herself from home, friends, and family as entirely as any foreign missionary, for the constant personal superintendence of that large institution, and the training of its paid nurses according to the plans of Miss Nightingale, who speaks of her loss as "irreparable."

At the early age of thirty-five her self-sacrificing work is done, though its fruit and its example will long survive her. Her personal friends, with many a sigh for their own loss, had yet endeavoured cheerfully to resign her to her *vocation,* which was evidently that of nursing.

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[*] From 'The Missing Link Magazine' for April, 1868.

She was one of those serene, unselfish, and helpful women who seem to be *born nurses*. There are many who can look back upon her from the time when, in her own bright home in the North of Ireland, she gave her days to tend the poor; setting off in her vigorous health and strength—whether sunbeams shone or rain poured down—over mountain and moor to the lonely cabins, where her visit was looked for like a ray of light beaming on body and soul; and from those walks, which would have annihilated most young ladies, she would often return amid drenching showers, as fresh as a rose, to the social evening circle—ever devoted to the service and pleasure of all around her.

We love to remember her in her home at Fahan, by the side of Lough Swilly, or among the glorious rocks of Port Rush, or as she guided us over the wide sea-floors of the Giant's Causeway; but we knew her *better*, and the memories of her are *dearer*, as in after days she threaded the close courts and alleys of the back streets of our great city, when, for nearly a year, she took voluntary share in the toils and cares and joys of our London Bible Missions. She put aside all her passionate love for the lakes and mountains of her own green isle to yield herself to the service of God among brick walls and interminable houses, and we thought she received a silent baptism of fire in the times of the Irish revivals, which sent her forth from the quiet retirement she best loved with fresh purpose to comfort Christ's poor and to minister to them in their afflictions. She came into contact with our Missions in the year 1861, and was well known to many a Bible woman in Whitechapel and Westminster. For two months she took the whole charge of the Mission during the absence of her friend in Switzerland, and in the volume of the 'Book and its Missions' for 1862 (now out of print) are many modest details of her loving superintendence of the Dormitory Houses (p. 20); also a valuable paper on 'Mothers' Meetings, by one who has attended many of them' (p. 128); also jottings from her visits in the districts, entitled 'All Round the Abbey' and 'Walks in Drury Lane on New Year's Day.' From the latter we reprint a few details, which show not only the writer's gift for description, but the living sympathy with which she went about all her work:—

"*Walks in Drury Lane on New Year's Day.*

"I went this morning with our good Bible-woman to visit her district. She had a message to take to an artificial flower-maker, who attends her Mothers' Meeting. She lives in a narrow, dirty back street, where too many closed shutters told of people still in bed, after ten o'clock in the morning.

"We met our friend in the street, and followed her into her poor little room. A wretched baby in her arms and another little fellow, whose large head bespoke disease, composed her family; the husband and father had gone out to seek work, and soon the old grandmother tottered in. It was difficult to decide the question whether this often fireless home could be more comfortable for *her* than the workhouse. Here she can get a little tea when the pence are to be had, there she would only have gruel; here she may at will rise or spend the day in bed, there she must be up at six o'clock summer and winter; here she has her daughter and her liberty. These things she has weighed, and chosen to remain as she is.

"We wonder how fingers can make those pretty flowers, so fresh and clean, in this poor room, and we wonder, when wire and paper are bought, what the profit is? But we have yet more important questions. It is pleasant to hear that she went last night to the evening service, that she was impressed by Mr. Garratt's after words to a few poor women who like herself remained behind,—words which being 'only for themselves,' came home to them as individuals, and made her hope that as the year closed to her with spiritual blessing, so in the new year that blessing might more and more be hers.

"Her husband and she sat together to see the new year in, reading alternately verses from God's Word, he helping her in her difficulties; for reading is to her a new art, and taught by the loving care of the Bible woman, who goes again and again till she finds the leisure moments, for the lesson is cheerfully given as it is gratefully received.

"The flower-maker told us of the sad state of her brother-in-law, and we went to visit *him*. In a poor room, whence, by degrees, every necessary piece of furniture is going into pledge (and where we found them at breakfast, cooked at a fire made from an old chair), sat this poor man and his wife. Two neatly packed parcels of wood were in readiness for the wife to seek customers for, and they were looking forward to the halfpence which would be gained if she were successful. I asked to see his bad leg, and it was sad to find a sore with nothing to keep it from the woollen stocking, and worse still to hear that even when he goes for surgical advice he is sent home with a box of ointment in his hand, it is true, but with no dressing on the wound, even when the probing has caused it to bleed profusely. (We are always thankful to have supplies of rag sent to the Mission.)

"Another visit showed in what an extraordinary manner God may cause even a hardened sinner to feel that 'He is love.'

"Opposite a small fire, on one side of his bed, sat an old soldier. His whole appearance was striking. A tall, finely-made figure, and a noble-looking head, with a very remarkable expression of countenance, prepared one for something uncommon, but we scarcely expected to find in him such an amount of Scripture knowledge, especially as he is blind.

"His eyes were shaded, and one side of his brow much swelled. The Bible woman expressed her astonishment to see him up. Days and nights of intense agony, of pains in the head, are appointed to him, and he must bear them alone; yet not alone, for Jesus is with him, and to this he gave very remarkable testimony. He spoke of spiritual things as if they were to him indeed realities.

"He is dependent for many kind offices on the daughter of an early friend. Side by side in many a battle-field her father and he had fought, and, as he proudly tells, helped to change the 28th Regiment into Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards. The woman says he has been for years more than a father to her, and tenderly does she repay his care. She daily comes to do for him all he needs, sacrificing often half a day's work if he needs her more than usual.

"We asked, in reply to his expression that God loved him even at Waterloo, how long he had known that love; and then, having answered 'Two years,' he began to tell us that it was not till the sudden death of his wife, near three years since, that he began to think of that love of God to himself. He had been sometimes employed as a shoemaker, but his failing sight prevented his earning much. He and his wife were in want, and they remembered that two shillings owing to them was unpaid. The wife started for Vauxhall Bridge, over which their debtor must pass on his way home, to remind him of the debt.

"The husband detailed how far he had gone with her, and how they parted as Big Ben was striking five o'clock, she promising to return by eight, and charging him to watch the kettle of bones and to keep up the fire, and hour after hour passed, and she came not. She never was out late; she was always sober,—what could be the cause? Somehow he thought she must have got into trouble, and he sought her at the police station. No tidings, and then he went on to the bridge. He asked the waterman; there was no mistaking the description, but he could not tell the sad tale, and referred him to another person. Then he heard how she had been seen standing watching near the bridge, how all at once she fell, and had been taken to the hospital; his heart guessed the rest. Almost by force he procured admission to the dead-house. On a long table lay a form covered with a sheet,—that he knew was his Maggy. He saw where the head had been opened, but was thankful the countenance was unchanged; and then the surgeon told him that the woman must have been a sober and steady character, as such and such symptoms were wanting, and that death was caused by apoplexy. The poor husband thought, perhaps caused by that cold stand upon the bridge to wait for the two shillings.

"The only comfort he sought was the recovery of the remains, for which he had but forty-eight hours' space. He inquired about funeral expenses; they seemed far beyond him, but the family for which he worked being absent, the housekeeper collected among the servants 17*s.*; and this, with the voluntary assistance of neighbours in removing the body, enabled him to bury his dead,—and, reader, *it taught him his first lesson of trust in God.* These details he found it hard to give, but he seemed to like to dwell on the minutest point. When he could say no more, we read and prayed, and on my remarking I feared we had tired him, he answered, 'No; he could listen to such conversation for hours,' and so we parted.

"In a court where even the Clergyman, beloved as he is in the district, has been insulted, the Bible woman has access to many, and has canvassed every room concerning the possession of the Scriptures. In one, a savoury smell of dinner met us as the door opened, and there sat, so happily and comfortably, a man with his wife and children, enjoying a well-cooked dinner. Who would have guessed that three months ago *that* woman was scarcely ever sober? She has been ill, and feels the sickness was God's enforcing of the lessons He had begun to teach her at the Mothers' class.

"In another house we found a poor woman making trousers; her thumb was inflamed, and the work stiff, and often her teeth had to pull through the needle; a deaf and dumb girl worked beside her. The time of another is fully occupied taking home work and waiting for more, and of the two other children a little girl is paid *6d.* nightly for acting at Covent Garden Theatre in the 'Shells of the Ocean,' out of one of which she half crawls in her long green dress, and seems to swim. A little fellow, looking only four years old, reads most beautifully, and repeats hymn after hymn, which the Bible woman gives him. The mother is not a widow, but a deserted wife, and has no parish relief."

Such were dear Agnes's life sketches in Drury Lane! And how strange and often sudden are life's changes! The record of these visits was scarcely completed on New Year's Eve, when the postman's knock, which conveys to some hearts with every hour their burden of grief and pain, brought news to Hunter Street which had been six days on the road from Italy,—news of sickness and near relative claims which might sever this true visiting helper from our Mission, and make these the last of her London visits. Her dear sister lay ill of fever at Rome. Ten minutes afterwards followed the telegram, which had only been six *hours* on the road—"We wish you to come to us at once;" and within the next twenty-four hours she had obeyed, and we had to learn *to do without* one who had seemed given of God to especial need, and who was endowed with a gift of such especial fitness as is very rarely equalled. Having for many months shared intimately in the details of the work of Bible Missions here, this friend was suddenly transplanted to the Papal States, where, while she would fully perceive the want of such Missions, she would be unable to carry them out.

And so it was; this providential recall to her beloved family in illness closed the relation of this dear "fellow-helper" to our London Mission, and restored her to what she felt her peculiar vocation, the study of the art of nursing, and the training of herself and others for that purpose.

She had previously passed some time in Pastor Fliedner's training-institution at Kaiserswerth, and been brought into communication with Miss Nightingale, by whose advice, after her sister's recovery, she entered St. Thomas's Hospital as a lady probationer, and passed a year under instruction, followed by another year of practice in the Great Northern Hospital, after which she undertook the charge of the Liverpool Workhouse Infirmary and of 1300 patients, with the training under her own hand of a corps of *paid* nurses, which it was believed would be so vast an improvement on the choosing of nurses from among the paupers themselves.

In this work, with all its peculiar difficulties and trials to the mind of a refined and accomplished lady, dear Agnes bore up for more than three years, allowing herself so little change or rest by day, or even by night, that at last, as might with reason have been expected, even *her* fine constitution has given way, and all her work on earth is finished,—far earlier than, in our view, she could have been spared from it.

In order to give an idea of what this beloved one had accomplished at Liverpool, we can do nothing better than refer to a Resolution passed by the Select Vestry of that town at their meeting on the 4th of March last, in which they record "their grateful sense of the devoted, self-sacrificing, and faithful services of the late Miss Agnes Jones, as Lady Superintendent of nurses in the Liverpool Workhouse Hospital, and to convey to her family the expression of their deep sympathy in their irreparable loss. The Vestry feel that they can have little hope of again finding one who will combine such a religious sense of duty with such rare power of influencing, under much difficulty, those over whom she was placed. They trust, however, that the friends who are lamenting the removal of Miss Jones may be comforted by the assurance that it is the earnest aim of the Vestry to continue the work she so nobly initiated, and in the carrying out of which she sacrificed her life; and they believe that in doing so they will be greatly assisted by those who, in working with her, have imbibed a portion of her spirit."

She was most truly spoken of *at that official meeting* as "*so* like a ministering angel," which *she was* even in her calm, sweet, personal appearance. It was witnessed by gentlemen of all shades of religious opinion "that no one could come into communication with her without perceiving that she possessed rare endowments especially adapted for the performance of those laborious, in some respects delicate, and in all respects most trying duties which she voluntarily took upon herself. There was force of character combined with tenderness of nature and gentleness of manner, and her quiet energy, patience, and perseverance seemed inexhaustible. She did not take up the work as a refuge from sorrow or employment for unoccupied affection, but hers was a perfect sacrifice of a life surrounded by affection and all that could make it happy. She served a perfect Master, and left all to follow Him."

The Chairman of the Nursing Committee, Mr. Satchell, observed that—

" During the first year of the experiment the attempt was made, with her hearty concurrence, to raise a number of able-bodied *pauper* women, by paying them and employing them as assistant nurses. The drunkenness and unreliability of these women added greatly to the difficulties and trials of introducing the new system, but drew from her no complaint or evidence of discouragement.

" The pressure of sickness on the hospital accommodation of the parish during the last two winters added an amount of difficulty and labour which at last overcame her physical strength. Such, however, was the power of her character over her fellow-workers, that her influence still remained to carry on her work; and a lady who was appointed to assist her, coming from one of the wealthiest and best-arranged hospitals in England, and going round the hospital for the first time unexpectedly, late in the evening, and some weeks after the nurses had been deprived of superintendence and left to work on as their sense of love and duty to her should direct, was delighted with the cleanliness of the wards, and with finding every one at her post, and the work done as if under the eye of the most vigilant and efficient Superintendent. Her nurses had been inspired with the spirit of her own faithfulness.

"From this we may hope," said the speaker, "that though her bodily presence is removed from us, her work and labour of love will endure. *It remains our duty to see that she has not lived and died in vain.* I believe the language of the Bible, slightly transposed, will give you her real character:—'When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; when the eye saw her, then it gave witness to her; for she delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. She put on righteousness, and it clothed her; her judgment was a robe and a diadem. She was a comfort to the poor, and the cause which she knew not she searched out.'"

Another speaker, Mr. W. Rathbone, remarked as follows:—

"To a lady coming out of family life to a place like that workhouse, with its isolation and restraints, and the vast mass of misery and degradation around her, it might easily be supposed that the result would have been depressing. She was one keenly to feel all these things, yet never seemed depressed. On the contrary, as those gentlemen who attended her funeral service heard from the chaplain of that establishment, her distinguishing characteristic to the outward eye was one of cheerfulness and happiness. During her residence here, whatever difficulties and discouragements arose, her constant expression was that she had never been so happy in her life. He trusted that this might have an effect upon others who had a similar call, that the exercise of those faculties with which God may endow them is to a human being, and most of all to a true-hearted woman, the supreme of human happiness."

It is most delightful to preserve this *official* testimony, for it would never have been known *from herself* how truly dear Agnes had carried out real Bible-work in her hospital life, and that *nursing* was in her hand a spiritual work, as well as a work for the body. Her nurses, trained by her, continually testify that hers will be no "starless crown." They believe her simple Bible-reading was blessed to many. She never entered into controversy, but simply sought to lead sinners to Jesus.

We could have wished (how vain are after wishes!) that our dear friend had relaxed in time, and still pressed forward to as earnest, but perhaps a more healthful form of devotedness, in her own line of things. It was an old and favourite speculation with us, when thrown together in the Bible Mission, that *she* should train a corps of Christian nurses in London, as a branch of the Bible work, to live, *not* in a Home, but out amongst the poor, just as our Bible women do, but with disciplined faculties to watch over and alleviate sickness; and it was thought that these nurses must certainly become responsible *to a separate headship* from their sisters, the Bible women.

Ten years have passed away, and no such hope has been accomplished, during which time we may truly add that such Protestant and Christian nurses have been more than ever wanted, and during which, also, the self-denying servants of an *exclusive* party have been ever pressing in to occupy the field; but no door has opened, in God's providence, to imitate their zeal and cope with their error, *in our own particular sphere,* till the recent offer made us of a "Mother House" as the new centre for such a movement. Then followed speedily unexpected facilities for the proposed further training of already tried and proved Bible women in various London hospitals, of which we are now continually taking advantage.

Our full attention had not been roused to the subject till, week after week, we heard that a Bible woman was shut out from some house of sorrow where, with the words of God, she had entered in, because the sick child had been cared for skilfully or the wounded limb bandaged by some *intolerant* Sister of *Charity*, who had said, "I will do this no more unless you promise to have nothing further to say to that Bible-woman;" and this is calling forth the need for nurses who *love* the Bible, whose tender care for suffering is caught from the yet more tender heart of Christ,—of Christ who suffers with His people, and heals their souls as they suffer *with Him*,—who can whisper the word to their Master for blessing on every care that they bestow, and who will do their duty *for His sake*. There are no rules in the world's wide hospital that can prevent this blessed ministration to *both* body and soul, and in this path we believe we shall find only a fresh kind of Bible-work, requiring, it may be, a new tact and a wisdom which God will supply to those who undertake it.

Alas! the earthly friend to whom we should especially have turned for sympathy and experience in the new path is "gone home" to the world where there is more pain. May God find her a true successor! May her mantle of devotedness and of purpose in life fall upon us; and while she sings the song before the throne, may we too join in the song of praise, and trust in the Master who lives for ever.

APPENDIX—(C).

"14, Maryland Street, Liverpool, *Oct.* 28, 1868.

"My dear Miss Smyth.—You will not impute it to any carelessness that I have not before this replied to your letter. You know well what it is to have duties which admit of no postponement; and I will, without more apology, call to mind my recollections of our dear Agnes. The first time I saw her was in the sitting-room of the Kaiserswerth Institution for Deaconesses. My sister and I had just arrived from London, and making friends with the sisters, were delighted to see a fellow-country-woman. She had heard that we were come, and hastened to welcome us. From that day (until we took our last look of her in the Liverpool workhouse) we were constant friends.

"We found little time in the sisterhood to enjoy each other's company. We all met after breakfast for prayers at half-past six o'clock in the morning, and then each sister set off to her post or 'station,' as they call it. We generally had our meals together, when we had a pleasant time for a few short moments. Even then a book was often read aloud; so that there was not much time for conversation. We also often met in chapel, and on our way thither exchanged a word. We all went there at half-past three in the afternoon for meditation and prayer, if we could snatch the time. We felt a clinging to one another, with our English Bibles, among all the foreign, though kind women. We got to think of ourselves as three drawn greatly together, and often has this feeling come over us again in Liverpool. It seemed always a help to think of one another working here.

"It was when a spare hour came sometimes before we retired for the night, that we had time for a chat. Sister Agnes's little room was near our rooms, and often a tap told us at ten o'clock that she was looking for us. How we chatted! each eager to tell the adventures in the different posts,—one telling of her patients in the sick boys' ward, and another of her progress amongst the insane ladies. And many a hearty laugh we had over our difficulties. Of course, there were many things which were strange to us in our new life. I think, my dear Miss Smyth, you little guess the privations and occupations your dear niece so lightly went through in her training,—far greater to her than to the German sister. But no one could be acquainted with her without knowing that she had learnt to 'endure hardness' as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. You would have wondered to see how the desire to fit herself for being useful to the poor, had enabled her to conquer all fastidiousness. In all my acquaintance with her, I never knew her to shrink from a duty because of its repulsiveness. On the contrary, I have known her to perform offices for the suffering, which some mothers or sisters would almost draw back from performing for children, or brothers and sisters. And she has always done these things as a matter of course, without affectation, merely as being in the way of duty. She had, as much as any woman I ever knew, got over the feeling that work is unlady-like. Everything that could help the afflicted and bring honour to her dear Lord, she gladly undertook. There never was a question as to whether the work was what she would choose, and, alas! there never was a question if the work was beyond her strength. Whatever there was to be done in Kaiserswerth, or in the workhouse in Liverpool, she would try to do it. And more than this, she has done great work, greater than many who have lived longer, and, perhaps, she does not now agree with us in regretting this self-forgetfulness. Perhaps the spectacle of an enthusiasm which was unable to count the cost is some compensation for work cut short, for a life taken from this earth, where the plaintive cry of pain seems to bid it stay to solace it. It cannot be that the example, a refined lady giving herself thus to the poor for Christ's sake, will go for nothing, My sister and I were in the habit of taking young ladies to spend a few hours with Miss Jones, being convinced that it could not but have a powerful influence for good upon them, to come into contact with such a life. And it is something to tell you that we always felt ourselves happier in our work from being with her. Last Christmas she had planned that we should spend it together. This my sister and I were not able to arrange. So her usual messenger to us, Nurse Walker, came again for us on New Year's Eve. How little did we think it was the last time we should meet her in health! What had not her love and ingenuity done with the dwelling of the paupers? Everywhere were texts in cheerful colours, bidding even these prisoners of hope take courage. She had got quantities of flowers, decorating every ward and wall and doorway. We found our dear friend in the midst of sick women and children all of whom she had gathered round a Christmas-tree. This was as beautiful and gay as if the Kaiserswerth sisters had made it. Indeed the whole scene—Sister Agnes loaded with presents for every one of the poor children, the sick, even those unable to walk carried in—so reminded us of Germany, among the deaconesses, that I said to her, 'We only want Pastor Fliedner now.'

"I never felt more drawn to her than when I saw her thus in the midst of the poor; and in an unusual mood of tenderness I took her hand in mine and caressed her, saying, how proud I was of her, and how pleasing to our dear Lord was this sight. I am often glad since that I gave way to this impulse of affection, for she was unconscious of our sad looks when we next saw her. Oh, how sad did Sarah and I find it to go continually to hear only heavier reports! The porter at the gate came out always if there was any change for the better, to tell us the good news. And as we came away we were constantly stopped to know 'How was the Lady to-night?' asked in softened tones by poor fellows that one would hardly think had much feeling for anything. They knew at least their loss. I need not dwell on their sorrow, no one knows it better than yourself. How she is missed in that house where she did so much to fight against the despair and misery among which she chose to dwell; and it should be seen to be understood! I assure you the thought has come over me, when spending some time with her, that almost every one had failed in life. That all the plans of these men and women had turned out to be mistakes; that to many, to nearly all, there was nothing in this life worth living for, and no life in Christ which would reach over and conquer death. This thought of their utter failure has sometimes chilled me to a horror, and I have gone so far sometimes as to desire for Agnes a more hopeful sphere of work. I have grudged her health and hope to be merged in their death and despair, and have wished she might be among those who would yield a return of lives reclaimed and renewed. But it is all over now, and we will believe all is well over, and that this was her work.

"I remain, with love to your sister,
"My dear Miss Smyth,
"Yours very affectionately,
"MARY MYLES.

"I send *two* of Agnes's letters. Please send them back."

"As we knew her in Kaiserswerth, we thought her character one which naturally clung to others. She looked up greatly to Pastor Fliedner, and had evidently gained much support in her parish-work from the sympathy of the present Bishop of Derry, among whose former people she had laboured. I think few would have guessed this, who only knew her in the workhouse hospital, where she was so much thrown on herself. The texts which she covered her walls with, seemed always to me very touching. The trust was raised to Christ, away from human support."

THE END.

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It was fitting that Brownlow Hill Infirmary, Liverpool, should commemorate the 50th anniversary of the commencement of Agnes Jones' great work for the reform of workhouse nursing, within its walls, and it is a curious coincidence that it should have fallen on the anniversary of the birthday of Miss Florence Nightingale, at whose suggestion she entered upon it. B. J. N. May 22 1915.

At the public memorial service in the Infirmary Chapel the congregation included not only members and officials of the Select Vestry, but Matrons and nurses from many of the hospitals and institutions in the city. Many beautiful flowers were laid on and around the statue of Miss Jones in the chapel.

A more sympathetic preacher, for such an occasion, than the Bishop of Liverpool it would be impossible to find.

Dr. Chavasse selected as his text the words, "Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promise." If, he said, it were the custom of the Church of England to canonise its saintly men and women, there was no one in modern times who deserved to be canonised more than Agnes Elizabeth Jones. And yet he supposed outside a very limited circle her name was hardly known. She passed to her rest when she was a few months over 35, and of those 35 years 32 were spent in preparation for her work, and less than three years in the work itself. Dr. Chavasse said that it was on the 12th May, 1865, that Agnes Jones began her work in that place, when nothing had been done for our workhouses, whose state at that time was lamentable. In less than three years, to quote Miss Nightingale's words, she reduced one of the most disorderly hospital populations in the world to something like Christian discipline, she trained 50 nurses and probationers, and she converted the Vestry to the conviction of the economy and humanity of nursing paupers by trained nurses. And finally, in Liverpool, with its bitter sectarian differences, she disarmed all opposition and sectarian jealousy, and High Church and Low Church, Unitarian, Nonconformist, and Roman Catholic, all literally rose up and called her blessed. The means by which she accomplished this was by her bright and sunny ways, her wonderful love, her genius for taking pains, and her trust in God.